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THE WORKS
OF
GEORGE HERBERT,



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO.
LONDON AND NEW YORK

DAL LIEL



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GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO.
FARRINGDON STREET

DAL 7. IEL



THE WORKS
OF
GEORGE HERBERT,
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT,

INCUMBENT OF BEAR WOOD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO.,
FARRINGTON STREET.

1856.



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TO

WILLIAM COOPER,

RECTOR OF RIPPINGALE, LINCOLNSHIRE :

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND,

R. A. WILLMOTT.

WILLIAM C. JONES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

I AM not aware that any Edition of Herbert's Poetry, or Prose, has hitherto appeared with Notes, or Illustrations. The present attempt to supply that want, may, therefore, be received with some forbearance and favour. I should have rejoiced to track the poet's footsteps, into those still paths of theological learning, which he loved to frequent, and to have brought the torch of the Fathers to illuminate some of his obscurer allusions.—But the book was wanted, and time pressed. The early spelling has been generally retained, as harmonising with the old-world sound of the language, and the mellow colour of the thoughts. The Vandyck looks best in its ancient frame.

I will only add my obligation to that store-house of pleasant learning, "Notes and Queries," for one or two interesting commentaries on the Author; and

now commit him to the welcome of the reader, in the affectionate words of Crashaw, to a friend, two hundred years ago.*

Know you, Faire, on what you look ;
Divineſt love lies in this book :
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his Sacrifice.
When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you've an Angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will ſend you :
To take acquaintance of the ſphere,
And all the ſmooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
Theſe devotions, Faireſt ; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

St. Catherine's, Bear Wood.

Dec. 22, 1853.

* Steps to the Temple, 1646.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the visitor to Cambridge enters the Ante-Chapel of Trinity College, he meets two objects of the deepest interest in Art and Science: the marvellous statue of Newton, and the sitting figure of Bacon. If he raise his eyes to the painted windows, a different train of thought is awakened. One group especially attracts and detains him. It is a scene at Bethany in the house of that family whom Jesus loved; among the company gathered around Him appears a face, familiar to most students of the sweet and serious learning of the seventeenth century; it is that of GEORGE HERBERT, to whom, after so many years, his own College has consecrated this memorial.

The circumstances of his life are neither many, nor varied. He was born—one of ten children—April 3rd, 1593, in the Castle of Montgomery in Wales. He came of a bold and noble race. There is at Penrhurst a portrait of his brother, Lord Edward, painted by

Isaac Oliver, which shows a swarthy countenance, with dark eyes and exceedingly black hair. The poet's father had the same complexion; he died in 1597, leaving George, in his fourth year, to the care of his mother. He remained, with two of his brothers, under a private tutor, until he was sent to Westminster School; from whence, at the age of fifteen, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his name appears among the Scholars, May 5, 1609. "In Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude, he consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning." So writes good Isaak Walton. Nor is there reason to doubt the affectionate panegyrist. Herbert's advance in academic rank was encouraging and rapid. Within two years after the taking of his Bachelor's degree, he was chosen a Fellow of the Society; and on the 21st of October, 1619, he obtained the distinguished post of Public Orator, vacated by Sir Francis Netherfole, who was then politically employed on the Continent. It was an office, according to Fuller, of more honour than profit, the original salary being only forty shillings a year. It dates its beginning from the early part of the 16th century, before which period rhetorical aid was procured as it was wanted, the scribe being paid by the letter. In Herbert's time the annual income was about thirty pounds. But the attractions of the Oratorship did not lie on its pecuniary

side. It was a high road to court life. A former Orator, Sir Robert Naunton, had been made a Secretary of State, and Herbert cherished hopes of reaping a similar reward. Barnabas Oley had heard that he might have obtained the situation, but "that, like a genuine son of Levi, he balked all secular ways, saw neither father nor mother, child nor brother, faith nor friends, (save in Christ Jesus,) chose the Lord for his service, and His service for employment."

Walton gives a truer, though a less flattering explanation. "In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's court hopes, so that he betook himself to a retreat from London to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, he was judged to impair his health more than his study had done." Some earnest of future favours his learned ingenuity had already acquired; for in 1623 he received from James a valuable "finecure," which his predecessor had formerly bestowed on Sir Philip Sidney. But a brighter day was dawning. He sought and found a more enduring Sovereign. The date of his Ordination has not been discovered; but in the summer

of 1626 (July 15), the haughty, though generous Bishop Williams gave to him the Prebend of Leighton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln. Oley informs us that "because he lived far from and so could not perform the duties of that place, he would fain have resigned it to Master Ferrar, but Master F. wholly refused, and diverted, or directed his charity to the re-edifying the ruined church of Leighton, where the corpse of the Prebend lay."

Leighton is a village in Huntingdonshire, near Spaldwick, and the church stands to the right of the road from Huntingdon to Thrapston. A visitor, in 1851, has furnished some interesting particulars.* The church is composed of a western tower, with porches, transepts, and a chancel. Herbert, in his capacity of Prebendary, became a proprietor in the Parish, and probably applied the income which he derived from it to the restoration of the edifice; but the alterations are said to have been less extensive than the narrative of Walton implies. The old walls remain. The chief outlay was upon a new roof, and in repairing the parts of the church then occupied by the congregation. The seats are of oak, open, in the style of the 17th century. The tower, the font, and some windows in the chancel were contributed by Herbert. A gallery, erected for an organ in 1840, has slightly disarranged the symmetry, and high pews have replaced the old benches in the chancel. The pulpit and reading desk,

* Notes and Queries, iii. 178.

standing North and South, correspond in every particular. The font is extremely shallow, no texts of scripture adorn the walls; but traces were found of the poor man's box having been formerly fixed "to the back of the bench nearest to the south door." The tower is battlemented, and commands a pleasing prospect over fifteen or sixteen villages. By the aid of a glass, the magnificent pile of Ely Cathedral, nearly thirty miles off, may be discerned. One ornamental spout bears the date of 1632. Three crests were noticed, but they could not be clearly deciphered. The family device of the Herberts did not appear; nor has the restorer left behind him any record of his own munificence, or of the generous charity to which he stirred up his relations and friends. In 1627, Herbert lost his mother, after a long season of suffering which his tenderness did much to soften. "For myself, dear mother," he had written to her some years earlier, "I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance; so that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world, and your own conscience; inasmuch, that whether you

turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come ; you have strong preservations against all disquiet."

Soon after his mother's death his own weak health grew weaker, and a sharp ague drove him to seek ease in the pleasant village of Woodford, in Essex, where his brother Henry lived. There he abode about a year, becoming his own Physician, and curing his disorder by abstinence from 'drink,' and all fresh meat. But, as in other cases, the remedies were worse than the disease ; signs of consumption beginning to shew themselves, a different climate was recommended ; and he sought it at Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, the house of Lord Danby, by whom he was affectionately welcomed and entertained. In this choice air, as Aubrey calls it, by avoiding severe study, and partaking of cheerful exercise and society, his health returned. A new scene was now to open before him. There lived at Bainton, in the same county, a kinsman of Lord Danby,—Mr. Charles Danvers. He had nine daughters, of whom Jane was his favourite. To her he had often spoken of Herbert, and promised a double blessing upon the union that he hoped to see. It happened that Mr. Danvers died before Herbert's visit to Dauntsey ; but as we learn from Walton, Jane "became so much a Platonick as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen." The smallest spark would light such a train. The only obstacle was the want of acquaintance. This was easily removed. Some mutual friends procured a

meeting ; and within three days of the first interview Jane Danvers changed her name into Herbert.

If Herbert, whose memory was stored with proverbs, called to mind the wise saw about ‘ marrying in haste,’ he never pointed the moral of it with his own experience. He had more cause for rejoicing, than repenting at leisure. Walton sweetly portrays the charm and blessedness of his wedded-life. “ The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other’s mutual and equal affections and compliance ; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other’s desires.”

About three months after the marriage, Dr. Curle, being elevated to the See of Bath and Wells, resigned the rectory of Bemerton, which accordingly passed from the Patron, Lord Pembroke, to the King ; but when the Earl asked it for Herbert, his request met with a kind answer. The good news reached him at Bainton, where he was staying with his wife’s relatives, and soon afterwards being joined by Mr. Arthur Woodnot, his old dear friend, he set out for Wilton. The cure of souls lay heavy upon his mind, and he was in doubt whether to accept, or decline it. Lord Pembroke, feeling unequal to combat his scruples, adopted the wise resolution of laying them before Laud, then Bishop of London. The result should be told in the words of Walton. “ The Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, *That the refusal of it*

was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did. And Mr. Herbert, being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately; and he was also the same day, (which was April 26th, 1630), inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful Parsonage of Bemerton." An interesting story is related of the ceremony. Being left in the church to toll the bell, as the law required him to do, he wearied the patience of his friends at the door, and one of them, looking in at the window, saw the new rector lying before the Altar. They afterwards knew the cause of the delay, when they heard that he had been setting rules for the government of his pastoral life, and making a vow to keep them.

His parish gave him ample occupation. The church needed repairs, and the parsonage had fallen into decay, his predecessor having resided in a distant village. The larger portion of the house he rebuilt at his own expense, recommending his successor to cultivate liberal and grateful feelings in an inscription set over the chimney in the hall, where it is no longer to be found.

The Rectory is only separated from the church by the width of the road, a distance now of thirty-four, and in Herbert's time of forty feet. A grass-plot slopes down to the river, commanding a fine view of

Salisbury Cathedral. A pleasing anecdote is told in connection with this garden. Norris became the rector of Bemerton nearly sixty years after the death of Herbert. He was there upon one occasion visited by Mr. Colborne, the early friend of the poet Young. The spire rising above the trees drew from him an exclamation of surprise:—"What a magnificent structure! You are happy, Sir, in this delightful prospect." "Yes," answered Norris, with melancholy humour, "It is all the prospect I have with respect to that Cathedral." A medlar, which tradition says was planted by the poet, still flourishes in the garden.

If Herbert's life had been prolonged, we may conclude that the church would have been restored with some regard to the beauty of holiness. It was always a very humble building, and is only forty-five feet long by eighteen in width.* The south and west windows, of the style called Decorated, are assigned to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The east window is modern, and the old fittings have been removed. The decorated windows, font, and bell are probably the only remaining objects that met the eye of Herbert.

His pastoral labours were crowded into the space of two years and a few months. Every reader remembers the description of his daily prayer, and how "some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when

* Notes and Queries, ii. 460.

his faint's bell rung to prayer, that they might also offer their devotion to God with him, and would then return back to their plough," thinking themselves the happier for the blessing they carried away. Circumstances, altogether independent of his own character and piety, helped to quicken the devotional reverence of the people. The population of the Parish, embracing the villages of Bemerton, Fuggleston, and Quidhampton, does not exceed six hundred persons. Bemerton contains about one hundred and fifty.* In Herbert's time the number was considerably smaller. Perhaps twenty cottages sheltered his flock, for a curate watched over the remoter districts. Pastoral superintendence would thus be easy and effective. A more important key to his influence is to be found in his rank. He was the kinsman of the Pembrokes, whose splendid mansion stands within a walk of the Parsonage. In that day, a man of family was supposed to honour the Church by entering it. Barnabas Oley drew out a catalogue of dignified persons who had received Orders, and he even remembered, with evident satisfaction, to have read that Henry VIII. was designed by his father for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, if his brother Arthur had lived to succeed to the Crown. If we read Jeremy Collier's *Essays on Pride and the Office of a Chaplain*, we are struck by the phenomenon of a learned man sitting down to prove, with the help of logic, that "a Priest,

* As I am obligingly informed by the present rector, the Rev. W. R. Pigott.

or a Chaplain in a family, is not a servant.”* Oley had no hesitation in affirming that the spiritual advantages of a nobleman, or a gentleman, over a Clerk of lower parentage, are very considerable; the truth taught being sooner believed, the reproof bestowed better received, and the example shewn making a deeper impression. At a later period it was supposed that a Priest and a gentleman were distinct characters, and that courtesy had no relationship to learning. Thus we find Sir William Temple speaking of an English and a French book, as “one writ by a *divine*, the other by a *gentleman*,” and Lord Shaftesbury remarking, that “a faint-author least values politeness,” and scorns to reform his temper by the standard of good company, or the rule of manners.

Herbert's acceptance of a Benefice was esteemed a condescension by his contemporaries—“He was none of the nobles of Tekoa, who at the building of Jerusalem *put not their necks to the work of the Lord*,” was the commentary of Fuller. His personal gifts added a lustre to his inherited. He would gain a grace from every comparison with his rural brethren, of whom we catch a glimpse in the remark of Walton, that if Herbert “were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was either in reproving the ill behaviour of congregations, or of those ministers that huddled up the church prayers without a visible reverence and affection—namely, *such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer or collect*

* Essays, Third Edition. 1698.

in a breath." How he laboured in this happy corner of the Lord's field, hoping all things, and blessing all people, asking his own way to Sion, and showing it to others,—we read in the artless page of Walton. But not long was he to sing his song in a strange land. While any portion of strength remained, he continued to read prayers twice every day, as his custom had been, and when he felt himself no longer equal to that labour of love, he resigned it to his Curate. About a month before his death, Mr. Duncon, subsequently Rector of Fryer Barnet, Middlesex, came to visit him, and speaking to Walton of the interview, after an interval of nearly forty years, he declared that the pious discourse, and the meek demeanour of Herbert were still fresh in his memory. Mr. Duncon's place was supplied by an older and dearer friend, Mr. Woodnot, who never left the sick man until He who gives His beloved sleep had taken him.

The setting of the sun was as calm as its shining had been, only of a richer hue. The wife of Herbert, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood beside him, while in his own words "He passed a conflict with his last enemy, and overcame him by the merits of his master, Jesus." His last words were, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord, Lord, now receive my soul." And so his Father in heaven took His child to his own home.

The following entry in the Register of Bemerton is the latest record of one of God's most devoted chil-

dren : — “ Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Foughleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632.”

Few faces are better known than Herbert's, with its austere sweetness, and the evident marks of inward decline. In person he is described, by Walton, as tall, and unusually thin, but cheerful in look, and always attracting friends and strangers by the elegance and the benignity of his manner and address. He stands amid a group of English worthies remarkable for their personal and historic interest. The eloquent Donne was one of his dearest friends ; he knew the accomplishments of Wotton, and the learned casuistry of Sanderfon ; the first portion of Hooker's wonderful treatise appeared while he was in his cradle ; and his childish fancy was enriched by the Essays of Bacon. With Ben Jonson, who survived him about five years, he was likely to be acquainted. Shakspeare he had probably seen in some festive interval of Cambridge life ; for that illustrious poet did not retire from London before 1611, when Herbert was eighteen years old. In this splendid company of theologians, philosophers, and poets, he wore an expression and a costume of his own. If his Court views had been realised, we might have expected to have seen blended in him Sidney's chivalry, and the picturesque foppery of Raleigh. He was only seven years younger than the hero of Zutphen, to whom in temperament he seems to have shown a remarkable resemblance.

We are to consider Herbert as a Poet, a Pastor, and a writer of Prose. His poetical reputation was wider and greater than Milton's. Within a few years twenty thousand copies of the 'Temple' were sold. Cowley alone outwent him in popularity; one being the laureate of religious, as the other was of fashionable life. The history of his poems is most touching and beautiful. In his last sickness, he presented them to a friend in these words: "Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of JESUS MY MASTER; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."

The publication of the Temple produced an immediate impression. Henry Vaughan, whose rough lines abound in touches of a quaint and suggestive fancy, observes, in reference to the impure verses of the day: "The first, that with any effectual success, attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts; of whom I am the least, and gave the first check to a most flourishing and admired Wit of his time."*

* Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, p. 58.

Herbert belongs to that third Italian school, which was to occupy a chapter in Gray's history of poetry, as he communicated the plan to Warton. It was a school, in his opinion, full of conceit, beginning in the reign of Elizabeth; continued under James and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, and Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending with Sprat. Herbert was certainly a disciple. Complicated metaphors abound. The poems of that age recall the mechanical contrivances of the eccentric Mr. Winstanley, the first architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse. In his strange abode nothing was what it seemed to be. An old slipper upon the floor started into a spectral figure; a visitor resting in a chair, was suddenly embraced by two muscular arms; or sauntering into a summer-house, straightway found himself floating away into the middle of a Canal. The poetical surprises of Herbert are sometimes equally unexpected, and it must be confessed, not less ingenious. The reader's eye is perpetually struck with a transformation, or a grotesque invention.

Even the friendly taste of Mr. Keble* was offended by the constant flutter of his fancy, for ever hovering round and round the theme. But this was a peculiarity which the most gifted writers admired. Dryden openly avowed that nothing appeared more beautiful to him than the imagery in Cowley, which some readers condemned. It must, at least, be said in praise of this

* *Prælectiones Academicæ*, xx. 12.

creative playfulness, that it is a quality of the intellect singularly sprightly and buoyant; it ranges over a boundless landscape, pierces into every corner, and, by the light of its own fire—to adopt a phrase of Temple—discovers a thousand little bodies, or images in the world, unseen by common eyes, and only manifested by the rays of that poetic sun.

There is in Herbert another sort of quaintness, which is neither the fruit of his age, nor of his own understanding, but of the authors whom he studied. “He that reads Mr. Herbert’s poems attendingly, shall find the excellence of Scripture Divinity, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in metre.” If James Montgomery* had considered this remark of Barnabas Oley, he would have hesitated *to see “devotion itself turned into masquerade”* by the poet. Herbert did not forget to consult, for his outpourings of heart-praise and love, that commonplace book of Greek and Latin theology which the Country Parson is recommended to collect and ponder. Many of his curiosities of fancy have a Patristic, rather than a poetic ancestry, and are to be sought in Chrysostom or Cyprian, instead of in Donne, or Marini.

Every true work of art, whether it be of the pencil, the chisel, or the pen, addresses itself to particular sympathies. Of course, there will be a certain outward excellence which the universal taste cannot fail to understand and admire. I speak of the inner and

* Christian Poet, p. 258.

the hidden charm. The beauty of Raffaele's Madonna reveals itself very differently to the critic and the worshipper. Milton may be admired by the common reader, for his grandeur of sentiment; but it is only through the spectacles of books that the splendour and the loveliness of his visions are clearly discerned. Now, Herbert has, according to his degree, the distinctive peculiarities of Raffaele and Milton. His sweetness of fancy, his vigorous sense, and his happiness of idiom may be appreciated by all people; just as the grace and the dignity of the picture and the epic come home to the least refined observer. But there is a remoter and a delightfuller quality, that requires a kindred heart to comprehend it. Herbert is pre-eminently a poet of the Church; his similes are drawn from her ceremonial; his most solemn thoughts are born of her mysteries; his tenderest lessons are taught by her prayers. To a reader without a deep Catholic devotion, he is only the ingenious or the fantastic rhymers; to one who has that feeling, his verses are the strings of a musical instrument, making melody in themselves, and awaking sweet sounds in the hearts of those who hear it.

There is a passage in one of Southey's letters that seems very forcibly to illustrate this view.* Speaking of Wordsworth, he asks, "Does he not associate more feeling with particular phrases, and you also with him, than those phrases convey to any one else? This I

* Life by his Son, ii. 191.

suspect. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend's hair? And yet a jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold." This is just the case with Herbert. His verses are not to be tossed into the scale, and weighed. There is the hair of the dead Friend in the gold. The Gospel consecrates every rhyme. The Liturgy is reflected in nearly every devout sentiment. The poem on "SIN" is almost a Collect in its majestic harmony, and simpleness of language. The "Sacrifice" has quite a Scriptural solemnity of grouping and representation.

A remarkable charm of Herbert's poetry is seen in what may be named—the proverbial philosophy of common sense. All the famous writers of that, and the former century, abounded in it; whether we take up the Apologies and Defences of Jewell; the Essays of Bacon; or the exhortations of Taylor. The quantity of plain, practical wisdom for every-day life, treasured up in the verses of Herbert, has scarcely been considered. The Church Porch is a little hand-book of rules for the management of temper, and conversation, and business. Every child ought to get it by heart. It recalls the comparison by which Plato characterised Socrates. The outside of the vase is scrawled over with odd shapes and writing, but within are precious liquors, and healing medicines, and rare mixtures of far-gathered herbs and flowers. In connection with this moralising disposition may be mentioned a certain familiar humour, suddenly shooting gleams across a

serious passage, and very strongly reminding us of the pleasantry of Cowper. In the following pages the reader will be struck by a playfulness, that looks like a thoughtful smile from Weston.

The masculine sense of Herbert has drawn eyes that were skilful enough to avoid his faults. "From the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert, and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all those poets), Pope has judiciously collected gold." So writes Dr. Warton.* From Crashaw Pope might gather some fuel to feed that devotional flame which burns so vehemently in his *Eloisa*; but in Herbert he obtained, what he knew better than any of his contemporaries how to use, an ample store of practical wisdom tersely uttered. His discoveries were not confined to loose gold in the rubbish; he found pieces of it worked up into an elegance of form, which he himself could not improve. Many lines in the *Temple* have the polish and the glitter of the *Moral Essays*; and not seldom the structure of his own couplet, and the identical pause of the *cæsura* are anticipated.

The characteristic of Herbert's fancy is fruitfulness. The poetry, like the theology of that age, put all learning into an abridgment. A course of lectures flowed into the rich essence of a single sermon. A month's feed bloomed in an ode. The 17th was the contradiction of the 19th century, the object being then to

* Essay on Pope, i. 85.

give the most thought in the smallest space, as now to sow the widest field with the frugallest corn. Herbert's "Pilgrimage" is an example. Written, probably, before Bunyan was born,—certainly while he was an infant,—it contains all the Progress of the Pilgrim in outline. We are shewn the gloomy Cave of Desperation, the Rock of Pride, the Mead of Fancy, the Copse of Care, the Wild Heath where the Traveller is robbed of his gold, and the gladsome Hill that promises a fair prospect, but only yields a lake of brackish water on the top. Such a composition would scarcely escape the notice of that Spenser of the people, who afterwards gave breadth and animation, and figures to the scene.

The language of Herbert cannot be too highly praised—however distant the thought may be, the expression of it is, with very few exceptions, pure, racy, and idiomatic. He had evidently been a loving and a constant hearer, or reader of Shakespere, whose Plays appeared in his childhood, and were, doubtless, the delight of his eyes during the short summer-day of his courtly hopes, and the frequent subject of talk at Wilton. Many passages might be quoted; but the Shakesperian tone will be recognized in the following:—

How neatly do we give one only name
To parent's issue, and the Sun's bright star!
A son is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
Chasing the father's dimness.

And still more distinctly in the next,—

My comforts drop and melt away like snow ;
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
 Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
 Flies of estate and sunshine.

The beautiful phrase—"Summer Friends"—was introduced by Gray into his Hymn on Adversity. Once more :—

Art thou a magistrate ? then be severe :
 If studious, copy fair what time hath blurred.
 Redeem Truth from his jaws ; if soldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world.

Pages might easily be filled with instances of felicitous words and phrases. In the Poem on Providence we have the "leaning" elephant, afterwards exhibited by Thomson in his magnificent landscape :—

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,
 High-raised in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant.

SUMMER, 721.

Herbert's versification is frequently affected by his manner of thinking. The compression of thought causes harshness. Sometimes the rhythm drags with a

slow, jolting, uneven step, making the reader to remember Walpole's criticism of an Ode, amended by Maſon, which, he told him, had a sudden ſink, like a man with one leg ſhorter than the other. But not ſeldom the harmony is ſoft and flowing, and lovely fancies are chanted to their own muſic. The "Flower," "Virtue," and "Gratefulneſs," are exquisite ſpecimens of this claſs.

The poetry and the proſe of Herbert differ as much as Cowley's. He has not, indeed, left any compoſition to be compared with the delightful Eſſays; but he poſſeſſed a large ſhare of the ſame freſhneſs, gaiety, and eaſe. If we had the manuſcripts that periſhed in the flames of Highnam Houſe, we might propoſe a nearer parallel. But Fuller juſtly pronounced even his remains to be ſhavings of gold. The Country Parſon is deſtined to live. Among the few Engliſh writings of a practical claſs, between 1600 and 1650, and yet retaining a reputation, Mr. Hallam* places this treatiſe of Herbert; which he judges to be "on the whole, a pleaſing little book," but, "with the precepts ſometimes ſo overſtrained, as to give an air of affectation." This is faint praiſe; and the cenſure is refuted by the Work itſelf. The author informs us, that he wrote it with a view to his own ſpiritual improvement, drawing the form and character of a true Paſtor, that he might have a mark to aim at; and ſetting it as high a

* Literature of Europe, iii. 129.

he could, since "he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree."

Herbert must be considered to have fulfilled his design. The epidemics of one age require a different treatment from those of another. The cure of the past fails in the present. The popular disease, in the former half of the 17th century, was the degraded condition of the country Clergy. It had almost become chronic. There could be no instruction where there was no respect. Such shepherds neither guided nor fed their flocks. Herbert's object was two-fold; to raise the teacher and to win the people; the former lesson he shewed by precept, the second by example. He painted the portrait of the Good Parson, and was himself the original. His views of the pastoral office, even in the rudest country hamlet, were lofty and glowing; and he recommended the study of Plato for the sake of acquiring the dexterity of Socrates, and applying it to the common intercourse and teaching of a Parish. He was a burning and a shining light in his own time, and he still sheds a softened lustre over ours. Such men ennoble their brethren, by the beautiful union of all that is practical, with whatever is graceful in life. In them nothing is harsh or repulsive. The austere raiment is bound with a fair girdle. Sanderfon sings psalms to his own music; Ken warbles hymns before he sleeps; Herbert delights to set anthems to his lute; and Wotton bequeaths his viol to a friend.

O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die !
Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night :
Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
A guiding-ray ; or seem, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring.*

* Wordsworth, iv. 102.

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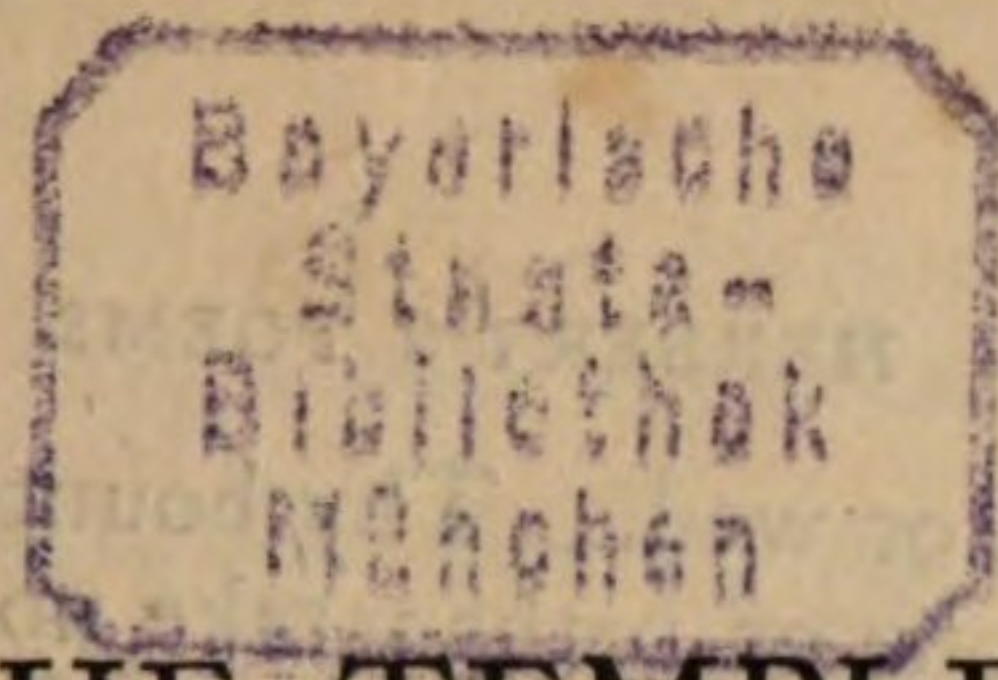
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THE TEMPLE.

The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee ;
Yet not mine neither : for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain :
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The Church Porch.

Perirrhanterium.

* **T** *
* *
* *

HOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes
in hance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a
treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may finde him, who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with his own blood :
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book !

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
 Allows thee choise of paths : take no by-ways ;
 But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
 Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
 Continence hath his joy : weigh both ; and so
 If rottenneffe have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
 Man would have been th' incloser : but since now
 God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
 O what were man, might he himself misplace !
 Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
 When once it is within thee ; but before
 Mayst rule it, as thou list, and poure the shame,
 Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
 It is most just to throw that on the ground,
 Which would throw me there if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
 Bigge with his sister : he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlawd by himselfe : all kinde of ill
 Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
 The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth deuest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung minde,
 Lose all mine own ? God hath giv'n me a measure
 Short of his canne, and bodie ; must I finde
 A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleasure ?
 Stay at the third glasse : if thou lose thy hold,
 Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room ;
 (All in a shipwrack shift their severall way)

Let not a common ruine thee intombe :
 Be not a beast in courtesie, but stay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
 Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonneffe,
 Boast not thereof; nor make thy shame thy glorie.
 Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse;
 But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie :
 He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
 With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
 Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
 But the cheap swearer through his open fluce
 Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing :
 Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell anothers jest, therein
 Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need :
 Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne.
 He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
 Play not away the Vertue of that Name,*
 Which is the best stake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapest finnes most dearly punished are ;
 Because to shun them also is so cheap :
 For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
 O crumble not away thy souls fair heap.
 If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
 Pride and full finnes have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :

*That of Christian.

Cowards tells lies, and those that fear the rod ;
The stormie working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly :
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee ; for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
If studious ; copie fair what time hath blurr'd ;
Redeem truth from his jawes : if souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England ! full of sinne, but most of sloth ;
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie :
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne :
Some mark a partridge, never their childe's fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Studie this art, make it thy great designe ;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mast'ring minde ; so both are lost thereby :
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : this is flat povertie.

For he, that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy sonne rich, is to fill
His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches :
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.

But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small :

Constancie knits the bones, and makes us stowre,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.

Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself :

What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly :

Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.

Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie :

Give it a corner, and the clue* undoes.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task :

Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.

Thou hast two sconses, † if thy stomach call;

Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.

Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;

And say withall, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,

Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man?

* Ball of thread.

† Sconce generally signifies a skull; but sometimes also a bulwark: it seems to bear the latter meaning in this line. If hunger tempts a man to over indulgence, he has two safe-guards, he can either carve for others, or talk to them.

Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty funne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the skie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truff'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

Be thriftie, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Left gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.

Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take starres for money; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wastefull as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means runne in debt: take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleev'd for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under fail.

Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handfomenesse doth bear the bell,
Wisdom's a trimmer thing, than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousnesse is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.

Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe, [glasse.
Findes his crakt name at length in the church-

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerely cost :
 Dost lose ? rise up : dost winne ? rise in that state.
 Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldnesse now bears sway.
 But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
 As empty boldnesse : therefore first assay
 To stuffe thy minde with solid braverie ;
 Then march on gallant : get substantiall worth :
 Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre ?
 Then keep such companie ; make them thy allay :
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
 Command thyself in chief. He lifes warre knows,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
 Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break :
 By great deeds shew, that thou canst little do ;
 And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;
 And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,*
 'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make ;
 But the great souldiers honour was compos'd
 Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
 Wisdom picks friends ; civilitie plays the rest.
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

* Be interrupted or stopped.

Laugh not too much : the wittie man laughs least :
For wit is newes only to ignorance.

Lesse at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse,
These are the scumme, with which course wits abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.

All things are bigge with jest : nothing that's plain
But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.

Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.

Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.*

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse :
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine : in service, care, or coldnesse
Doth ratably† thy fortunes marre or make.

Feed no man in his finnes : for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

* The serious man wins the victory.

† Proportionably.

Envie not greatnesse : for thou mak'st thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,
 As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
 Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions spite ;
 Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.*

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour, for the persons sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate ;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
 I care not though the cloth of state should be
 Not of rich arras,† but mean tapestrie.†

Thy friend put in thy bosome : wear his eies
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;
 Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
 Love is a personall debt. I cannot give
 My childrens right, nor ought he take it : rather
 Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
 Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends ;
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
 Submit to love ; but yet not more then all.
 Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
 To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.

* The sanctified passions become instruments of a blessing.

† Both words are used indiscriminately for cloth woven in regular figures.

God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weaknesse score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please :
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie :
Usefulnesse comes by labour, wit by ease ;
Courtesie grows in court ; news in the citie.

Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure :
(But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards) steal from his treasure
What to ask further. Doubts well-raif'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak, at once ; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech :* do not forestall
By lavishnesse thine own, and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fiercenesse makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another mans mistakes
More, than his sicknesses or povertie ?
In love I should : but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.†

* "Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on ; as musicians use to do, with those that dance too long Galliards."
—BACON'S ESSAYS, xxxii.

† Mr. Coleridge said, "I do not understand this stanza."
The obscurity lies in the fifth line. The poet teaches calmness

Calmnesse is great advantage : he that lets
 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
 Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets ;
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.

Truth dwels not in the clouds : the bow that's there
 Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another sayes : for many are
 Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
 Take all into thee ; then with equall care
 Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :
 Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way
 To compasse this. Finde out mens wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
 To the one joy of doing kindnesse.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high :
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :

in disputes by showing that intemperate zeal takes even the grace from truth. Then he asks, "why should I feel," &c? For example, a person argues with me upon the climate of Egypt ; he is decidedly wrong. I try to correct him. But why should I trouble myself with his geographical errors, when I take so little note of his bodily wants?

"In love I should, but anger is not love :"

i. e., if I were warmly attached to this man, I might have such sentiments, which are the natural breathings of love, but anger has no relationship to that passion ; no, nor even that certainty of learning which is wisdom ; "therefore, gently move ;" i. e. conduct the argument with sweetness and discretion.

Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargickness.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms ; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone :
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sunne in every corner : see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree ;
(Love is a present for a mightie king,)
Much lesse make any one thine enemy.
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All forrain* wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given ; whether wealth,
Or love, or language ; nothing comes amiss :
A good digestion turneth all to health :
And then as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores ; none are so cleare as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name ; but scorn their ill :

* Foreign.

Embrace their activenesse, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy mindes sweetnesss have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy single market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something ; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image ; but a poore man is
Christs stamp to boot ;* both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his :
Write, So much giv'n to God ; thou shalt be heard.
Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time :
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundaies observe : think when the bells do chime,†
'Tis angels musick ; therefore come not late.

* In addition.

† Southey says beautifully of the church chime, that "it is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exultation, and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."

God then deals blessings : If a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show ?

Twice on the day his due is understood ;
For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended ; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God : O be not crosse.
Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis gain, not losse.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love :
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a signe.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy fix and seven ;
Pray with the most : for where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, then thou : for thou art there
Onely by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd filk stocking : quit thy state.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
Stay not for th' other pin : why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout* thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eies,
And send them to thine heart ; that spying finne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.

* Mock.

Who marks in church-time others fymmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or bufie thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Chrift purg'd his temple ; fo muft thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin* thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
If thou miflike him, thou conceiv'ft him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worft fpeak fomewhat good : if all want fenfe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleffing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loft his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With faints on earth, fhall one day with them fhine.

Jest not at preachers language or expreffion :
How know'ft thou, but thy finnes made him mifcarrie ?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeffion :
God fent him, whatfoe'er he be : O tarry,
And love him for his Mafter : his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyfician.

None fhall in hell fuch bitter pangs endure
As thofe, who mock at Gods way of falvation.
Whom oil and balfames kill, what falve can cure ?
They drink with greedineffe a full damnation.

* Deceive.

The Jews refused thunder ; and we, folly.
 Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?
 Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day ;*
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dresse† and undresse thy soul : mark the decay
 And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
 Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.
 In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least vertue : lifes poore span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
 If thou do ill ; the joy fades, not the pains :
 If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH.

Superliminare.‡

THOU, whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
 Thy self in church ; approach, and taste
 The churches mysticall repast.

* So Sir Charles Bawdin, in Chatterton's Bristowe tragedy :

And none can say but alle my lyffe,
 I have his wordyes kept ;
 And summed the actions of the day
 Eche nighte before I slept.

† To dress a soul for a funeral is not a work to be dispatched at one meeting."—Taylor, HOLY DYING, ch. v. 2.

‡ The Threshold.

Avoid profaneneſſe ; come not here :
 Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare,
 Or that which groneth to be ſo,
 May at his perill further go.

The Altar.

A BROKEN Altar, Lord, thy fervant reares,
 Made of a heart, and cemented with teares :
 Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame ;
 No workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame.

A Heart alone
 Is ſuch a ſtone,
 As nothing but
 Thy pow'r doth cut.
 Wherefore each part
 Of my hard heart
 Meets in this frame,
 To praife thy name :

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
 Theſe ſtones to praife thee may not ceaſe.
 O let thy bleſſed Sacrifice be mine,
 And ſanctifie this Altar to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

O H all ye, who paſſe by, whoſe eyes and minde
 To worldly things are ſharp, but to me blinde ;
 To me, who took eyes that I might you finde :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: they do wish me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death devise,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my soul melts, and my hearts deare treasure
Drops bloud (the only beads) my words to measure:
O let this cup passe, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like mine?

These drops being temper'd with a finners tears,
A Balsome are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowfie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they runne
Alas? what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the funne!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are my greatest grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse?
Canst thou finde hell about my lips? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loof'd their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Disciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from farre:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They leade me: urging, that it was not found
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Priests and rulers all false witnesse seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
In three days raz'd,* and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they condemne me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They binde, and leade me unto Herod : he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree ;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod and all his bands do fet me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might.
Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand ;
Examines me with a censorious hand :
I him obey, who all things else command :
Was ever grief like mine ?

The Jews accuse me with despitefulnesse ;
And vying malice with my gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse :
Was ever grief like mine ?

* Overthrew.

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stonie hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my bosome flie,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they crie aloud still, Crucifie:
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live lesse than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate a stranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, Away, away,
With noises confused frightening the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
Putting my life among their finnes and fears,
And therefore with my bloud on them and theirs:
Was ever grief like mine?

See how spite cankers things. These words aright
Used, and wished, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie;
For it was their own cause who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was :
But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth passe
All understanding, more than heav'n doth glasse :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Why, Cesar is their onely King, not I :
He clave the stonie rock, when they were drie ;
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Ah ! how they scourge me ! yet my tenderneffe
Doubles each lash : and yet their bitterneffe
Windes up my grief to a mysteriousneffe :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Behold, they spit on me in scornfull wise ;
Who by my spittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindneffe to mine enemies :
Was ever grief like mine ?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moses face was veiled, so is mine,
Left on their double-dark souls either shine :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie :
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me denie themselves all pitie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept :
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept :
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :
Was ever grief like mine ?

The souldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all;
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array;
Which shews my blood to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair mans decay :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there :
Was ever grief like mine ?

So fits the earths great curse in Adams fall
Upon my head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, Hail king :
 What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,
 I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling :
 Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since mans scepters are as frail as reeds,
 And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds ;
 I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds :
 Was ever grief like mine?

The souldiers also spit upon that face
 Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
 And Prophets once to see, but found no place :
 Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
 Who Crucifie him, crie with one strong shout.
 God holds his peace at man, and man cries out :
 Was ever grief like mine?

They leade me in once more, and putting then
 Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
 Whom devils flie, thus is he toss'd of men :
 Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
 All spite in one, counting my life their losse,
 They carrie me to my most bitter crosse :
 Was ever grief like mine?

My crosse I bear my self, untill I faint :
 Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortall Saint :
 Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who passe by, behold and see :
 Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree ;
 The tree of life to all, but onely me :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
 The greater world o' th' two ; for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel.

Was ever grief like mine ?

But, O my God, my God ! why leav'st thou me,
 The sonne, in whom thou dost delight to be ?
 My God, my God————

Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my foul, my bodie many a wound ;
 Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound ;
 Reproches, which are free, while I am bound :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Now heal thyself, Phyfician ; now come down.
 Alas ! I did so, when I left my crown
 And fathers smile for you, to feel his frown :

Was ever grief like mine ?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
 All that salvation, which ye now resist ;
 Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath,
As he that for some robberie suffereth,
Alas ! what have I stollen from you ? death :
Was ever grief like mine ?

A king my title is, prefixt on high ;
Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile companie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who fought for help, never malicious foes :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;
For they will pierce my side, I full well know ;
That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow :
Was ever grief like mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finished.
My wo, mans weal :* and now I bow my head :
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

* Good.

The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me ?
Shall I weep bloud ? why, thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one doore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, fold ?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me ?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping, thy dolefull storie,
And sidge with thy triumphant glorie ?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns, my flower ?
Thy rod, my posie ? crosse, my bower ?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand ?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And trie who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth ; I will restore
All back unto thee by the poore.
If thou dost give me honour ; men shall see,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry ; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be thine.
My besome friend, if he blaspheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chapell, die or live.
As for thy passion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a spittle,* or mend common wayes,
 But mend mine own without delayes.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for a fashion.
 The world and I will quarrell ; and the yeare
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
 My musick shall finde thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing ;
 That all together may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmonie.
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
 If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will reade thy booke, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love ;
 Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
 Oh my deare Saviour, Victorie !
 Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

The Reprifall.

I HAVE consider'd it, and finde
 There is no dealing with thy mighty passion ?
 For though I die for thee, I am behinde ;
 My finnes deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free ;
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts defie,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

* An old colloquial abbreviation of hospital.

Ah ! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternall glorie didst outgo me ?
 Couldst thou not griefs sad conquests me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

Yet by confession will I come
 Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
 Against thee, in thee I will overcome
 The man, who once against thee fought.*

The Agonie.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
 Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains :
 But there are two vast, spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth more behove :
 Yet few there are that found them ; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
 Unto mount Olivet ; there shall he see
 A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
 Sinne is that presse† and vice, which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
 And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike
 Did set again abroach ;‡ then let him say
 If ever he did taste the like.

* The old man in the heart, subdued by grace.

† " I have trodden the wine-press alone."—Isaiah lxiii. 3

‡ A word of Chaucer, to tap.

Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud ; but I, as wine.

The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasur'd in my memorie !
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees :
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small :
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore thine image, heare my call :
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
grone,
Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

Good Friday.

O MY chief good,
How shall I measure out thy bloud ?
How shall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell ?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes ?
Or, since one starre shew'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death ?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumne, score* a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe,
Of the true vine?

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure;
That thy distresse through all may runne,
And be my funne.

Or rather let
My severall finnes their sorrows get;
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each finne may so.

SINCE bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in, and bloudie fight;
My heart hath store; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and finne:

That when finne spies so many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, finne may say,
No room for me, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep possession with thy grace;
Left finne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,
And make a suit unto him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

* Mark or notch.

In heaven at his manour I him fought :

They told me there, that he was lately gone
About some land, which he had dearly bought
Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts ;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts :
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of theeves and murderers : there I him espied,
Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and died.

Sepulchre.

O BLESSED bodie ! Whither art thou thrown ?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone ?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee ?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store ;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score :
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave thee.

But that which shews them large, shews them unfit.
Whatever sinne did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now ? Who hath indited it
Of murder ?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain*
 thee,
 And missing this, most falsely did arraigne thee ;
 Onely these stones in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,
 Was writ in stone ; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
 Withhold thee.

Easter.

RISE heart ; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
 Without delayes,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him mayst rise :
 That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art
 The crosse taught all wood to resound his name
 Who bore the same.
 His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.

* To beat out the brains ; hence comes the modern phrase, to
 "knock a scheme upon the head."

Confort both heart and lute, and twift a fong
Pleasant and long :
Or fince all mufick is but three parts vied*
And multiplied ;
O let thy bleffed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his fweet art.

I got me flowers to ftrow thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But thou waft up by break of day,
And broughtft thy fweets along with thee.

The Sunne arifing in the Eaft,
Though he give light, and th' Eaft perfume ;
If they fhould offer to conteft
With thy arifing, they prefume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many funnes to fhine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we miffe :
There is but one, and that one ever.

* To "vie" was a term ufed in an old game of cards, called Gluck ; here it means the contrasts in mufic, where each variation appears to contend with the other.

Easter Wings.

LORD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor :

With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy Victories :
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne :
 And still with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sinne,
 That I became
 Most thinne.

With thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day thy victorie,
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

Holy Baptisme.

AS he that sees a dark and shadie grove,
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie ;
 So when I view my finnes, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
 Is in my dear Redeemers pierced side.
 O blessed streams ! either ye do prevent
 And stop our finnes from growing thick and wide,
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime :
 You taught the book of life my name, that so,
 Whatever future finnes should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

Holy Baptisme.

SINCE, Lord, to thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancie
 Thou didst lay hold and antedate
 My faith in me.

O let me still
 Write thee great God, and me a childe :
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
 Small to myself, to others milde,
 Behither* ill.

Although by stealth
 My flesh get on ; yet let her sister
 My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth :
 The growth of flesh is but a blister ;
 Childhood is health.†

* On this side of, or except in anything evil.

† So Chrysostom : "The office of repentance is, when they have been made new, and then become old through sins, to free them from their oldness, and make them new ; but it cannot

Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart ;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kinde
Vanish into a winde,
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smoothe my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear ;
Or make a new one, since the old
 Is saplesse grown,
 And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

Sinne.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

bring them to their former brightness; for then the whole was good."

Pulpits and fundayes, sorrow* dogging finne,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
 The sound of glorie ringing in our eares ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosome-finne blows quite away.

Affliction.†

WHEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
 I thought the service brave :
 So many joyes I writ down for my part,
 Besides what I might have
 Out of my stock of naturall delights,
 Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

* Fear dread events that dog them both.—COMUS, 405.

† “He would often say, ‘he had too thoughtful a wit ; a wit like a penknife, in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body.’ But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel ; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he could by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother ; but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed Poems ; it is one of those that bear the title of ‘Affliction.’ ”—ISAAC WALTON.

I	I
3	3
I	I
I	I
3	3

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
 And made it fine to me ;
 Thy glorious household-stuffe did me entwine,
 And 'tice me unto thee.
 Such starres I counted mine : both heav'n and earth
 Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
 Where joyes my fellows were ?
 Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
 No place for grief or fear ;
 Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
 And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face :

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnes ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happines ;
 There was no moneth* but May.
 But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a party unawares for wo.

My flesh began† unto my soul in pain,
 Sicknesses cleave my bones,
 Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul : I scarce beleev'd,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

* Month.

† An old idiom still used in Scotland ; it is found in Shakespeare :—

“ Then ‘ began’ the tempest to my soul.”

Richard III., Act i. sc. 4.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
 Was of more use then I.

Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with ev'ry storm and winde.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town ;
 Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
 And wrap me in a gown.
 I was entangled in the world of strife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
 Not simpring all mine age,
 Thou often didst with Academick praise
 Melt and dissolve my rage.
 I took thy sweetened pill, till I came neare ;
 I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happie be
 In my unhappinesse,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesse.
 Thus doth thy power cross-bias* me, not making
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
 For sure then I should grow

* An image taken from the bowling-green. So Donne, speaking of little sins leading a man to greater : " it is impossible to say where a bowl may lie, that is let fall down a hill, though it be let never so gently out of the hand."—SERM. cliii.

To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
In weaknesse must be stout.

Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.

Ah my deare God ! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Repentance.

LORD, I confesse my sinne is great ;
Great is my sinne. Oh ! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom ;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three ;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights : but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercie then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
I do confesse
My foolishnesse ;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
 Which thou hast pour'd into my soul;
 Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather:
 For if thou stay,
 I and this day,
 As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,
 Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
 Bitternesse fills our bowels; all our hearts
 Pine, and decay,
 And drop away,
 And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sinne and grief destroy;
 That so the broken bones may joy,*
 And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of his praises
 Who dead men raises.
 Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

Faith.

LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sinne, as when mans fight
 was dimme,
 And could see little, to regard his ease
 And bring by Faith all things to him?

* "Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."—Psa. li. 9.

Hungrie I was, and had no meat :
I did conceit a most delicious feast ;
I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thousands and much more :
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I beleeve is in the sacred storie :
And where finne placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger ?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gained it :
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length ;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sunne,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
And in this shew, what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
 With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie,
 Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene :
 And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie run to dust ?
 Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
 With an exact and most particular trust,
 Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer.

PRAYER, the Churches banquet, Angels age,
 Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth ;
 Engine against th' Almightye, sinner's towre,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,
 A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear ;
 Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
 Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
 Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
 The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
 Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the souls bloud,
 The land of spices, something understood.

The Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
 Nor in a wedge of gold,
 Thou, who from me wast sold,
 To me dost now thyself convey ;
 For so thou should'st without me still have been,
 Leaving within me sinne :

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting finnes force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both finne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the souls most subtile* rooms:
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Despatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that finne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To finne, or finne to smother;
He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

* The most fine, delicate, or retired feelings.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy heav'nly bloud,
 Which I can go to, when I please,
 And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon.*

Cho. **L**ET all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither flie :
 The earth is not to low,
 His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King.

Vers. The church with psalms must shout,
 No doore can keep them out :
 But above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
 My God and King.

Love.

I.

IMMORTALL Love, authour of this great frame,
 Sprung from that beautie which can never fade ;
 How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
 And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made.

* The Chant, or singing of a choir in church; in which strain answers strain.

While mortall love doth all the title gain !
 Which fiding with invention, they together
 Bear all the fway, poffeffing heart and brain,
 (Thy workmanfhip) and give thee fhare in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raifeth wit :
 The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
 Thou ftanding by : and though thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,
 Who fings thy praife ? onely a fkarf or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of
 love.

II.

IMMORTALL Heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the leffer to it : let thofe fires
 Which fhall confume the world, firft make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts fuch true defires,

As may confume our lufts, and make thee way.
 Then fhall our hearts pant thee ; then fhall our
 All her invention on thine Altar lay, [brain
 And there in hymnes fend back thy fire again :

Our eies fhall fee thee, which before faw duft ;
 Duft blown by wit, till that they both were blinde :
 Thou fhalt recover all thy gods in kinde,
 Who wert diffeized* by ufurping luft :

All knees fhall bow to thee ; all wits fhall rife,
 And praife him who did make and mend our eies.

* Difpoffeffed.

The Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord! how should
 my rymes
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns or more,
 Sometimes I peere* above them all;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
 Those distances belong to thee:
 The world's too little for thy tent,
 A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
 A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell?
 Will great God measure with a wretch?
 Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
 O let me roost and nestle there:
 Then of a sinner thou art rid,
 And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
 Stretch or contract me thy poore debter.
 This is but tuning of my breast,
 To make the musick better.

* And hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."
 Milton: ODE ON NATIVITY, 140.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place everywhere.

The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,
 Which just now took up all my heart?
 Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
 Save that, and me; or sin for both destroy

The groffer world stands to thy word and art;
 But thy diviner world of grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and race,†
 And every day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
 May also fix their reverence:
 For when thou dost depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
 Though elements change, and heaven move;
 Let not thy higher Court remove,
 But keep a standing Majestie in me.

* Lord Herbert of Cherbury tells us that the only fault of his brother George was a quick and passionate temper.

† Set out.

Jordan.

WHO sayes that fictions onely and false hair
 Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?
 Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people let them sing:
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime.†
 I envie no mans nightingale or spring;
 Nor let them punish me with loss of ryme,
 Who plainly say, My God, My King.

Employment.

IF as a flowre doth spread and die,
 Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
 Before I were by frosts extremitie
 Nipt in the bud;

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine;
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

* Donne, in his second satire, speaks of "Maids pulling prime," but Nares was unable to explain the phrase.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glorie be.
 The measure of our joyes is in this place,
 The stufte with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
 But with delaies.

All things are busie ; only I
 Neither bring hony with the bees,
 Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
 To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my companie is a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy consort ; give one strain
 To my poore reed.

The Holy Scriptures.

PART I.

OH Book ! infinite sweetnesse ! let my heart
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part ;
 To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternitie : thou art a masse
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here ; this is the thankfull glasse,

That mends the lookers eyes : this is the well
 That wastes what it shows. Who can indeare
 Thy praise too much ? thou art heav'ns Lidger* here,
 Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handsell : † heav'n lies flat in thee,
 Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

PART II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glorie !
 Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the storie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie :
 Then as disperfed herbs do match ‡ a potion,
 These three make up some Christians destinie.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
 And comments on thee : for in ev'ry thing
 Thy words do finde me out, and parallels bring,
 And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse
 This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

* Leaguer, or confederate.

† An earnest of something to follow.

‡ All the editions read watch, which is evidently wrong ; match seems to make the line intelligible ; the scattered herbs brought together from different places compose or make up the potion, or medicinal drink.

Whitfunday.

LISTEN sweet Dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Apostles? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare:
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The funne, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
When he beheld twelve funnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of those who did themselves through their side wound.

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne
Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;
 The same sweet God of love and light:
 Restore this day, for thy great name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
 Doth my dull husbandrie improve
 O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above!

If still the funne should hide his face,
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
 Thy works nights captives: O let grace
 Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
 And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
 The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove:
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
 Unto a hardnesse, void of love:
 Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,
 Drop from above.

O come! for thou dost know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not say—
Drop from above.

Praise.

TO write a verse or two, is all the praise,
That I can raise :
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church ; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie ;
Or, if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse ; there is no such thing
As Prince or King :
His arm is short ; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb destill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul : Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O raise me then ! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

Affliction.

KILL me not ev'ry day,
 Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
 Is more than all my deaths can be,
 Though I in broken pay
 Die over each hour of Methuselems stay.

If all mens tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine;
 What were they all, compar'd to thine?
 Wherein if they were set,
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
 Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart:
 Thy crosse took up in one,
 By way of imprest, all my future mone.

Mattens.*

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice:
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?

* Morning worship.

My God, what is a heart,
That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a funne-beam I will climb to thee.

Sinne.

O THAT I could sinne once see!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of vertue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sinne we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live;
So devils are our finnes in prospective

Even-song.

BLEST be the God of love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and
 power this day,
 Both to be busie, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me fight alone,
 Which to himself he did denie :
 For when he sees my waies, I dy;
 But I have got his sonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love? have I discharged the debt,
 Which this dayes favour did beget?
 I ranne; but all I brought, was some.*

Thy diet, care, and cost
 Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
 Of winde to thee whom I have crost,
 But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet still thou goest on,
 And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
 Saying to man, It doth suffice :
 Henceforth repose; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day
 Put our amendment in our way,
 And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

* Foam.

I muse, which shows more love,
 The day or night ; that is the gale, this th' harbour ;
 That is the walk, and this the arbour ;
 Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
 Not one poore minute 'scapes thy breast,
 But brings a favour from above ;
 And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

Church-monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
 To which the blast of deaths incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and finde his birth
 Written in dustie heraldrie and lines ;
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at Jeat,* and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust ?
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
 And true descent ; that when thou shalt grow fat,

* Jet.

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

Church Musick.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when displea-
 sure

Did through my bodie wound my minde,
 You took me thence ; and in your house of pleasure
 A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, God help poore Kings.

Comfort, 'Ile die ; for if you parte from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more :
 But if I travell in your companie,
 You know the way to heavens doore.

Church-lock and key.

I KNOW it is my sinne, which locks thine eares,
 And bindes thy hands !
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
 Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
 And mend it still ;
 So I do lay the want of my desire,
 Not on my finnes, or coldnesse, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds sake,
 Which pleads for me :
 For though finnes plead too, yet like stones they make
 His blouds sweet current much more loud to be.

The Church-floore.

MARK you the floore? that square and speckled
 stone,
 Which looks so firm and strong,
 Is Patience :

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
 Is checker'd all along,
 Humilitie :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
 Leads to the Quire above,
 Is Confidence :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
 Ties the whole frame, is Love
 And Charitie.

Hither sometimes Sinne steals, and stains
 The marbles neat and curious veins :
 But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.

Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
 Blows all the dust about the floore :
 But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
 Blest be the Architect, whose art
 Could build so strong in a weak heart.

The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach thy eternall word?
 He is a brittle crazie glasse :
 Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through thy grace.
 But when thou dost anneal* in glasse thy storie,
 Making thy life to shine within
 'The holy Preachers, then the light and glorie
 More rev'rend grows, and more doth win ;
 Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.
 Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and aw : but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the eare, not conscience ring.

Trinitie Sunday.

LORD, who hast form'd me out of mud,
 And hast redeem'd me through thy bloud,
 And sanctifi'd me to do good ;

* Annealing is heating glass, that the colours may be fixed.

Purge all my finnes done heretofore ;
 For I confesse my heavie score,
 And I will strive to finne no more.
 Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charitie ;
 That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

Content.

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to
 keep
 Within the walls of your own breast.
 Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
 Can on anothers hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest* and call
 Of an untrained hope or passion.
 To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
 Is wantonneffe in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm t' it self alone :
 But when it would appeare to others eye,
 Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
 Complies and suits with all estates ;
 Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
 Take up within a cloisters gates.

* Search, or act of seeking. Milton uses the word in the Arcades :

“ Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good ;
 I know this ‘quest’ of yours.”

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
 From either pole unto the centre :
 Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
 He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder :
 And after death the fumes* that spring
 From private bodies, make as big a thunder
 As those which rise from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is lost : and yet
 Better by worms be all once spent,
 Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
 Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
 Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
 And as their wit is, their digestion,
 Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing foul, till thine own ground ;
 Do not thyself or friends importune.
 He that by seeking hath himself once found,
 Hath ever found a happie fortune.

The Quidditie.†

MY God, a verse is not a crown ;
 No point of honour, or gay suit,
 No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
 Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute :

* Vapours.

† Originally a school term for the nature or essence of a thing ; but often used as a synonyme for a quip or quirk.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play ;
 It never was in France or Spain ;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great stable or demain.*

It is no office, art, or news ;
 Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall :
 But it is that which while I use,
 I am with thee, and Most take all.

Humilitie.

I SAW the Vertues sitting hand in hand
 In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
 Presented tokens of submission.
 Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
 To execute their call,
 When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
 Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.†
 The fearful Hare her eares, which by their law
 Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
 The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
 That went to Temperance.
 On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

* Domain.

† Gentleness.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacocks plume,
 (For he would not) as they beheld the grace
 Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
 And challenge it, as proper to his place,
 Till they fell out ; which when the beasts espied,
 They leapt upon the throne ;
 And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
 They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
 Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
 Spoil'd all the train : then saying, Here it is
 For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
 Against the beasts : so joyntly bandying,*
 They drive them soon away ;
 And then amerc'd† them, double gifts to bring
 At the next Session-day.

Frailtie.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
 Is styled honour, riches, or fair eyes ;
 But is fair dust !
 I surname them gilded clay,
 Deare earth, fine grasse or hay ;
 In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
 Upon their head.

* Contending together.

† To punish by fine.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
 The worlds, and thine;
 Thine clad with simplenesse, and sad events;
 The other fine,
 Full of glorie and gay weeds,
 Brave language, braver deeds:
 That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
 And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread,
 Affront those joyes, wherewith thou didst endow,
 And long since wed
 My poore soul, ev'n sick of love;
 It may a Babel prove,
 Commodious to conquer, heav'n and thee
 Planted in me.

Constancie.*

WHO is the honest man?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
 So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde:
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

* See the fifteenth Psalm.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shunnes them ; but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh :
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhorres deceit :
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations :* when the day is done,
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne :
The sunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue ; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
Whom others faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

* Trials or temptations.

Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
 By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
 To guide and govern it to my relief,
 Making a scepter of the rod:
 Hadst thou not had thy part,
 Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
 Thou knowst my tallies;* and when there's assign'd
 So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde?
 Or if some yeares with it escape,
 The sigh† then onely is
 A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
 Constant unto it, making it to be
 A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
 And in thy members suffer ill.
 They who lament one crosse,
 Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

* A tally is a stick, cut to agree in shape with another stick, for the purpose of keeping accounts. Herbert remembered the Psalmist's prayer, "So teach us to number our days," &c. The tallies of a life are the reckonings kept of it.

† Referring to the popular belief that the strength is impaired by sighing; so Shakespere (Hamlet, Act iv. :)

"And then this should be like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing."



The Starre.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams furround my Saviours face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debter,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,
Touch it with thy celestial quicknesse,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinitie of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart:

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curle, and winde as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
 To flie home like a laden bee
 Unto that hive of beams,
 And garland-streams

Sunday.

O DAY most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
 Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
 The couch of time; cares balm and bay;
 The week were dark, but for thy light:
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other dayes and thou
 Make up one man; whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
 The worky-daies are the back-part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoup and bow,
 Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endlesse death; but thou dost pull
 And turn us round to look on one,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still;
 Since there is no place so alone
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
 On which heav'ns palace arched lies :
 The other dayes fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitfull beds and borders
 In Gods rich garden : that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders

The Sundaies of mans life,*
 Thredded together on times string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternall glorious King.
 On Sunday heavens gate stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did inclose this light for his :
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder misse.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

* “The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed, or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said :

‘ My God, my God,
 My music shall find thee,
 And every thing
 Shall have his attribute to sing.’

and having tuned it, he played and sung, ‘The Sundays of Man's Life,’ &c.—ISAAC WALTON

The rest of our Creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did th' earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doores away,
 Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day
 We fullied by our foul offence :
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was requir'd to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
 And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

Avarice.

MONEY thou bane of blisse, and source of wo,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh
 and fine ?

I know thy parentage is base and low :
 Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
 To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright :
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
 Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right ;
 Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana-^{{MARY}_{{ARMY}}gram.*

HOW well her name an Army doth present,
 In whom the Lord of hosts did pitch his tent !

To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious spirits, who after all your bands
 See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
 Or strict commands ;
 Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
 If not upon his head, yet in his hands :

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse
 Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid.

I would addresse
 My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
 And Mother of My God, in my distresse :

* A play upon the letters of a name transposed.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay

In young and old ;

Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay :
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, (alas !) I dare not ; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,

Bids no such thing :

And where his pleasure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal
At the last houre .

Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,
Who do not so ;

Since we are ever ready to disburse,*
If any one our Masters hand can show.

Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
My soul would stirre
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it.

* To spend, or lay out.

Man is no starre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint defire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest
With him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best :
The earth sat still,
And by the others is oppress.

Life is a businesse, not good cheer ;
Ever in warres.
The funne still shineth there or here,
Whereas the starres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
That busie plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressed me.

But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold :
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold

Deniall.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy filent eares ;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verfe ;
My breaft was full of fears
And diforder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie afunder :
Each took his way ; fome would to pleasures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they fay,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come,
But no hearing.

O thou that fhouldft give duft a tongue
To crie to thee,
And then not hear it crying ! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my foul lay out of fight,
Untun'd, unstrung :
My feeble fpirit unable to look right,
Like a nipt bloffome, hung
Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
 Deferre no time ;
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my minde may chime,
 And mend my ryme.

Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day
 My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
 With full crie of affections, quite astray ;
 I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, readie there
 To be all passengers most sweet relief ?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in nights mantle, stole into a manger ;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
 To Man of all beasts be not thou a stranger :

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging, then a rack or grave.

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God, no hymne for thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word ; the streams thy grace
 Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the day-light houres.
 Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searhing, till I finde a funne
 Shall stay, till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly
 As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till ev'n his beams sing, and my music shine.

Ungratefulnesse.

LORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave !
 If thou hadst let us runne,
 Gladly had man ador'd the funne,
 And thought his god most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better gods than he.

 Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
 The Trinitie, and Incarnation ;
 Thou hast unlockt them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of thy creation
 Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

 The statelier cabinet is the Trinitie,
 Whose sparkling light access denies :
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow

The dust into our eyes ;
For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

But all thy sweets are packt up in the other ;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow ;
That as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights ;
Because this box we know ;
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to thee ;
When thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gavest two for one.

Sighs and Groanes.

DO not use me
After my finnes ! look not on my desert,
But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me : for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a fillie worm :
O do not bruise me ;

O do not urge me !
For what account can thy ill steward make ?
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens : my head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :
O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !
 I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust
 Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :
 But I am frailtie, and already dust :

O do not grinde me !

O do not fill me
 With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath !
 For thou hast other vessels full of blood,
 A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
 Ev'n unto death : since he di'd for my good,

O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
 For thou hast life and death at thy command ;
 Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
 Cordiall and Corrosive : * put not thy hand
 Into the bitter box ; but O my God,
 My God, relieve me !

The World.

LOVE built a stately house ; where Fortune came :
 And spinning phanxies, she was heard to say,
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same :
 But Wisdome quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who liking not the fashion,
 Began to make Balcones,† Terraces,
 Till she had weakened all by alteration :
 But rev'rend laws, and many a proclamation
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

* Whatever wastes away.

† Balconies.

Then enter'd finne, and with that Sycomore,
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,
 Working and winding flily evermore,
 The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
 But Grace shor'd* these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sinne combined with Death in a firm band,
 To rase the building to the very floore:
 Which they effected, none could them withstand;
 But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand,
 And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloff. iii. 3.

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both expresse this
 notion,
 That Life hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first Is straight, and our diurnall† friend;
 The other Hid, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt In flesh, and tends to earth:
 The other winds towards Him, whose happie birth
 Taught me to live here so, That still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which Is on high;
 Quitting with daily labour all My pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternall Treasure.

Vanitie.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
 And thread the spheres with his quick-
 piercing minde:
 He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd

* Propped, or supported.

† Daily.

To make a purchase there : he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

The nimble Diver with his fide
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
 His dearely-earned pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the ventrous wretch ;
 That he might save his life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive pride
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can deuest
 And strip the creature naked, till he finde
 The callow* principles within their nest :
 There he imparts to them his minde,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appeare trim and drest
 To ordinarie fuitours at the doore.

What hath not man fought out and found,
 But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and aw ;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command ?
 Poore man ! thou searchest round
 To finde out death, but missest life at hand.

Lent.

WELCOME, deare feast of Lent : who loves
 not thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
 But is compos'd of passion.

* Unfeathered.

The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, now:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble soul compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines disagree:
He sayes, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulnesse there are fluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant* profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodnesse of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argumen
We forfeit all our creed.

* Profits hanging like fruits, to be gathered in due season.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs forti'th day;
 Yet to go part of that religious way
 Is better than to rest:

We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
 Yet are we bid, "Be holy ev'n as he."
 In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
 Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
 That travelleth by-ways.

Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
 May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
 May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
 By starving sinne and taking such repast
 As may our faults controll:

That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
 Not in his parlour; banquetting the poore,
 And among those his foul.

Vertue.*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and skie:
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
 For thou must die.

* Piscator.—"And now, scholar! My direction for thy fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Herbert says of such days and showers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them.

"Sweet day—so cool, so calm, so bright."

WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER, ch. v.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My musick shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

The Pearl.

Matt. xiii.

I KNOW the wayes of learning ; both the head
 And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne ;
 What reason hath from nature borrowed,
 Or of itself, and like a good hufwife,* spunne
 In laws and policie ; what the starres conspire,
 What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
 Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and historie :
 All these stand open, or I have the keyes :
 Yet I love thee.

* Coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the hufwife's wool.

COMUS, 56.

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesie and wit :
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes :
How many drammes of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot bloud and brains ;
What mirth and musick mean ; what love and wit
Have done these twentie hundred years, and more :
I know the projects of unbridled store :
My stuffe is flesh, not brasse ; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I flie to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
And at what rate and price I have thy love ;
With all the circumstances that may move ;
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy filk twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all afunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart;
As wat'ring pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their furie can controll,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee,
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the funne scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise, and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit.
A beast, yet is, or should be more:
Reason and speech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all fymmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow;
The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws :
Musick and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being ; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
Both are our cleanlinesse.* Hath one such beautie ?
Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of : in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

* Mr. Coleridge says—"I understand this but imperfectly—distinguished—they form an island?" may we not rather seek an interpretation in the first chapter of Genesis (9. 10) ; the waters distinguished, are the waters separated from the dry land, which then appears and becomes the habitation of man ; the waters united, are the gathering together of the waters which God called seas ; below, they are our fountains and streams to drink ; above, they are our meat, because the husbandman waiteth for the early and the latter rain. Both are our cleanliness. In the verses on Lent, Herbert had spoken of 'the cleanness of sweet abstinence,' the gentle thoughts and emotions which it gives, and the 'face not fearing light.' Perhaps in this poem he employs cleanliness in the same wide sense ; as expressing the beauty, freshness, purity, and delight of which water, in its many shapes and blessings, is made the minister to mankind."

Since then, my God, thou hast
 So brave a Palace built ; O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit ;
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
 And both thy servants be.

Antiphon.

CHOR. **P**RAISED be the God of love,
 MEN. Here below,
 ANG. And here above :

CHOR. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
 ANG. To his friend,
 MEN. And to his foe ;

CHOR. That both grace and glorie tend
 ANG. Us of old,
 MEN. And us in th' end.

CHOR. The great Shepherd of the fold
 ANG. Us did make,
 MEN. For us was fold.

CHOR. He our foes in pieces brake :
 ANG. Him we touch ;
 MEN. And him we take.

CHOR. Wherefore since that he is such,
 ANG. We adore,
 MEN. And we do crouch.

CHOR. Lord, thy praises should bee more.
 MEN. We have none,
 ANG. And we no store.

CHOR. Praised be the God alone
 Who hath made of two folds one.

Unkindneffe.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend :
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame
I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore :
Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;
But let the poore,
And thou within them starve at doore.
I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free :
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill?
O write in brasse, My God upon a tree
His blood did spill,
Onely to purchase my good-will:
Yet use I not my foes, as I use thee.

Life.

I MADE a posie,* while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition ;
Who did so sweetly deaths sad taste convey,
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
F'it, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Submission.

BUT that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my designe.

* Poſie is a contraction of poeſy; here it means a wreath, or cluster of flowers.

Were it not better to bestow
 Some place and power on me ?
 Then should thy praises with me grow,
 And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my fight ;
 And pilfring what I once did give,
 Disseize* thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise,
 That I should then raise thee ?
 Perhaps great places and thy praise
 Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand ;
 I will no more advise :
 Onely do thou lend me a hand,
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.

Justice.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways :
 Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me :
 Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me :
 Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee :
 Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

* Deprive.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly payes :
For, I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not :
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray :
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got :
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skill of these my ways.

Charms and Knots.

WH^O reade a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'ere be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Findes himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains ?*
 Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :
 But who drinks on, to hell may go.

Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
 That planted Paradise was not so firm,
 As was and is thy floating Ark; whose stay
 And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
 And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
 When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure;
 Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :
 When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
 To make us thine : yet that we might not part,
 As we at first did board with thee,
 Now thou wouldst taste our miserie.

There is but joy and grief;
 If either will convert us, we are thine :
 Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
 Take up the second, then thy double line
 And sev'ral baits in either kinde
 Furnish thy table to thy minde.



* The meaning is that the tythes of the Priest are repaid by his services. The thought is found in Proverbs (iii. 9, 10) :
 " Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase ; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine "

Affliction then is ours ;
 We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
 While blustering windes destroy the wanton bowres,
 And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
 My God, so temper joy and wo,
 That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

Mortification.*

HOW soon doth man decay !
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets,
 To swaddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way ;
 Those clouts are little winding sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntarie graves ;
 Sleep bindes them fast ; onely their breath
 Makes them not dead.
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

* In this time of his decay he would often speak to this purpose : “ I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and music, and pleasant conversation, are now all passed by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them ; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark ; and I praise God I am prepared for it, and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it, and that I have practised MORTIFICATION, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally.” —

ISAAC WALTON.

When youth is frank and free,
 And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
 All day exchanging mirth and breath
 In companie ;
 That musick summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a house and home, where he may move
 Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes ;
 That dumb inclosure maketh love
 Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
 Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
 Till all do melt, and drown his breath
 When he would speak ;
 A chair or litter shows the bier,
 Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnity,
 And drest his hearse, while he has breath
 As yet to spare.
 Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die
 That all these dyings may be life in death.

Decay.

SWEET were the days, when thou didst lodge with
 Lot,
 Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
 Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
 Encounter Moses strong complaints and moan :
 Thy words were then, Let me alone.

One might have fought and found thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
 Is my God this way ? No, they would reply ;
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :

Lift, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart :
 Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
 Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
 Cold sinne still forcing it, till it return
 And calling Justice, all things burn.

Miserie.

LORD, let the Angels praise thy name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing,
 Folly and Sinne play all his game.
 His house still burns ; and yet he still doth sing,
 Man is but gaffe,
 He knows it, fill the glasse.

How canst thou brook his foolishnesse ?
 Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee :
 Bid him but temper his excesse ;
 Not he : he knows, where he can better be
 As he will swear,
 Then to serve thee in fear

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own ? as if none knew, but he.

No man shall beat into his head
That thou within his curtains drawn canst see : *
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne :
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they finne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrell † thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee : but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise thy name :
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie :
The sunne holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection ?

* "Thou art about my path, and about my bed."—Psa.
cxxxix. 2.

† "Quarrel" is found as a verb active in the elder poets :
Ben Jonson ("Every Man in his Humour") has it :

"And now that I had 'quarrelled'
My brother purposely."

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine :
So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them lesse divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee ; let him go
And serve the swine: there, there is his delight :
He doth not like this vertue, no ;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night ;
These Preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh foolish man ! where are thine eyes ?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares ?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No not to purchase the whole pack of starres :
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a daintie bowre
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power
Who made the arbor: this exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The spring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ay, wretch ! what verbe
Can thy strange wayes rehearse ?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
 A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
 A ring, whose posie* was, My pleasure :
 He was a garden in a Paradise :
 Glorie and grace
 Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
 A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
 To raise him to the glimpse of blisse :
 A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
 Nay, his own self :
 My God, I mean myself.

Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heav'nly joyes made
 mention,
 Such was their lustre, they did so excell,
 That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention;
 My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
 Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
 Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
 I often blotted what I had begunne ;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the funne,
 Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

* The motto round a ring.

As flames do work and winde, when they ascend;
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd:
Copie out onely that, and save expense.

Prayer.

OF what an easie quick accesse,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine eare invade!
To shew that state dislikes not easinesse,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not heare, than thou canst die

Of what supreme almightie power
Is thy great arm which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd houre:
We cannot ask the thing, which is not there
Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possesse, who, when thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sinne reprove;
That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love; I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,

Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go ;
 I and deare Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
 Convey a Lordship any way
 Whither the buyer and the seller please ;
 Let it not thee displease,
 If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
 As many lines, as there doth need
 To passe itself and all it hath to thee,
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my speciall deed.*

If that hereafter Pleasure
 Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
 As if this passed with a reservation,
 Or some such words in fashon ;
 I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
 All thy delight in me fulfill !
 Let me not think an action mine own way,
 But as thy love shall sway,
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

* Herbert's Country Parson was to be all to his parish, and not only a Pastor, but a Lawyer also, (ch. xxiii.) ; here he adopts the legal expression for a conveyance, " I deliver this as my act and deed."

Lord, what is man to thee,
 That thou shouldst minde a rotten tree?
 Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions
 So great are thy perfections,
 Thou mayst as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and bloud
 Show'd a strange love to all our good:
 Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
 Or superficial offer
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego:
 To one word onely I say, No:
 Where in the deed there was an intimation
 Of a gift or donation,
 Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will passe his land,
 As I have mine, may set his hand
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
 And make the purchase spread
 To loth our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,
 If some kinde man would thrust his heart
 Into these lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
 They were by winged souls
 Entred for both, farre above their desert!

Conscience.

PEACE pratler, do not lowre:
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre:
 Musick to thee doth howl.

By listning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say,
My thoughts must work, but like a noisefesse sphere.
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:

No room for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receipt shall be
My Saviours blood: whenever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physick, know there's some for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a staffe, or bill,
For those that trouble me:
The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord
Is both my physick and my sword.

Sion.

LORD, with what glorie wast thou serv'd of old,
When Solomons temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest gold;
The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings, mysticall and rare:
All shew'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state,
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim
 Something there was that sow'd debate
 Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim :
 And now thy Architecture meets with sinne ;
 For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
 Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :
 The fight is hard on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All Solomons sea* of brasse and world of stone
 Is not so deare to thee, as one good grone.

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things,
 Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee :
 But grones are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be ;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they sing :
 The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
 While thou dost ever, ever stay :
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My spirit gaspeth night and day.
 O shew thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

* And he made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other ; it was round all about."—1 KINGS vii. 23.

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The bloud did make, which thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.
O show thyself to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was lost, thy pitie lookt about,*
To see what help in th' earth or skie:
But there was none; at least no help without:
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O show thyself, &c.

There lay thy sonne: and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
Thralldome from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O show thyself, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer, deare,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O show thyself, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.
O show thyself, &c.

* "And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me."—ISAIAH lxiii. 5.

What is this weary world ; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast ?
What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blacknesse and distaste ?
O show thyself, &c.

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me :
And scouling on them as they pin'd away
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O show thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so-e're I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dresse themselves, and come to thee.
O show thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O show thyself, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie !
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
O show thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and grone ?
The most of me to heav'n is fled :
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
 My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:
 And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
 The word is, Stay, says ever, Come.
 O show thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

The British Church.

I JOY, deare Mother, when I view,
 Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
 Both sweet and bright:

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
 And dates her letters from thy face,
 When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
 Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
 Shows who is best:

Outlandish looks may not compare;
 For all they either painted are,
 Or else undrest.

She* on the hills, which wantonly
 Allureth all in hope to be
 By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
 That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
 For her reward.

* The Church of Rome.

She* in the valley is so shie
 Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
 About her eares :

While she avoids her neighbours pride,
 She wholly goes on th' other side,
 And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)
 The mean thy praise and glorie is,
 And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was
 To double-moat† thee with his grace,
 And none but thee.

The Quip.‡

THE merrie world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay,
 And all in sport to geere§ at me.

First, Beautie crept into a rose ;
 Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those ?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poore man ? said he :
 I heard in Musick you had skill :
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

* The Puritan.

† Like a castle with two moats, or streams of water round it.

‡ A pleasantry.

§ To seek or search after, and also to mock.



Then came brave Glorie puffing by
 In filks that whistled, who but he!
 He scarce allow'd me half an eie:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration.
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy designe
 To answer these fine things shall come;
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
 And then they have their answer home.

Vanitie.

POOORE silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow:
 To whom the starres shine not so faire, as eyes;
 Nor solid work, as false embroyderies;
 Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late!

To purchase heaven for repenting
 Is no hard rate.

If souls be made of earthly mould,
 Let them love gold;
 If born on high,

Let them unto their kindred flie:
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest.

Then filly soul take heed ; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

The Dawning.

AWAKE sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns :
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns ;
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :

Awake, awake ;

And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie ;
And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be :
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee :

Arise, arise ;

And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes.
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
grief
Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

Jesu.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there : but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek :

And first I found the corner where was *Y*
 After, where *ES*, and next where *U* was graved.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
 And to my whole is *JESU*.

Businesse.

CANST be idle? canst thou play,
 Foolish soul who sinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
 Know their home, and get them gone:
 Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears;
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
 Who hath these, those ill forbears.

Windes still work: it is their plot,
 Be the season cold, or hot:
 Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or grones,
 Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
 Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
 Foolish soul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
 To assume thy flesh and bone?
 Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst di'd most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his finnes and Saviours death?

He that loseth gold, though droffe,
Tells to all he meets, his croffe:
He that finnes, hath he no losse?

He that findes a silver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither finne nor Saviour feels.

Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controul
Any thought of waving.*

* Wavering.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (childe), is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my favour.
As the reason then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaim the whole designe:
Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature, would
Follow my resigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glorie and desert,
Left all joyes to feel all smart——
Ah! no more: thou break'ft my heart.

Dulnesse.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth
Praise thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me:
Thy bloody death, and undeserv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That those thy form doth shew,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lyes
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didst put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a constant wit
 I may but look towards thee :
 Look onely ; for to love thee, who can be,
 What angel fit ?

Love-joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
 I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
 Anneal'd* on every bunch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my judgment) said, It seem'd to me
 To be the body and the letters both
 Of Joy and Charitie ; Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The man reply'd ; it figures JESUS CHRIST.

Providence.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill ; shall they not do thee right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Onely to man thou hast made known thy wayes,
 And put the penne alone into his hand,
 And made him Secretarie of thy praise.

* Burnt in.

Beasts fain would sing ; birds ditty to their notes ;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown : but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest : he doth present
The sacrifice for all ; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain ;
And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, Eat me, but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me : but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee ;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy command, or thy permission
Lay hands on all : they are thy right and left :
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft ;

Nothing escapes them both : all must appeare,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which crie and follow. Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, e'vn when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set,*
Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking : fishes have their net :
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing ingendered doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appeare ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !
Which as it lengthens windes, and windes us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-spring, crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

* " These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them meat
in due season."—PSA. civ. 27.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise
Their masters flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the flower doth stay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graffe, and dung the ground for more :
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil :
Springs vent their streams, and by expence get store :
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones ?
Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
Would show a root, that gives expressions !

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres ?
A rose, besides his beautie, is a cure.
Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals : man may take them thence ;
But at his perill : when he digs the place,
He makes a grave ; as if the thing had sense,
And threatened man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed their due ?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most ;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
 Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
 The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
 The South with marble; North with fures and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap;
 The common all men have; that which is rare,
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
 The healthy frosts with summer-fruits compare.

Light without winde is glasse: warm without weight
 Is wooll and fures: cool without closeness, shade:
 Speed without pains, a horse: tall without height,
 A servile hawk: low without losse, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need:
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
 For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
 To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.

Nothing wears clothes, but man; nothing doth need
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
 But Man alone, to show his heav'nly breed:
 And onely he hath fuell in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
 When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach* the moun-
 tains:
 When yet some places could no moisture get,
 The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good foun-
 tains.

* To pierce a vessel in order to draw out the liquor. Bishop Pearson employs the word in the same sense as Herbert: "When his rod had ceased to 'broach' the rocks."—ON THE CREED, Art. 1.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend
Your hony drops : presse not to smell them here ;
When they are ripe their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harsh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.
How smooth are filks compared with a stake,
Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry,
Cold fruits warm kernells help against the winde.
The lemmons juice and rinde cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast :
Sponges, nonsense and sense ; mines, th' earth and
plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th' under-jaw ; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them ;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but onely he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'rall wayes,
 Yet in their being joyn with one advice
 To honour thee : and so I give thee praise
 In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many wayes in store
 To honour thee ; and so each hymne thy fame
 Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

Hope.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine : but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old Prayer-book I did present :
 And he an optick* sent.
 With that I gave a viall full of tears :
 But he a few green eares.
 Ah Loyterer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :
 I did expect a ring.

Sinnes round.

SORRIE I am, my God, forrie I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
 Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

* An instrument of sign

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian* hill.
 They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :
 And so my finnes ascend three stories high,
 As Babel grew, before there were dissentions.
 Yet ill deeds loyter not : for they supplie
 New thoughts of finning ; wherefore, to my sh. me
 Sorrie I am, my God, forrie I am.

Time.

MEETING with Time, slack thing, said I,
 Thy fithe is dull ; whet it for shame.
 No marvell Sir, he did replie,
 If it at length deserve some blame :
 But where one man would have me grinde it,
 Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
 Who above all things lov'd this life ;
 To whom thy fithe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning-knife.
 Christs coming hath made man thy debter,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest :
 For where thou onely wert before
 An excutioner at best,
 Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.

* Mount Ætna.

An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong:
And length of dayes lengthens the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which ev'n eternitie excludes!
Thus farre Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing said, This man deludes:
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

Gratefulnesse.

O THOU that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And sayes, If he in this be crost,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
 Tears fullying thy transparent rooms
 Gift upon gift; much would have more,
 And comes.

This not withstanding, thou wentst on
 And didst allow us all our noise:
 Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
 Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
 Much better tunes, then grones can make;
 But that these countrey-aies thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again;
 And in no quiet canst thou be,
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain
 Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me;
 As if thy blessings had spare dayes:
 But such a heart, whose pulse may be
 Thy praise.

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
 Let me once know. [crave.
 I fought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd, if Peace were there.
 A hollow winde did seem to answer, No;
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat :
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 The crown Imperiall :* Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worme devoure
 What shew'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man :
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began ;
 There was a Prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd ; yet sweetnesse did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
 Which many wondring at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

* The flower with that name. Cowley, in his hymn to light, has a beautiful allusion to it :—

“ A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
 The virgin lilies in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.”

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That vertue lies therein ;
 A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it : and that repose,
 And peace which ev'ry where
 With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,
 Is onely there.

Confession.

O WHAT a cunning guest
 Is this same grief ! within my heart I made
 Closets ; and in them many a chest ;
 And like a master in my trade,
 In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :
 Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
 Into a piece of timber worke and winde,
 As God's afflictions into man,
 When he a torture hath designed.
 They are too subtill for the subt'llest hearts ;
 And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth ; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave, and cast about :
 And till they foot and clutch their prey,

They never cool, much lesse give out.
 No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes ;
 Closets are halls to them ; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
 But quickly seek some new adventure.
 Smooth open hearts no fasting have ; but fiction
 Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and finnes,
 Lord, I acknowledge ; take thy plagues away :
 For since confession pardon winnes,
 I challenge here the brightest day,
 The clearest diamond : let them do their best,
 They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

Giddineffe.

OH, what a thing is man ! how farre from power,
 From settled peace and rest !
 He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
 Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure .
 But then a thought creeps in,
 And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
 Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres ;
 Now eat his bread in peace,
 And snudge* in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
 Now all day spares.

* Lie snug

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
 As if a whirlwinde blew
 And crusht the building : and it's partly true,
 His minde is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
 Did alter with his minde ;
 And, like a Dolphins skinne, his clothes combin'd
 With his desires !*

Surely if each one saw anothers heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain passe : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
 Except thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
 Our own salvation.

The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up : but some bad man
 Hath let thee out again :
 And, now, methinks, I am where I began
 Sev'n years ago : one vogue and vein,†
 One aire of thoughts usurps my brain,
 I did toward Canaan draw ; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red sea, the sea of shame.

* If his outward appearance changed like his mind and as often.

† Fashion.



For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no town;
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
 Their storie pennes and sets us down.
 A single deed is small renown.
 Gods works are wide, and let in future times;
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds
 Alas! our murmurings come not last.
 But where's the cluster? where's the taste
 Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
 Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the vine?
 I have their fruit and wine.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,
 And made it bring forth grapes good store.
 But much more him I shall adore,
 Who of the law drew juice from wine did make,
 And God himself being pressed for my sake.

Love-unknown.†

BEARE friends, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
 And in my writings I presume your love
 Shall more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
 And many of whom have grounds, which may improve,

Numbers xiii. 23.

Mr. Coleridge mentions this poem "as a striking example and
 reason that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the
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in - in & in

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For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no town;
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd:
 Their storie pennes and sets us down.
 A single deed is small renown.
 Gods works are wide, and let in future times;
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast:
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds
 Alas! our murmurings come not last.
 But where's the cluster?* where's the taste
 Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
 Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noahs vine,
 And made it bring forth grapes good store.
 But much more him I must adore,
 Who of the laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
 Ev'n God himself being pressed for my sake.

Love-unknown.†

DEARE friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
 And in my faintings I presume your love
 Will more complie, than help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,

* Numbers xiii. 23.

† Mr. Coleridge mentions this poem "as a striking example and illustration that the characteristic fault of our elder poets is the reverse of that which distinguishes too many of our recent versifiers; the one conveying the most fantastic thoughts in the most

Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there :
But with a richer drug, then scalding water,
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesse. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed :
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)

I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone ?
Full well I understood, who had been there :
For I had giv'n the key to none, but one :
It must be he. Your heart was dull, I fear.
Indeed a slack and sleepeie state of minde
Did oft possesse me, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behinde.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend,
For ought I heare, your Master shows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did onely, what was old, renew :
The Caldron suppled, what was grown too hard :
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull :
All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick

Man's Medley.

HEARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
A creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Mans joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, then in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence :
In th' other Angels have a right by birth :
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taste of the cheer :
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head ;
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one :
Both frosts and thoughts do nip :
And bite his lip ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
 Happie is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

The Storm.

IF as the windes and waters here below
 Do flie and flow,
 My sighs and tears as busy were above ;
 Sure they would move
 And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
 Amaze poore mortals, and object* their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
 As well as we.
 A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
 Hath a strange force :
 It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
 Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
 And drowns the song.
 Glorie and honour are set by till it
 An answer get.
 Poets have wrong'd poore storms : such dayes are best ;
 They purge the aire without, within the breast.

* Throw forward, so as to confront them.

Paradise.

I BLESSE thee, Lord, because I GROW
 Among thy trees, which in a ROW
 To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
 While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,
 Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
 And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
 Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE,

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FRIEND,
 Such cuttings rather heal than REND,
 And such beginnings touch their END.

The Method.

POOORE heart, lament.
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
 Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
 For he is Power: and sure he would;
 For he is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book :
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
Written above there ? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should Gods eare
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare ?
Is God lesse free ?

But stay ! what's there ?
Late when I would have something done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice :
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoyce.

Divinitie.

AS men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd ;
As if a starre were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide :

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent skie :
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
And jagg'd his seamlesse coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions ?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

Love God, and Love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day !
Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there designe,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man ;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head ;
Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

Ephes. iv. 30.

“GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT,” ETC.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sowre,
 And crosse thy love?
 Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
 I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :
 Weep foolish heart,
 And weeping live ;
 For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
 End as the night, whose fable hue
 Your finnes expresse ; melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore.
 Cry out, Get hence,
 Or cry no more.
 Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sence :
 I finne not to my grief alone,
 But to my Gods too ; he doth grone.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
 Which may with thee
 All day complain.
 There can no discord but in ceasing be.
 Marbles can weep ; and surely strings
 More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief.

Ev'n endlesse tears

Without relief.

If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,

But runnes, although I be not drie ;

I am no Cryftall, what fhall I ?

Yet if I wail not ftill, fince ftill to wail

Nature denies ;

And flefh would fail,

If my deferts were mafters of mine eyes :

Lord, pardon, for thy fonne makes good

My want of tears with ftore of bloud.

The Familie.

WHAT doth this noife of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part ?

What do thefe loud complaints and pulling fears,

As if there were no rule or eares ?

But, Lord, the houfe and familie are thine,

Though fome of them repine.

Turn out thefe wranglers, which defile thy feat :

For where thou dwelleft all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all difputes controll,

Then Order plaies* the foul ;

And giving all things their fet forms and houres,

Makes of wilde woods fweet walks and bowres.

* Plays upon it like a mufical instrument, and brings it into tune.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
 Expecting a command :
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more flow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes ;
 But griefs without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder, then distemper'd fears :
 What is so shrill* as silent tears ?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedie heart.
 Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part,
 Are passing brave.
 Let th' upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

* Clear speaking, without harshness : so we read of the waking of Adam from sleep :—

“ Which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough.”

PARADISE LOST, v. 6.

What though some have a fraught *
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon fail?
 If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail,
 And for the future time art heir
 To th' Isle of spices, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
 Is more than God was, who was hungrie here.
 Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disanull?
 Enact good cheer?
 Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once:
 But little do reserve themselves for more:
 Those have their hopes; these what they have renounce,
 And live on score;
 Those are at home; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
 And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
 Whereas a bit
 Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
 And for the present health restore.

A Christians state and case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
 Yet active strength: whose long and bonie face
 Content and care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a pretender, not a bride.

* Freight.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
 If comforts fell according to desert,
 They would great frosts and snows destroy :
 For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
 Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
 In hope of great things. Call to minde thy dream,
 An earthly globe,
 On whose meridian was engraven,
 These seas are tears, and Heav'n the haven.

Artillerie.

AS I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
 Me thought a starre didshoot into my lap.
 I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap :
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expell good motions from thy breast,
 Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
 But not of speech in starres, began to muse :
 But turning to my God, whose ministers
 The starres and all things are ; If I refuse
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
 Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
 To wash away my stubborn thought :
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
 Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
 My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
 And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.
 Not but I am (I must say still)
 Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
 Than thou to grant mine : but because
 Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne
 To enter combate with us, and contest
 With thine own clay. But I would parley* fain :
 Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.
 Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
 I must be so, if I am mine.
 There is no articling with thee :
 I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church-rents and schismes.

BRAVE rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
 And bottome of the leaves : which when the winde
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

* Confer.

Why doth my Mother blush ? is she the rose,
 And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious bloud
 Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher than before.
 But when debates and fretting jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your colour faded, and calamities
 Turned your ruddie into pale and bleak :
 Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start :
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
 Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
 As many eyes as starres ? since it is night,
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
 And ev'n all Africk ; would at least I might
 With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you !

Justice.

O DREADFULL justice, what a fright and terrour
 Wast thou of old,
 When sinne and errour
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glasse discolour thee !
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The dishes* of thy balance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great pits ;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tott'ring engine show :
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,
 I see no fears :
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee
 Gods promises hath made thee mine :
 Why should I justice now decline ?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

* The scales which Justice holds.

And so I came to phanſies meadow ſtrow'd
 With many a flower :
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my houre.
 So to cares cops* I came, and there got through
 With much ado.

That led me to the wilde of paſſion; which
 Some call the wold ;
 A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
 Save one good Angell, which a friend had ti'd
 Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart ; and climbing ſtill,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A lake of brackiſh waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting
 Of ſwarming fears,
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King ;
 Can both the way and end be tears ?
 Yet taking heart I roſe, and then perceiv'd
 I was deceiv'd :

My hill was further; ſo I flung away,
 Yet heard a crie
 Juſt as I went, None goes that way
 And lives : If that be all, ſaid I,
 After ſo foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.

* Copſe.

The Holdfast.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
 Of my deare God with all my power and might :
 But I was told by one, it could not be ;
 Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
 Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :
 We must confesse, that nothing is our own.
 Then I confesse that he my succour is :

But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
 That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,
 That all things were more ours by being his.
 What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
 Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
 Because thou art
 My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
 Because I am
 Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie ;
 The deed and storie
 Are both thy due : but I a silly flie,
 That live or die,
 According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord :
 Shows not thy word
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
 To weep or cry ?
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathfull power
 Afflict my houre,
 My inch of life : or let thy gracious power
 Contract my houre,
 That I may climbe and finde relief.

The Discharge.

BUSIE enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?
 Why dost thou prie,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous* eye
 Look high and low ;
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all ?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
 Let what will fall :
 That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
 And his is right.
 He is thy night at noon : he is at night
 Thy noon alone.
 The crop is his, for he hath sown.

* Tempting, or inviting.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy bufineffe his, and in thy life partake :
For thou canft tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didft not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldft well fee
What present things requir'd of thee,

They ask enough ; why fhouldft thou further go ?
Raife not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,
He breaks the fquare.
This houre is mine : if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths fide :

For death each hour environs and furrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thofe grounds,
But thro' a Churchyard which them bounds.

Things present fhrink and die : but they that fpend
Their thoughts and fenfe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,
 And wake thy sorrow ?
 Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
 And then again
 Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,
 Do not forecast :
 while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust :
 My God hath promis'd ; he is just.

Praise.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
 I will love thee :
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst cleare me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee.
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst.
 And when Justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poore sort
 To enroll thee :
 Ev'n eternitie is too short
 To extoll thee.

An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow
 As mens returns, what would become of fools ?
 What hast thou there ? a heart ? but is it pure ?
 Search well, and see ; for hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow :
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts !
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number ;
 And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
 In public judgments one may be a nation.*
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

* The crimes, or the faith of one, may bring a judgment, or a blessing, upon a whole people ; as in the case of David.

But all I fear is left thy heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one : so oft divisions
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone ;
 Thy passions also have their set partitions.
 These parcell out thy heart : recover these,
 And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud,
 Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
 close

All sorts of wounds ; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
 Until thou finde, and use it to thy good :
 Then bring thy gift ; and let thy hymne be this ;

Since my sadnesse
 Into gladnesse,
 Lord thou dost convert,
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due desert.

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
 May give favour
 To this poore oblation ; *
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my salvation.

* Offering.

Longing.

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my grones,
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddie ; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
 Mothers are kinde, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare !
 Lord of my soul, love of my minde,
 Bow down thine eare !
 Let not the winde
 Scatter my words, and in the same
 Thy name !

Look on my sorrows round !
 Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,
 What heats abound !
 What griefs, what shames !
 Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine eare,
 And heare !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree :
O be not now
More dead to me !
Lord, heare ! Shall he that made the eare
Not heare ?

Behold thy dust doth stirre ;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee ;
Wilt thou deferre
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come ?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse ?
Is all lockt ? hath a finners plea
No key ?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their lease assign'd ?
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing : thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief : Yet am I stil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
 Not to relieve? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me?
 Were finne alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both finne is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy bosome poure my tears,
 As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a tongue;
 Thy beggars grow; rid them away
 To-day.

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!
 By these thy feet, at which my heart
 Lies all the yeare,
 Pluck out thy dart,
 And heal my troubled breast which cries,
 Which dyes.

The Bag.

AWAY despair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
 Though windes and waves assault my keel.
 He doth preserve it; he doth steer,
 Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.

Storms are the triumph of his art :
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus di'd ?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light ;* and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bowe, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear ;
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.†

When he was come as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne :
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turned, and to his brethren cry'd,

* To descend.

† The reader of Cowley will think that he has a conceit from the Davideis. We find Bishop Taylor writing on Good Friday :

“ His Father's burning wrath did make
His very heart like melting wax to sweat
Rivers of blood,
Through the pure strainer of his skin.”

If ye have any thing to fend or write,
 (I have no bag, but here is room)
 Unto my father's hands and fight
 (Beleeve me) it shall safely come.
 That I shall minde, what you impart;
 Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
 Will use me in this kinde, the doore
 Shall still be open; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Anything to me. Hark despair, away.

The Jews.

POOORE nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
 Our cyens* have purloined, and left you drie:
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles fluce,
 And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die:
 Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
 And now by keeping lose the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
 Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound:
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd
 And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again!

* Scions.

The Collar.

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd No more;
I will abroad.

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.

Shall I be still in fuit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore
What I have lost with cordiall fruit?

Sure there was wine,

Before my sighs did drie it: there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.

Is the yeare onely lost to me?

Have I no bayes to crown it?

No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?

All wasted?

Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.

Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,

Thy rope of sands,

Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,

And be thy law,

While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away: take heed:

I will abroad.

Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.

He that forbears

To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, Childe;
 And I reply'd, My Lord.

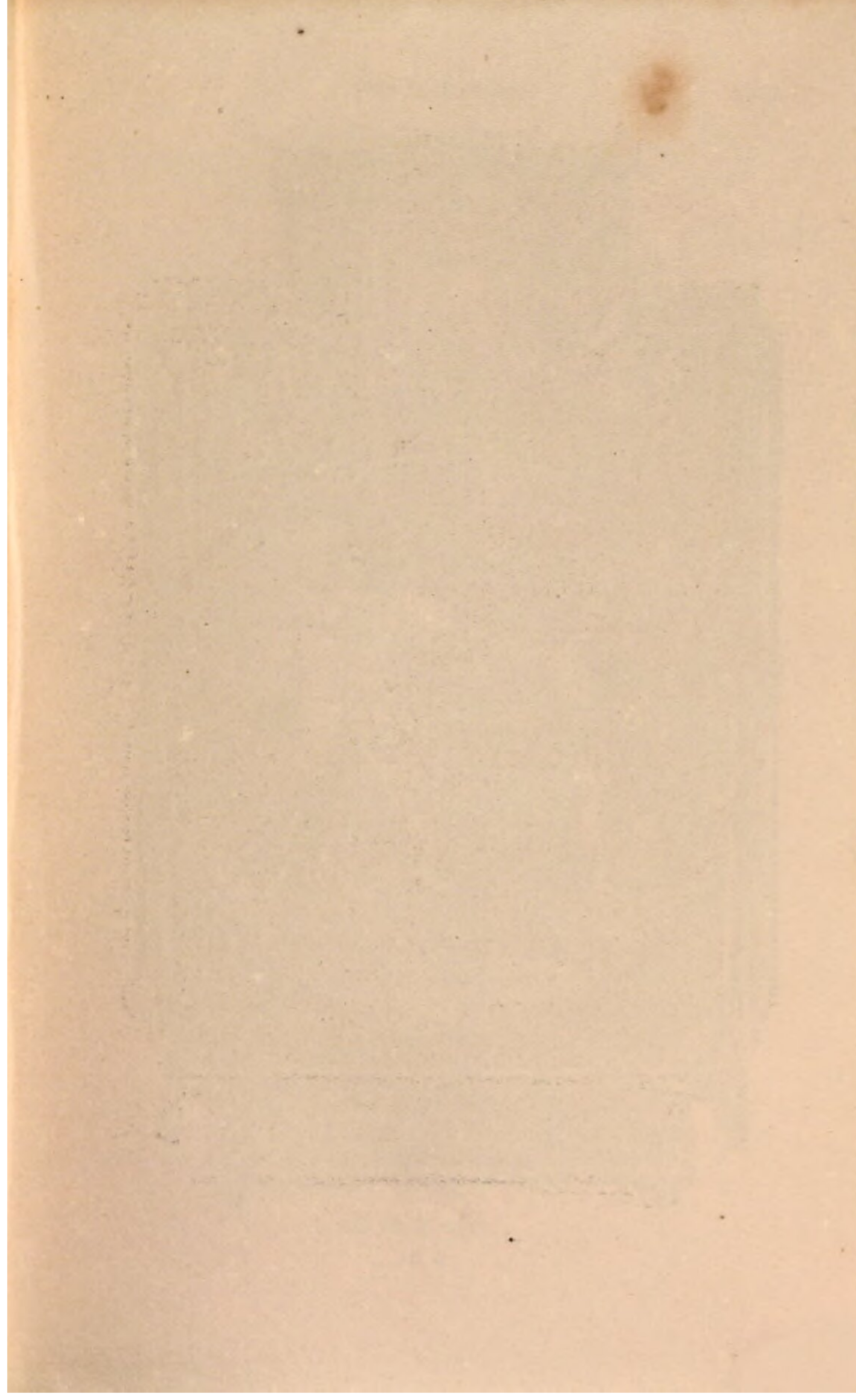
The Glimpse.

WHITHER away delight?
 Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to night?
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
 But one half houre of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a winde or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
 Which by the springs accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
 Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
 But constant to his part,
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
 A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.





Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

Affurance.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture! Is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert :
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine : as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,
And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail :
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame : for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it self love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
Such a Way, as gives us breath :
Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
 Such a Light, as shows a feast :
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
 Such a Joy, as none can move :
 Such a Love, as none can part :
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

Clasping of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am : and thine much more,
 Than I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more.
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
 And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, then thine
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.
 O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

Praise.

LORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
 Thy praise alone.
 My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes :
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
 That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
 It runnes, it flies :
 All things concurre to give it a perfection.
 That which had but two legs before,
 When thou dost blesse, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise
 To twentie then, or more.

But when thou dost on businesse blow,
 It hangs, it clogs :
 Not all the teams of Albion in a row
 Can hale or draw it out of doore.
 Legs are but stumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
 And struggling hinders more.

Thoufands of things do thee employ
 In ruling all
 This spacious globe : Angels must have their joy,
 Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
 The windes their stint : and yet when I did call,
 Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear :
 But when mine eyes
 Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle* there

* "Thou tellest my flittings, put my tears into thy bottle."—
 Ps. lvi. 8.

(As we have boxes for the poore)
 Readie to take them in ; yet of a size
 That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst flipt a drop
 From thy right eye
 (Which there did hang like streamers neare the top
 Of some fair church to shew the fore
 And bloudie battell which thou once didst trie)
 The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
 Though press'd, runnes thin ;
 O that I might some other hearts convert,
 And so take up at use good store :
 That to thy chests there might be coming in
 Both all my praise, and more !

Joseph's Coat.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest :
 Sorrow hath chang'd its note : such is his will
 Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
 For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
 Among my many had his full career,
 Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
 And both would runne until they found a biere
 To fetch the bodie ; both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the race ; and giv'n to anguish
 One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to shew his power, who once did bring
 My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

The Pulley.

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which disperfed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wifdome, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

The Priesthood.

BLEST Order, which in power dost so excell,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one finall summe:
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old finnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stufte whereon to shew his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.

The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the skie :
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me denie
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtarres above
 Simper and ſhine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a figh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)
 Into a grone,
Because the searck was dumbe before :
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold
 Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
 Unto their finnes !

Where is my God ? what hidden place
 Conceals thee still ?
What covert dare eclipse thy face ?
 Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :
 Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
 And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth thought :
To it all strength, all subtilties
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kisse,
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
 As is thy space,
Thy distance from me ; see my charge,
 Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;
Turn, and restore me :
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare ;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excell
All distance known :
So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,
Making two one.

Grief.

O WHO will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and
My grief hath need of all the watry things, [rain :
'That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme:
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God

The Croffe.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth, and familie might combine
To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this deare end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to serve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memorie
What I would do for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth studie thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
 Of all my woes another wo,
 Is in the midst of delicacies to need,
 And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, ease my smart !
 These contrarieties crush me : these crosse actions
 Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart :
 And yet since these thy contradictions
 Are properly a crosse felt by thy sonne
 With but foure words, my words, Thy will be done.

The Flower.*

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in
 spring ;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.

* "The poem entitled 'The Flower' is especially affecting, and to me such a phrase as 'relish versing,' expresses a sincerity, a reality which I would not willingly exchange for the more dignified, 'and once more love the muse.'"—COLERIDGE to the painter COLLINS, (Life of Collins, i. 147.) In another place he calls it a "delicious poem ;" and delicious it is in thought, music, and expression ; but I would not adopt Mr. Coleridge's gloss upon the last line in the first stanza, "as if there had been no such thing." The poet surely intended to exhibit grief, casting off sadness, and rejoicing in hope, just as if there were no shade and cold in the world to darken and chill her again.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My finnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,

It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store.
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Dotage.

FALSE glozing* pleasures, casks of happinesse,
Foolish night-fires, womens and childrens wishes,
Chases in Arras,† guilded emptinesse,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,‡
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes ;
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations, evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone ;
These are the sorrows here.

But oh the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue ;

* Flattering.

† Hunting scenes embroidered.

‡ The ground on which a race is run, or a combat fought.

Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
 Before a court, ev'n that above so cleare,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
 Then miseries are here !

The Sonne.

LET forrain nations of their language boast,
 What fine varietie each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;
 Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly do we give one onely name
 To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre.
 A sonne is light and fruit ; a fruitfull flame
 Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carried far
 From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
 Western discov'ries of posteritie.
 So in one word our Lords humilitie
 We turn upon him in a sense most true ;
 For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
 We him in glorie call, The Sonne of Man.

A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say
 And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
 With only this, My joy, my life, my crown.

Yet flight not these few words ;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymne or psalme affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want.
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth, Loved.

The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt like snow :
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer-friends,
Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
But cooling by the way, grows purfie and flow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

A Dialogue-Anthem.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

CHR. **A**LAS, poore death ! where is thy glorie ?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?

DEA. Alas, poore mortall, void of storie,
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.

CHR. Poore death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

DEA. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die ;
These arms shall crush thee.

CHR. Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better then before :
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

The Water-Course.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow ;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail :

For who can look for lesse, that loveth { Life.
Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and waters course
To serve thy finnes, and furnish thee with store

When once those snuffes are ta'en away,
 Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
 Without excuse or cloak.

Bitter-sweet.

AH, my deare angrie Lord,
 Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
 Cast down, yet help afford ;
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my fowre-sweet dayes
 I will lament, and love.

The Glance.

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye,
 Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth
 and night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sinne ;
 I felt a sugred strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway:
 But still thy sweet originall joy,
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-ey'd love!
 When thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight
 More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light,
 In heav'n above.

The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed:
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,
 Where I both feed and rest;
 Then to the streams that gently passe:
 In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame :
And all this not for my desert.
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me fit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies fight :
My head with oy', my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

Marie Magdalene.

WHEN blessed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With penfive humblenesse would live and tread :

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?

Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not his feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our finnes are pil'd
 Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare foul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
 To bear her filth; and that her finnes did dash
 Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash:
 And yet in washing one, she washed both.

Aaron.

HOLINESSE on the head
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below raising the dead
 To leade them unto life and rest:
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenesse in my head,
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest:
 Poore priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another musick, making live, not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest:
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
 My alone onely heart and breast,
 My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead;
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my deare breast,
 My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest)
 Come, people ; Aaron's drest.

The Odour.

2 COR. 11.

HOW sweetly doth My Master sound! My
 Master!

As Amber-greese leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster :

So do these words a sweet content,
 An orientall fragrancie, My Master.

With these all day I do perfume my minde,
 My mind ev'n thrust into them both ;
 That I might finde
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fatts* my minde.

My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
 My Servant were a little so,
 As flesh may be ;
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spicinesse to thee !

* Fattens.

Then should the Pomander,* which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more :
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee.
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busie me.

The Foil.

IF we could see below
The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
To set off vertues ; griefs to set off sinning :
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

* A ball or powder of sweet substances.

The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark;
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain? must they dispark*
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
 Must dulnesse turn me to a clod?
 Yet have they left me, Thou art still my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
 I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
 So, Thou art still my God, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that dittie;
 And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
 But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to Church well drest and clad:
 My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
 Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
 Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?
 Fie, thou wilt foil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame:

* To throw open a park.

Let follie ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beautie dwells on high : ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beautie and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſſe not; take your way:
For, Thou art ſtill my God, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring; let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſſe chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

The Roſe.

PRESSE me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugred lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Than my ſtrict, yet welcome ſize.
Firſt, there is no pleaſure here :
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as cleare,
As if they could beautie ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe :
Onely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a rose?
 What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmitie disclose,
 Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joyes to be a scourge:
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyfick choose:
 Onely though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a rose.

Discipline.

THROW away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath:
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

For my hearts desire
 Unto thine is bent:
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whose taste
Is your waste ;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,*
Naming you not to your good :
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your finnes to fight :
Taste and fear not : God is here
In this cheer,
And on sinne doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

* Give a character by qualities.

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
 Made a head
 To subdue the smell of sinne,
 Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
 All their living,
 Left the enemy should winne?

Doubtlesse neither starre nor flower
 Hath the power
 Such a sweetnesse to impart :
 Onely God, who gives perfumes,
 Flesh assumes,
 And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
 Still are good,
 Yet being bruif'd are better scented ;
 God, to show how farre his love
 Could improve,
 Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
 And on earth
 In delights of earth was drown'd ;
 God took bloud, and needs would be
 Spilt with me,
 And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
 In a cup
 Sweetly he doth meet my taste.
 But I still being low and short,
 Farre from court,
 Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie
 To the skie :
 Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
 What I seek for, what I sue ;
 Him I view
 Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie
 Be my dittie,
 And take up my lines and life :
 Hearken under pain of death,
 Hands and breath,
 Strive in this, and love the strife.

The Posie.*

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and posies windows fill ;
 Lesse than the least
 Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

 This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write :
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

 Invention rest ;
 Comparisons go play ; wit use thy will :
 Lesse than the least
 Of all God's mercies, is my posie still.

* The motto.

A Parodie.

SOULS joy, when thou art gone
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulnesse
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade !
No stormie night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make finne appeare ;
And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half beleeve,
 That Sinne fays true : but while I grieve
 Thou com'st and doft relieve.

The Elixer.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to fee,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beaft,
 To runne into an action ;
 But ftill to make thee prepoft,ft,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaffe,
 On it may ftay his eye ;
 Or if he pleafeth, through it paffe,
 And then the heav'n efpie.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be fo mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy fake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A fervant with this claufe
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who fweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for lesse be told.

A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
 I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,
 My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
 To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicitie.
 Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
 Know them and practise them : then shall I give
 For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 Nothing but bones, [thing,
 The sad effect of sadder grones :
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some fix
 Or ten years hence,
 After the losse of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short ;
Where we did finde
The shels of fledge souls left behinde,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some bloud
Into thy face ;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much fought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day ;
When souls shall wear their new aray.
And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave ;
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

Dooms-day.

COME away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre, and rubbe the eyes ;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, Live you, brother ?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet : then it kneels,

As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their bodies lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken comfort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

Judgement.

ALMIGHTIE Judge, how shall poore wretches
Thy dreadfull look, [brook
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I heare tell,

That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sinne,
 That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
 Let that be scann'd.
 There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

Heaven.

O WHO will show me those delights on high ?
 Echo. *I*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
 Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?
 Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any leaves, that still abide ?
 Echo. *Bide.*
 What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.
 Echo. *Holy.*
 Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse ?
 Echo. *Yes.*
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight ?
 Echo. *Light.*
 Light to the minde : what shall the will enjoy ?
 Echo. *Joy.*
 But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure ?
 Echo. *Leisure.*
 Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?
 Echo. *Ever.*

Love.

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
 Guiltie of dust and sinne.
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
 Love ſaid, you ſhall be he.
 I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
 I cannot look on thee.
 Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
 Who made the eyes but I?

'Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
 Go where it doth deſerve.
 And know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame?
 My deare, then I will ſerve.
 You muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
 So I did ſit and eat.

GLORIE BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH
 PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALMIGHTIE Lord, who from thy glorious throne
 See'st and rule'st all things ev'n as one :
 The smallest ant or atome knows thy power,
 Known also to each minute of an houre :
 Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
 Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
 Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East ; so did thy Spouse,
 Trimme* as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
 Of Noahs shadie vine, chaste as the dove,
 Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
 The course was westward, that the sunne might light
 As well our understanding, as our fight.

* A writer (*ADVERSUS IMPIA*, 1670) says : "The churches progress is a master-piece, limn'd to the life ;" and B. Oley justly remarks : "He that reads Mr. Herbert's Poems attendingly, shall find not only the excellencies of Scripture, divinity, and choice passages of the Fathers bound up in metre ; but the doctrine of Rome also finely and strongly confuted, as in the poems, "To Saints and Angels," "The British Church," "Church Militant," &c."—BARNABAS OLEY, "Prefatory View," 1652.

Where th' Ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.
Moses pursu'd this : but King Solomon
Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,
Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,
Knocking at all doores, ever as she went.
Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behinde him, and allows some light,
Till all depart : so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot slept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius and great Anthonie
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing th' historie.
Goshen was darknesse, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
Sophisters taken in a fishers net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a losse,
And wheel'd about again to spell Christ-Crosse.

Prayers chaf'd fyllogismes into their den,
And Ergo was transform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horse as soon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both ; yet Egypt faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being past her prime,
Religion went to Rome, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his deere skarres no more resounds,
But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds ;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust :
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was slain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a scepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them,
Who were cut short in Alexanders stemme.
In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came :
Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne,
Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) untill it flew
At length to Germanie, still westward bending,
And there the Churches festivall attending :
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there ;
Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with Germanie,
But England in the higher victorie ;

Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go lesse than she had done of late.
Constantines British line meant this of old,
And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sinne did set out of Eastern Babylon,
And travell'd westward also : journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearely a falset lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely !
What wretchednesse can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom ?
None will beleieve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in Egypt sneaked for a while ;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poore game. Thence he to Greece doth passe,
And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes,
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.

Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased :
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From Greece he went to Rome : and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Romane sphere.
Glorie was his chief instrument of old :
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold :
Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy,
Cheat the most subtile nations. Who so coy,
So trimme, as Greece and Egypt ? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may thee compare ?
Onely the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day finde unto her cost.
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night

To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre :
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his studie, where he fate
Busie in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well :
His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell :
Onely there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sinne in Greece a Prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mightie Emperour ;
So now being Priest he plainly did professe
To make a jest of Christs three offices ;
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.
From Egypt he took pettie deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the libertie of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace, Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
From Egypt Anchorisme and retirednesse,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome statelines ;
And blending these, he carri'd all mens eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories :
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntarie transmigration.
All poste to Rome : Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot, or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre :

Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers ;
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twist ;
So both together are one Antichrist :
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?
Thus Sinne triumphs in Western Babylon ;
Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the east.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night,
As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest :
They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west.
But as in vice the copie still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds :
So though Sinne made his latter feat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debter.
The second Temple could not reach the first :
And the late reformation never durst
Compare, with ancient times and purer yeares ;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade ;
Till such a darknesse do the world invade
At Christs last coming, as his first did finde :
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jurie to be seen.



Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,*
 Readie to passe to the American strand.
 When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
 Impudent finning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
 (The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
 Unto the brimme, and make our measure up;
 When Sein shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
 By letting in them both, pollutes her streams:
 When Italie of us shall have her will,
 And all her calendar of finnes fulfill;
 Whereby one may foretell, what finnes next yeare
 Shall both in France and England domineer:
 Then shall Religion to America flee:
 They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
 By carrying first their gold from them away:
 For gold and grace did never yet agree:
 Religion alwaies fides with povertie.
 We think we rob them, but we think amisse:
 We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
 Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
 To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
 To go to them, while that, which now their nation
 But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
 Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
 So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly:

* "When Mr. Ferrar sent this work to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses, 'Religion stands on tip-toe,' &c., to be printed; and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed, and want them; but after sometime, and some arguments for and against, these being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a Divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book.'"—ISAAC WALTON.

They have their period also and set times
 Both for their vertuous actions, and their crimes.
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts
 Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
 Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
 The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church shall
 smother :

That when they have accomplished the round,
 And met in th' east their first and ancient found,
 Judgement may meet them both, and search them
 round.

Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
 Light one another, and together runne.
 Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still
 The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.
 But as the Sunne still goes both west and east :
 So also did the Church by going west
 Still eastward go ; because it drew more neare
 To time and place, where judgement shall appeare.
 How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
 Who may with thee compare ?

L'Envoy.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
 With the one make warre to cease ;
 With the other bleſſe thy ſheep,
 Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
 Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
 Bragging that thy bloud is cold ;
 That thy death is alſo dead,
 While his conquelts dayly ſpread ;

That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Crosse is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all ;
And then bargain with the winde
To discharge what is behinde.

Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Sonnet.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A
NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did
burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetrie
Wear Venus' liverie? onely serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easilie in flight?
Or, since thy wayes are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse runne smooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Then that, which one day, worms may chance refuse.
Sure Lord, there is enough in thee to drie
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majestie:
Each cloud distills thy praise, and doth forbid

Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak thee ; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

Why should I womens eyes for crystal take ?
Such poor invention burns in their low minde
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing finde
In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies in the discoverie.

Inscription*

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find
A new House to thy mind
And built without thy Cost :
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then, my Labours not lost.

On Lord Danvers.†

SACRED marble, safely keep
His dust, who under thee must sleep,

* This inscription is, I believe, not now to be found at Bemerton.

† When Herbert sought change of air for his declining health, his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house which

Until the yeares again reſtore
Their dead, and time ſhall be no more.
Mean while, if he (which all things wears),
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are ſhed for him ; diſſolve thy frame,
Thou art requited : for his fame,
His vertue, and his worth ſhall be
Another monument to thee.

ſtands in a choice air ; in which Lord Danvers, (created Earl of Danby by Charles I.) allowed him ſuch an apartment as might beſt ſuit with his accommodation and liking." Lord Danvers died in 1673, thus outliving his panegyriſt more than forty years.

A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE.

OR

THE COUNTRY PARSON,

HIS CHARACTER, AND RULE OF HOLY LIFE.

[FIRST PRINTED IN 1652.]

The Author to the Reader.

BEING desirous (through the Mercy of God) to please Him, for whom I am, and live, and who giveth me my Desires and Performances; and considering with myself, That the way to please him, is to feed my Flock diligently and faithfully, since our Saviour hath made that the argument of a Pastor's love, I have resolved to set down the Form and Character of a true Pastor, that I may have a Mark to aim at: which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the Moon, than he that aims at a Tree. Not that I think, if a man do not all which is here expressed, he presently sins, and displeases God, but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing him, who hath done so much for us. The Lord prosper the intention to myself, and others, who may not despise my poor labours, but add to those points which I have observed, until the Book grow to a complete Pastoral.

GEO. HERBERT.

A
PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE.

Chap. I.

OF A PASTOR.

A PASTOR is the Deputy of Christ for the reducing of Man to the Obedience of God. This definition is evident, and contains the direct steps of Pastoral Duty and Authority. For first, Man fell from God by Disobedience. Secondly, Christ is the glorious instrument of God for the revoking of Man. Thirdly, Christ being not to continue on earth, but after he had fulfilled the work of Reconciliation, to be received up into heaven, he constituted Deputies in his place, and these are Priests. And therefore St. Paul in the beginning of his Epistles, professeth this: and in the first to the Colossians* plainly avoucheth that he fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his Body's sake, which is the church, wherein is contained the complete definition of a Minister. Out of this Charter of the Priesthood may be plainly gathered

* Chap. i. 24.

both the Dignity thereof, and the Duty: The Dignity,* in that a Priest may do that which Christ did, and by his authority, and as his Vicegerent. The Duty, in that a Priest is to do that which Christ did, and after his manner, both for Doctrine and Life.

Chap. II.

THEIR DIVERSITIES.

OF Pastors (intending mine own Nation only, and also therein setting aside the Reverend Prelates of the Church, to whom this discourse ariseth not) some live in the universities, some in Noble houses, some in Parishes residing on their Cures. Of those that live in the Universities, some live there in office, whose rule is that of the Apostle: Romans, xii. 6. "Having gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching, &c., he that ruleth let him do it with diligence, &c." Some in a preparatory way, whose aim and labour must be not only to get knowledge, but to subdue and mortify all lusts and affections: and not to think, that when they have read the fathers, or Schoolmen, a

* "To a court-friend who dissuaded Herbert from entering into sacred orders, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, he replied:—'It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest furniture on earth; and though the iniquities of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor ability, to advance the glory of that God that gave them.'"—ISAAC WALTON.

Minister is made, and the thing done. The greatest and hardest preparation is within: For unto the godly, saith God, "Why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant in thy mouth?" Psalm i. 16. Those that live in Noble Houses are called Chaplains, whose duty and obligation being the same to the Houses they live in, as a Parson's to his Parish, in describing the one (which is indeed the bent of my Discourse) the other will be manifest. Let not Chaplains think themselves so free, as many of them do, and because they have different Names, think their Office different. Doubtless they are Parsons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end, either by an open, or implicit Covenant. Before they are in Orders, they may be received for Companions, or discoursers; but after a man is once Minister, he cannot agree to come into any house, where he shall not exercise what he is, unless he forsake his plough, and look back. Wherefore they are not to be over-submissive, and base, but to keep up with the Lord and Lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them and all, even so far as reproof to their very face, when occasion calls, but seasonably and discreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly; they wrong the Priesthood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek with their over-submissiveness, and cringing, that they shall ever be despised.* They who for the hope of promotion

* "If it be objected that the poverty of some of the clergy forces them to suppress their sentiments in some things, and to suffer whatever an encroaching temper shall think fit to put upon them,—to this I answer: that the temptation to this sin ought to have been prevented before their going into holy orders; for those who cannot be supplied with a competent fortune by themselves, their relations, or at least by some creditable independent

neglect any necessary admonition, or reproof, sell (with Judas) their Lord and Master.

Chap. III.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE Country Parson is exceeding exact in his Life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And because the two highest points of Life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are Patience, and Mortification; Patience in regard of afflictions, Mortification in regard of lusts and affections, and the stupifying and deading of all the clamorous powers of the soul, therefore he hath thoroughly studied these, that he may be an absolute Master and Commander of himself, for all the purposes which God hath ordained him. Yet in these points he labours most in those things which are most apt to scandalize his Parish. And first, because Country people live hardly, and

preferment, had much better choose some other inferior employment, than expose themselves to such apparent danger in this. And as for those (if there be any such), who do not discharge their office with that plainness and discreetly-managed resolution which God and the church expects from them, it will not be improper to remind them of what Mr. Herbert hath written, ('Country Parson') where he tells us: 'that such persons wrong the priesthood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek by their over-submissiveness and cringing, that they shall ever be despised.' Indeed, they have no reason to expect any better usage; for as flattery is deservedly accounted one of the most contemptible vices, so a clergyman, when he is guilty of it, is the worst of flatterers."—JEREMY COLLIER, *Essays*, 3rd edition, 1698, p. 236.

therefore as feeling their own sweat, and consequently knowing the price of money, are offended much with any, who by hard usage increase their travail, the Country Parson is very circumspect in avoiding all covetousness, neither being greedy to get, nor niggardly to keep, nor troubled to lose any worldly wealth ; but in all his words and actions flighting, and disesteeming it, even to a wondering, that the world should so much value wealth, which in the day of wrath hath not one dram of comfort for us. Secondly, because Luxury is a very visible sin, the Parson is very careful to avoid all the kinds thereof, but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice ; into which if he come, he prostitutes himself both to shame, and sin, and by having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, he disableth himself of authority to reprove them : For sins make all equal, whom they find together ; and then they are worst, who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt Inns, or Taverns, or Alehouses, to the dishonour of his Person and Office. The Parson doth not so, but orders his Life in such a fashion, that when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as He did, “ I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple.” Thirdly, because Country people (as indeed all honest men) do much esteem their word, it being the Life of buying and selling, and dealing in the world ; therefore the Parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hinderance, as knowing, that if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and disregarded : neither will they believe him in the Pulpit, whom they cannot trust in his Conversation. As for oaths, and apparel, the disorders thereof are also very manifest. The Parson’s yea is yea, and nay, nay ; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell ; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

Chap. IV.*

THE PARSON'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE Country Parson is full of all Knowledge. They say, it is an ill Mason that refuseth any stone : and there is no knowledge, but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage, and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people, by what they understand, are best led to what they understand not. But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the book of books, the storehouse, and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks, and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things ; Precepts for life, Doctrines for knowledge, Examples for illustration, and Promises for comfort : these he hath digested severally. But for the understanding of these ; the means he useth are first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith, that “ if any do God’s will, he shall know of the doctrine,” John vii. and assuring himself, that wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, because they feel them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them. The second means is prayer, which if it be necessary even in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with ? Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, “ Lord open mine

* “ Be covetous of all good which you see in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in words. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is possible for you to attain to, which you seek not.”—HERBERT to his brother at Paris.

eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of thy law, &c.”* The third means is a diligent Collation of Scripture with Scripture. For all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the self-same Spirit, it cannot be, but that an industrious, and judicious comparing of place with place, must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added the consideration of any Text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before, and what follows after, as also the scope of the Holy Ghost. When the Apostles would have called down fire from Heaven, they were reprov'd, as ignorant of what spirit they were. For the Law required one thing, and the Gospel another: yet as diverse, not as repugnant: therefore the spirit of both is to be considered, and weigh'd. The fourth means are Commenters and Fathers, who have handled the places controverted, which the Parson by no means refuseth. As he doth not so study others, as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him; so doth he assure himself, that God in all ages hath had his Servants, to whom he hath revealed his Truth, as well as to him; and that as one Country doth not bear all things, that there may be a Commerce; so neither hath God opened, or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God, for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one Comment at least upon every Book of Scripture, and ploughing with this, and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasured in the holy Scripture.

* Psalm cxix. 18.

Chap. V.

THE PARSON'S ACCESSORY
KNOWLEDGES.

THE Country Parson hath read the Fathers also, and the Schoolmen, and the later Writers, or a good proportion of all,* out of all which he hath compiled a Book and Body of Divinity, which is the storehouse of his Sermons, and which he preacheth all his Life ; but diversely clothed, illustrated, and enlarged. For though the world is full of such composures, yet every man's own is fittest, readiest, and most favourable to him. Besides, this being to be done in his younger and preparatory times, it is an honest joy ever after to look upon his well-spent hours. This Body he made by way of expounding the Church Catechism, to which all Divinity may easily be reduced. For it being indifferent in itself to choose any Method, that is best to be chosen, of which there is likeliest to be most use. Now Catechizing being a work of singular and admirable benefit to the Church of God, and a thing required under Canonical obedience, the expounding of our Catechism must needs be the most useful form. Yet hath the Parson, besides this laborious work, a slighter form of Catechizing, fitter for Country people ; according as his audience is, so he useth one, or other ; or sometimes both, if his audience be intermixed. He

* "Woe be to him that reads but one book"—HERBERT'S PROVERBS.

greatly esteems also of cases of conscience,* wherein he is much versed. And indeed, herein is the greatest ability of a Parson, to lead his people exactly in the ways of Truth, so that they neither decline to the right hand nor to the left. Neither let any think this a slight thing. For every one hath not digested, when it is a sin to take something for money lent, or when not; when it is a fault to discover another's fault, or when not; when the affections of the soul in desiring and procuring increase of means, or honour, be a sin of covetousness or ambition, and when not; when the appetites of the body in eating, drinking, sleep, and the pleasure that comes with sleep, be sins of gluttony, drunkenness, sloth, lust, and when not, and so in many circumstances of actions. Now if a shepherd know not which grass will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd? Wherefore the Parson hath thoroughly canvassed all the particulars of human actions, at least all those which he observeth are most incident to his Parish.

* Herbert writes in the temper of that age in which Bishop Taylor's great work, the "Ductor Dubitantum," or Guide of the Doubting," appeared; but Heber has remarked:—"I have myself had sufficient experience of what are generally called scruples, to be convinced that the greater proportion of those which are submitted to a spiritual guide, are nothing more than artifices by which men seek to gratify themselves in what they know to be wrong; and I am convinced that the most efficacious manner of easing a doubtful conscience is, for the most part, to recall the professed penitent from distinctions to generals; from the peculiarities of his private concerns to the simple words of the commandment. If we are too curious, we only muddy the stream; but the clearest truth is, in morals, always on the surface."
—LIFE OF TAYLOR, p. 269.

Chap. VI.

THE PARSON PRAYING.

THE Country Parson when he is to read divine services, composeth himself to all possible reverence; lifting up his heart and hands and eyes, and using all other gestures, which may express a hearty, and unfeigned devotion. This he doth, First, as being truly touched and amazed with the Majesty of God, before whom he then presents himself; yet not as himself alone, but as presenting with himself the whole Congregation; whose sins he then bears, and brings with his own to the heavenly Altar to be bathed, and washed in the sacred Laver of Christ's blood. Secondly, as this is the true reason of his inward fear, so he is content to express this outwardly to the utmost of his power; that being at first affected himself, he may affect also his people, knowing that no Sermon moves them so much to reverence, which they forget again, when they come to pray, as a devout behaviour in the very act of praying. Accordingly his voice is humble, his words treatable, and slow; yet not so slow neither, as to let the fervency of the suppliant hang and die between speaking, but with a grave liveliness, between fear and zeal, pausing yet pressing, he performs his duty. Besides his example, he having often instructed his people how to carry themselves in divine service, exacts of them all possible reverence, by no means enduring either talking, or sleeping, or gazing, or leaning, or half-kneeling, or any undutiful behaviour in them, but causing them, when they sit, or stand, or kneel, to do all in a straight, and steady posture, as attending to what is done in the Church, and every

one, man and child, answering aloud both Amen, and all other answers, which are on the Clerk's and People's part to answer ; which answers also are to be done not in a huddling, or slubbering fashion, gaping, or scratching the head, or spitting even in the midst of their answer, but gently and pausably, thinking what they say ; so that while they answer, " As it was in the beginning, &c." they meditate as they speak, that God hath ever had his people, that have glorified him as well as now, and that he shall have so for ever. And the like in other answers. This is that which the Apostle calls a reasonable service, Romans xii., when we speak not as Parrots, without reason, or offer up such sacrifices as they did of old, which was of beasts devoid of reason ; but when we use our reason, and apply our powers to the service of Him that gives them. If there be any of the Gentry or Nobility of the parish, who sometimes make it a piece of state not to come at the beginning of service with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to their own loss and of theirs also who gaze upon them when they come in, and neglect the present service of God, he by no means suffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they persevere, he causes them to be presented : or if the poor Churchwardens be affrighted with their greatness, notwithstanding his instruction that they ought not to be so, but even to let the world sink, so they do their duty, he presents them himself ; only protesting to them, that not any ill-will draws him to it, but the debt and obligation of his calling, being to obey God rather than men.

Chap. VII.

THE PARSON PREACHING.

THE Country Parson preacheth constantly, the Pulpit is his joy and his throne: if he at any time intermit, it is either for want of health, or against some great festival, that he may the better celebrate it, or for the variety of the hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively. When he intermits, he is ever very well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he entreats to press some point, that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so, in the mouth of two or three witnesses the truth may be more established. When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech, it being natural to men to think, that where is much earnestness, there is somewhat worth hearing: and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks, and who not; and with particularizing of his speech now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich. This is for you, and This is for you; for particulars ever touch, and awake more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God, as of those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most which are nearest to his Parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories, and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them

also men heed, and remember better than exhortations ; which though earnest, yet often die with the Sermon, especially with Country people ; which are thick, and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of Zeal, and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them ; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them, that Sermons are dangerous things, that none goes out of Church as he came in, but either better or worse ; that none is careless before his Judge, and that the Word of God shall judge us. By these and other means the Parson procures attention ; but the character of his sermon is Holiness ; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but Holy. A character that Hermogenes never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precept thereof. But it is gained First, by choosing Texts of Devotion, not Controversy, moving and ravishing Texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts, before they come into our mouths, truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we say ; so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many Apostrophes to God, as, O Lord, bless my people and teach them this point ; or, O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou speak thyself : for thou art Love, and when thou teacheest, all are Scholars. Some such irradiations scatteringly in the Sermon, carry great holiness in them. The Prophets are admirable in this. So Isaiah lxiv. “ O that thou wouldst rend the Heavens, that thou wouldst come down,” &c. And Jeremiah x. after he had complained of the desolation of Israel, turns to God suddenly, “ O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself,” &c. Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people’s good, and joying therein, though he himself were with St. Paul even sacrificed upon the

service of their faith. For there is no greater sign of holiness, than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St. Paul excelled in all his Epistles. How did he put the Romans in all his prayers? Rom. i. 9. And ceased not to give thanks for the Ephesians, Eph. i. 16. And for the Corinthians, chap. i. 4. And for the Philippians made request with joy, chap. i. 4. And is in contention for them, whether to live or die; be with them, or Christ, verse 23, which, setting aside his care of his flock, were a madness to doubt of. What an admirable Epistle is the second to the Corinthians! how full of affections! he joys, and he is sorry, he grieves, and he glories; never was there such care of a flock expressed, save in the great Shepherd of the fold, who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and afterwards blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into Sermons, which will make them appear exceeding reverend, and holy. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence, and majesty of God, by these, or such like speeches,—Oh let us all take heed what we do! God sees us, he sees whether I speak as I ought, or you hear as you ought, he sees hearts as we see faces: he is among us; for if we be here, he must be here, since we are here by him, and without him could not be here. Then turning the discourse to his Majesty, And he is a great God, and terrible, as great in mercy, so great in judgment. There are but two devouring elements, fire and water, he hath both in him: "His voice is as the sound of many waters," Revelation i. And "He himself is a consuming fire," Hebrews, xii. Such discourses show very holy. The Parson's Method in handling of a Text, consists of two parts: First, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the Text; and secondly, some choice Observations drawn out of the whole Text, as it lies entire, and unbroken

in the Scripture itself. This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way of crumb-ling a Text into small parts, as, the Person speaking, or spoken to, the subject, and object, and the like, hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety, since the words apart are not Scripture, but a Dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture. The Parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing, to loathing.

Chap. VIII.

THE PARSON ON SUNDAYS.

THE Country Parson, as soon as he awakes on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a Market-man is, when the Market-day comes, or a shop-keeper, when customers come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day. That nothing befall him unworthy of that Majesty, before which he is to present himself, but that all may be done with reverence to his glory, and with edification to his flock, humbly beseeching his Master, that how or whenever he punish him, it be not in his Ministry : then he turns to request for his people, that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they may

come with holy hearts, and awful minds into the Congregation, and that the good God would pardon all those who come with less prepared hearts than they ought. This done, he sets himself to the Consideration of the duties of the day, and if there be any extraordinary addition to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the State, or from God, by a child born, or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce it to the best advantage. Afterwards when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people either openly, or to himself. Then having read Divine Service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechized in the afternoon, he thinks he hath in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance, or in visiting the sick, or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his Sermons cannot, or do not reach. And every one is more awaked, when we come, and say; Thou art the man. This way he finds exceeding useful, and winning; and these exhortations he calls his privy purse, even as Princes have theirs, besides their public disbursements. At night he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day, and without hinderance to public duties, either to entertain some of his neighbours or to be entertained of them, where he takes occasion to discourse of such things, as are both profitable and pleasant, and to raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our church and state; that order is kept in the one, and peace in the other, without disturbance, or interruption of public divine offices. As he opened the day with

prayer, so he closeth it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them, that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hind's feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto him.

Chap. IX.

THE PARSON'S STATE OF LIFE.

THE Country Parson considering that virginity is a higher state than Matrimony, and that the Ministry requires the best and highest things, is rather unmarried than married. But yet as the temper of his body may be, or as the temper of his Parish may be, where he may have occasion to converse with women, and that among suspicious men, and other like circumstances considered, he is rather married than unmarried. Let him communicate the thing often by prayer unto God, and as his grace shall direct him, so let him proceed. If he be unmarried, and keep house, he hath not a woman in his house, but finds opportunities of having his meat dressed and other services done by men-servants at home, and his linen washed abroad. If he be unmarried, and sojourn, he never talks with any woman alone, but in the audience of others, and that seldom, and then also in a serious manner, never jestingly, or sportfully. He is very circumspect in all companies, both of his behaviour, speech, and very looks, knowing himself to be both suspected and envied. If he stands steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart, that he will keep himself a Virgin, he spends his days in fasting and prayer, and blesteth God

for the gift of continency, knowing that it can no way be preserved, but only by those means, by which at first it was obtained. He therefore thinks it not enough for him to observe the fasting days of the Church, and the daily prayers enjoined him by Authority, which he observeth out of humble conformity and obedience ; but adds to them, out of choice and devotion, some other days for fasting, and hours for prayers ; and by these he keeps his body tame, serviceable, and healthful ; and his soul fervent, active, young, and lusty as an eagle. He often readeth the Lives of the Primitive Monks, Hermits, and Virgins, and wondereth not so much at their patient suffering, and cheerful dying under persecuting Emperors, (though that indeed be very admirable) as at their daily temperance, abstinence, watchings, and constant prayers, and mortifications in the times of peace and prosperity. To put on the profound humility, and the exact temperance of our Lord Jesus, with other exemplary virtues of that sort, and to keep them on in the sunshine, and noon of prosperity, he findeth to be as necessary, and as difficult at least, as to be clothed with perfect patience and Christian fortitude in the cold midnight storms of persecution and adversity. He keepeth his watch and ward, night and day against the proper and peculiar temptations of his state of Life, which are principally These Two, Spiritual pride, and Impurity of heart ; against these ghostly enemies he girdeth up his loins, keeps the imagination from roving, puts on the whole Armour of God, and by the virtue of the shield of faith, he is not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, [carnal impurity] nor of the sickness that destroyeth at noon day, [Ghostly pride and self-conceit.] Other temptations he hath, which like mortal enemies, may sometimes disquiet him likewise ; for the human soul being bounded, and kept in her sensitive faculty,

will run out more or less in her intellectual. Original concupiscence is such an active thing, by reason of continual inward or outward temptations, that it is ever attempting, or doing one mischief or other. Ambition, or untimely desire of promotion to a higher state or place, under colour of accommodation, or necessary provision, is a common temptation, to men of any eminency, especially being single men. Curiosity in prying into high speculative and unprofitable questions, is another great stumbling block to the holiness of Scholars. These and many other spiritual wickednesses in high places doth the Parson fear, or experiment, or both; and that much more being single, than if he were married; for then commonly the stream of temptations is turned another way, into Covetousness, Love of pleasure, or ease, or the like. If the Parson be unmarried, and means to continue so, he doth at least, as much as hath been said. If he be married, the choice of his wife was made rather by his ear, than by his eye; his judgment, not his affection, found out a fit wife for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty, riches, or honour.* He knew that (the good instrument of God to bring woman to heaven) a wise and loving husband could, out of humility, produce any special grace of faith, patience, meekness, love, obedience, &c., and out of liberality make her fruitful in all good works. As he is just in all things, so is he to his wife also, counting nothing so much his own, as that he may be unjust unto it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants, and others, and half at least of the government of the house, reserving so much of the affairs as serve for a diversion for him; yet never so giving over the reins, but that he sometimes looks how things go,

* "The wife is the key of the house."—HERBERT'S Proverbs.

demanding an account, but not by the way of an account.* And this must be done the oftener, or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

Chap. X.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE.

THE Parson is very exact in the governing of his House, making it a Copy and model for his Parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her; First, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God, with prayers, and catechizing, and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands; which skill either she brought with her, or he takes care she shall learn it of some religious neighbour. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort, as that neither they want a competent sustentation, nor her husband be brought in debt. His children he first makes Christians,† and then Commonwealth's men;

* "And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of the parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly to his barn, which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship."—ISAAC WALTON.

† "Take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I com-

the one he owes to his heavenly Country, the other to his earthly, having no title to either, except he do good to both. Therefore having seasoned them with all piety, not only of words in praying, and reading; but in actions, in visiting other sick children, and tending their wounds, and sending his charity by them to the poor, and sometimes giving them a little money to do it of themselves, that they get a delight in it, and enter favour with God, who weighs even children's actions. 1 Kings xiv. 12, 13; he afterwards turns his care to fit all their dispositions with some calling, not sparing the eldest, but giving him the prerogative of his father's profession, which happily for his other children he is not able to do. Yet in binding them Apprentices (in case he think fit to do so) he takes care not to put them into vain trades, and unbefitting the reverence of their Father's calling, such as are Taverns for men, and Lace-making for women; because those trades, for the most part, serve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny and not augment. However, he resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity, in consideration of providing a stock for his children; but assures himself, that money, thus lent to God, is placed surer for his children's advantage, than if it were given to the Chamber of London.* Good deeds, and good breeding, are his two great stocks for his children; if God give any thing above those, and not spent in them, he blesteth God, and lays it out as he sees cause. His servants are all religious, and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit, for none are so well

mend to you as being now a father: 'The best bred child hath the best portion.'"—HERBERT to his brother Henry.

* "Great alms-giving lessens no man's living." "Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.—Proverbs collected by HERBERT.

served, as by religious servants, both because they do best, and because what they do, is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them, that Three things make a complete servant, Truth, and Diligence, and Neatness, or Cleanliness. Those that can read, are allowed times for it, and those that cannot, are taught; for all in his house are either teachers or learners, or both, so that his family is a School of Religion, and they all account that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle, but something is written or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety: especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the Rule of a Family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the beginner of good discourses, his children among children, his servants among other servants; so that as in the house of those that are skilled in Music, all are Musicians; so in the house of a Preacher, all are Preachers. He suffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his house, but counts it the art and secret of governing, to preserve a directness, and open plainness in all things; so that all his house knows, that there is no help for a fault done, but confession. He himself, or his wife, takes account of Sermons, and how every one profits, comparing this year with the last: and besides the common prayers of the Family, he straightly requires of all to pray by themselves before they sleep at night, and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say, and till they have learned them, makes them kneel by him; esteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them, than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which when they leave the family, they carry with them. He keeps his servants between love and fear, according as he finds them; but generally he distributes it thus, To his children

he shows more love than terror, to his servants more terror than love; but an old good servant boards* a child. The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet, as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain, and common, but wholesome, what he hath, is little, but very good; it consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal; if he adds any thing for a great day, or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barn, and yard: he goes no further for any entertainment, lest he go into the world, esteeming it absurd, that he should exceed, who teacheth others temperance. But those which his home produceth, he refuseth not, as coming cheap, and easy, and arising from the improvement of things, which otherwise would be lost. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great Householder of the world: for there being two things, which as they are, are unuseful to man, the one for smallness, as crumbs, and scattered corn, and the like; the other for the foulness, as wash, and dirt, and things thereinto fallen; God hath provided Creatures for both; for the first, Poultry, for the second, Swine. These save man the labour, and doing that which either he could not do, or was not fit for him to do, by taking both sorts of food into them, do as it were dress and prepare both for man in themselves, by growing themselves fit for his table. The Parson in his house observes fasting days; and particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy, so Friday his day of Humiliation, which he celebrates not only with abstinence of diet, but also of company, recreation, and all outward contentments; and besides, with confession

* Is treated as one of the family.

of sins, and all acts of mortification. Now fasting days contain a treble obligation: First, of eating less that day, than on other days; Secondly, of eating no pleasing, or over-nourishing things, as the Israelites did eat four herbs: Thirdly, of eating no flesh, which is but the determination of the second rule by Authority to this particular. The two former obligations are much more essential to a true fast, than the third and last; and fasting days were fully performed by keeping of the two former, had not Authority interposed: so that to eat little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh. For since Fasting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me, than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh, and not the fish, is to keep the Fasting day naturally. And it is observable, that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot Countries, where both flesh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold regions, and where flesh may be much better spared, and with more safety than elsewhere, where both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic, the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain, that a weak stomach, being prepossessed with flesh, shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer, than if it had taken before either fish or roots, or such things; which will discover itself by spitting, and rheum, or phlegm. To conclude, the Parson, if he be in full health, keeps the three obligations, eating fish, or roots, and that for quantity little, for quality unpleasant. If his body be weak and obstructed, as most Students are, he cannot keep the last obligation, nor suffer others in his house that are so, to keep it; but only the two former, which also in diseases of exinanition (as consumptions) must be broken; for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To

all this may be added, not for emboldening the unruly, but for the comfort of the weak, that not only sickness breaks these obligations of fasting, but sickliness also. For it is as unnatural to do anything, that leads me to a sickness, to which I am inclined, as not to get out of that sickness, when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident, that an English Body, and a Student's Body, are two great obstructed vessels, and there is nothing that is food, and not physic, which doth less obstruct, than flesh moderately taken; as being immoderately taken, it is exceeding obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.*

Chap. XI.

THE PARSON'S COURTESY. †

THE Country Parson owing a debt of Charity to the poor, and of Courtesy to his other Parishion-

* Herbert brings out with most serious beauty the caution in Shakespere:—

“But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puffed and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.”

(That is, does not regard his own doctrine.)

† A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where his flock among,
The learned pastor dwells, their watchful lord;
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword.”

WORDSWORTH, Eccles. Sonnets, xviii.

ers, he so distinguisheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for those that are above Alms. Not but that the poor are welcome also to his table, whom he sometimes purposely takes home with him, setting them close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility, and their comfort, who are much cheered with such friendliness. But since both is to be done, the better sort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooseth rather to give the poor money, which they can better employ to their own advantage, and suitably to their needs, than so much given in meat at dinner. Having then invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like to the rest; so that in the compass of the year, he hath them all with him, because country people are very observant of such things, and will not be persuaded, but being not invited, they are hated. Which persuasion the Parson by all means avoids, knowing that where there are such conceits, there is no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet doth he oftenest invite those whom he sees take best courses, that so both they may be encouraged to persevere, and others spurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courtesy. For though he desire, that all should live well and virtuously, not for any reward of his, but for virtue's sake; yet that will not be so: and therefore as God, although we should love him only for his own sake, yet out of his infinite pity hath set forth heaven for a reward to draw men to Piety, and is content, if at least so, they will become good; so the Country Parson, who is a diligent observer, and tracker of God's ways, sets up as many encouragements to goodness as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame; that he may, if not the best way, yet any way, make his Parish good.

THE PARSONS



CHARITY

DALZIEL

Chap. XII.

THE PARSON'S CHARITY.

THE Country Parson is full of Charity;* it is his predominant element. For many and wonderful things are spoken of thee, thou great Virtue. To Charity is given the covering of sins, 1 Pet. iv. 8; and the forgiveness of sins, Matthew vi. 14, Luke vii. 47; the fulfilling of the law, Romans xiii. 10; the life of faith, James ii. 26; the blessings of this life, Proverbs xxii. 9, Psalm xli. 2; and the reward of the next, Matthew xxv. 35. In brief, it is the body of religion, John xiii. 35; and the top of Christian virtues, 1 Corinthians xiii. Wherefore all his works relish of Charity. When he riseth in the morning, he bethinketh himself what good deeds he can do that day, and presently doth them; counting that day lost, wherein he hath not exercised his Charity. He first considers his own Parish, and takes care, that there be not a beggar, or idle person in his Parish, but that all be in a competent way of getting their living. This he effects either by bounty, or persuasion, or by authority, making use of that excellent statute, which binds all Parishes to maintain their own. If his Parish be rich, he exacts this of them; if poor, and he able, he easeth them therein. But he gives no set Pension to any; for this in time will lose the name and effect of Charity with the poor people, though not with God: for then they will reckon upon it, as on a debt; and if

* "The miserable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing, sixpence."—Proverbs collected by HERBERT.

it be taken away, though justly, they will murmur, and repine as much, as he that is disseized of his own inheritance. But the Parson having a double aim, and making a hook of his Charity, causeth them still to depend on him; and so by continual, and fresh bounties, unexpected to them, but resolved to himself, he wins them to praise God more, to live more religiously, and to take more pains in their vocation, as not knowing when they shall be relieved; which otherwise they would reckon upon and turn to idleness. Besides this general provision, he hath other times of opening his hand; as at great Festivals and Communions; not suffering any that day that he receives, to want a good meal suiting to the joy of the occasion. But specially, at hard times, and dearths, he even parts his Living and life among them, giving some Corn outright, and selling other at under rates; and when his own stock serves not, working those that are able to the same charity, still pressing it in the Pulpit and out of the Pulpit, and never leaving them till he obtain his desire. Yet in all his Charity, he distinguisheth, giving them most, who live best, and take most pains, and are most charged: So is his charity in effect a Sermon. After the consideration of his own Parish, he enlargeth himself, if he be able, to the neighbourhood; for that also is some kind of obligation; so doth he also to those at his door, whom God puts in his way, and makes his neighbours. But these he helps not without some testimony, except the evidence of the misery bring testimony with it. For though these testimonies also may be falsified, yet considering that the Law allows these in case they be true, but allows by no means to give without testimony, as he obeys authority in the one, so that being once satisfied, he allows his charity some blindness in the other; especially, since of the two commands, we are more enjoined to be charitable than

wife. But evident miseries have a natural privilege, and exemption from all law. Whenever he gives anything, and sees them labour in thanking of him, he exacts of them to let him alone, and say rather, God be praised, God be glorified; that so the thanks may go the right way, and thither only, where they are only due. So doth he also before giving make them say their Prayers first, or the Creed, and ten Commandments, and as he finds them perfect, rewards them the more. For other givings are lay, and secular, but this is to give like a priest.

Chap. XIII.

THE PARSON'S CHURCH.

THE Country Parson hath a special care of his Church, that all things there be decent, and befitting his name, by which it is called. Therefore, First, he takes order, that all things be in good repair; as walls plastered, windows glazed, floor paved, seats whole, firm, and uniform, especially that the Pulpit and Desk, and Communion Table, and Font be as they ought, for those great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, That the Church be swept, and kept clean without dust, or Cobwebs, and at great Festivals strewed, and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with incense. Thirdly, That there be fit and proper Texts of Scripture everywhere painted, and that all the painting be grave, and reverend, not with light colours or foolish antics. Fourthly, That all the Books appointed by Authority be there, and those not torn or fouled, but whole and clean, and well bound; and that there be a fitting and sightly Communion Cloth of

fine linen, with a handsome, and seemly Carpet of good and costly Stuff, or Cloth, and all kept sweet and clean, in a strong and decent Chest, with a Chalice, and Cover, and a Stoop or Flagon: and a Basin for Alms and Offerings; besides which, he hath a Poor-man's Box conveniently seated, to receive the Charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treasure for the sick and needy. And all this he doth, not as out of necessity, or as putting a holiness in the things, but as desiring to keep the middle way between superstition and slovenliness, and as following the Apostle's two great and admirable Rules in things of this nature: The first whereof is, Let all things be done decently and in order: The second, Let all things be done to edification, 1 Cor. xiv. For these Two Rules comprise and include the double object of our duty, God, and our neighbour; the first being for the honour of God, the second for the benefit of our neighbour. So that they excellently score out the way, and fully, and exactly contain, even in external and indifferent things, what course is to be taken; and put them to great shame, who deny the Scripture to be perfect.

Chap. XIV.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE Country Parson upon the afternoons in the week-days, takes occasion sometimes to visit in person, now one quarter of his Parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are, wallowing in the midst of their affairs: whereas on Sunday it is easy for them to compose themselves to order, which they put on as their holyday clothes,

and come to Church in frame, but commonly the next day put off both. When he comes to any house, first he bleſſeth it, and then as he finds the persons of the house employed, so he forms his discourse. Those that he finds religiously employed, he both commends them much, and furthurs them when he is gone, in their employment; as if he finds them reading, he furnisheth them with good Books; if curing poor people, he supplies them with Receipts, and instructs them further in that skill, shewing them how acceptable such works are to God, and wishing them ever to do the Cures with their own hands, and not to put them over to servants. Those that he finds busy in the works of their calling, he commendeth them also: for it is a good and just thing for every one to do their own business. But then he admonisheth them of two things; first that they dive not too deep into worldly affairs, plunging themselves over head and ears into carking and caring; but that they so labour, as neither to labour anxiously, nor distrustfully, nor profanely. Then they labour anxiously, when they overdo it, to the loss of their quiet and health: then distrustfully, when they doubt God's providence, thinking that their own labour is the cause of their thriving, as if it were in their own hands to thrive or not to thrive. Then they labour profanely, when they set themselves to work like brute beasts, never raising their thoughts to God, nor sanctifying their labour with daily prayer; when on the Lord's day they do unnecessary servile work, or in time of divine service on other holy days, except in the cases of extreme poverty, and in the seasons of Seed-time and Harvest. Secondly, he adviseth them so to labour for wealth and maintenance, as that they make not that the end of their labour, but that they may have wherewithal to serve God the better, and to do good deeds. After these discourses, if they

be poor and needy, whom he thus finds labouring, he gives them somewhat; and opens not only his mouth, but his purse to their relief, that so they go on more cheerfully in their vocation, and himself be ever the more welcome to them. Those that the Parson finds idle, or ill-employed, he chides not at first, for that were neither civil nor profitable; but always in the close, before he departs from them; yet in this he distinguisheth; for if he be a plain Countryman, he reproveth him plainly; for they are not sensible of fineness; if they be of higher quality, they commonly are quick, and sensible, and very tender of reproof; and therefore he lays his discourse so, that he comes to the point very leisurely, and oftentimes, as Nathan did, in the person of another, making them to reprove themselves. However, one way or other, he ever reproveth them, that he may keep himself pure, and not be entangled in others' sins. Neither in this doth he forbear, though there be company by: for as when the offence is particular, and against me, I am to follow our Saviour's rule, and to take my brother aside, and reprove him; so when the offence is public, and against God, I am then to follow the apostle's rule, 1 Timothy v. 20, and to rebuke openly that which is done openly. Besides these occasional discourses, the Parson questions what order is kept in the house, as about prayers, morning and evening, on their knees, reading of Scripture, catechizing, singing of Psalms at their work and on Holy days: who can read, who not; and sometimes he hears the children read himself, and blesteth, encouraging also the servants to learn to read, and offering to have them taught on Holydays by his servants. If the Parson were ashamed of particularizing in these things, he were not fit to be a parson; but he holds the Rule, that Nothing is little in God's service; If it once have the honour of that

Name, it grows great instantly. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the poorest Cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely. For both God is there also, and those for whom God died: and so much the rather doth he so, as his access to the poor is more comfortable, than to the rich; and in regard of himself, it is more humiliation. These are the Parson's general aims in his Circuit; but with these he mingles other discourses for conversation sake, and to make his higher purposes slip the more easily.

Chap. XV.

THE PARSON COMFORTING.

THE Country Parson, when any of his Cure is sick, or afflicted with loss of friend, or estate, or any ways distressed, fails not to afford his best comforts, and rather goes to them, than sends for the afflicted, though they can, and otherwise ought to come to him. To this end he hath thoroughly digested all the points of consolation, as having continual use of them, such as are from God's general providence extended even to Lilies; from his particular, to his Church; from his promises; from the examples of all Saints, that ever were; from Christ himself, perfecting our Redemption no other way than by sorrow; from the Benefit of affliction, which softens and works the stubborn heart of man; from the certainty both of deliverance, and reward, if we faint not; from the miserable comparison of the moment of griefs here with the weight of joys hereafter. Besides this, in his visiting the sick, or otherwise afflicted, he followeth the

Church's counsel, namely, in persuading them to particular confession ; labouring to make them understand the great good use of this ancient and pious Ordinance, and how necessary it is in some cases : he also urgeth them to do some pious charitable works, as a necessary evidence and fruit of their faith, at that time especially : the participation of the Holy Sacrament, how comfortable, and sovereign a medicine it is to all sin-sick souls, what strength, and joy, and peace it administers against all temptations, even to death itself,—he plainly, and generally intimateth to the disaffected, or sick person ; that so the hunger and thirst after it may come rather from themselves, than from his persuasion.

Chap. XVI.

THE PARSON A FATHER.*

THE Country Parson is not only a Father to his flock, but also professeth himself thoroughly of the opinion, carrying it about him with him as fully, as if he had begot his whole Parish. And of this he makes great use. For by this means, when any sins, he hateth him not as an Officer, but pities him as a Father : and even in those wrongs which either in tithing or otherwise are done to his own person, he considers the offender as a child, and forgives, so he may have any sign of amendment ; so also, when, after many admonitions, any continue to be refractory, yet he gives him

* “ Sir, the life of a Parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain.”—JOHNSON by CROKER, vii. 152.

not over, but is long before he proceed to disinheriting, or perhaps never goes so far ; knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour, and therefore he still expects, and waits, lest he should determine God's hour of coming ; which as he cannot, touching the last day, so neither touching the intermediate days of Conversion.

Chap. XVII.

THE PARSON IN JOURNEY

THE Country Parson, when a just occasion calleth him out of his Parish (which he diligently, and strictly weigheth, his Parish being all his joy, and thought) leaveth not his Ministry behind him ; but is himself wherever he is. Therefore those he meets on the way he blesteth audibly, and with those he overtakes or that overtake him, he begins good discourses, such as may edify, interposing some short and honest refreshments, which may make his other discourses more welcome, and less tedious. And when he comes to his Inn, he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the Glory of God to the company he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying grace at meat, and at going to bed by giving the host notice, that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake, they may resort thither. The like he doth in the morning, using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, that Prayers and Provender never hinder Journey. When he comes to any other house, where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the

state thereof to Godward, and that in two points: First, what disorders there are either in Apparel, or Diet, or too open a Buttery, or reading vain Books, or swearing, or breeding up children to no calling, but in idleness, or the like. Secondly, what means of Piety, whether daily prayers be used, Grace, reading of Scriptures, and other good Books, how Sundays, holydays, and fasting days are kept. And accordingly, as he finds any defect in these, he first considers with himself, what kind of remedy fits the temper of the house best, and then he faithfully, and boldly applieth it; yet seasonably, and discreetly, by taking aside the Lord or Lady; or master or mistress of the house, and shewing them clearly, that they respect them most, who wish them best, and that not a desire to meddle with others' affairs, but the earnestness to do all the good he can, moves him to say thus and thus.

Chap. XVIII.

THE PARSON IN SENTINEL.

THE Country Parson, wherever he is, keeps God's watch; that is, there is nothing spoken, or done in the Company where he is, but comes under his Test and censure; If it be well spoken or done, he takes occasion to commend, and enlarge it; if ill, he presently lays hold of it, lest the poison steal into some young and unwary spirits, and possess them even before they themselves heed it. But this he doth discreetly, with mollifying and suppling words: This was not so well said, as it might have been forborne; We cannot allow this: or else the thing will admit interpretation; Your

meaning is not thus, but thus ; or, So far indeed what you say is true, and well said ; but this will not stand, This is called Keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company, are discovered, and avoided : This is to be on God's side, and be true to his party. Besides, if he perceive in company any discourse tending to ill, either by the wickedness or quarrelsomeness thereof, he either prevents it judiciously, or breaks it off seasonably by some diversion. Wherein a pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest, and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth ;* whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself, even to the loss of honour.

Chap. XIX.

THE PARSON IN REFERENCE.

THE Country Parson is sincere and upright in all his relations. And First, he is just to his Country ; as when he is set at an armour, or horse, he borrows them not to serve the turn, nor provides flight, and unuseful, but such as are every way fitting to do his Country true and laudable service, when occasion requires. To do otherwise, is deceit ; and therefore, not for him, who is hearty, and true in all his ways, as being the servant of Him, in whom there was no guile. Likewise in any other Country-duty, he considers what is the end of any Command, and then he suits things

* It was a saying of Archbishop Usher,—“If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many they would win to the good cause.”

faithfully according to that end. Secondly, he carries himself very respectfully, as to all the Fathers of the Church, so especially to his Dioceſan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and reſorting unto him in any difficulty, either in his ſtudies or in his pariſh. He obſerves Viſitations, and being there, makes due uſe of them, as of Clergy Councils, for the benefit of the Dioceſe. And therefore before he comes, having obſerved ſome defects in the Miniſtry, he then either in ſermon, if he preach, or at ſome other time of the day, propounds among his Brethren what were fitting to be done. Thirdly, he keeps good Correſpondence with all the neighbouring Paſtors round about him, performing for them any Miniſterial Office, which is not to the prejudice of his own Pariſh. Likewise he welcomes to his houſe any Miniſter, how poor or mean ſoever, with as joyful a countenance, as if he were to entertain ſome great Lord. Fourthly, he fulfils the duty, and debt of neighbourhood to all the pariſhes which are near him. For the apoſtle's rule, Philip. iv. being admirable, and large, that "we ſhould do whatſoever things are honeſt, or juſt, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praiſe;" and Neighbourhood being ever reputed, even among the Heathen, as an obligation to do good, rather than to thoſe that are further, where things are otherwiſe equal, therefore he ſatiſfies this duty alſo. Eſpecially, if God have ſent any calamity either by fire or famine, to any neighbouring Pariſh, then he expects no Brief; but taking his Pariſh together the next Sunday, or Holy-day, and expoſing to them the uncertainty of human affairs, none knowing whoſe turn may be next, and then when he hath affrighted them with this, expoſing the obligation of Charity, and neighbourhood, he firſt gives himſelf liberally, and then incites them to give; making together a ſum either to be ſent, or, which were more comfortable, all together

choosing some fit day to carry it themselves, and cheer the Afflicted. So, if any neighbouring village be overburdened with poor, and his own less charged, he finds some way of relieving it, and reducing the Manna, and bread of Charity to some equality, representing to his people, that the Blessing of God to them ought to make them the more charitable, and not the less, lest he cast their neighbours' poverty on them also.

Chap. XX.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE Country Parson is in God's stead to his Parish, and dischargeth God what he can of his promises, Wherefore there is nothing done either well or ill, whereof he is not the rewarder, or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester* for it, if the giver be fit to receive it: or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good Book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him when he hath forgotten it, This I do, because at such and such a time you were charitable. This is in some sort a discharging of God; as concerning this life, who hath promised, that Godliness shall be gainful: but in the other, God is his own immediate paymaster, rewarding all good deeds to their

* Sixpence; often written "testorne," as by Latimer, "I think truly all the town would come to celebrate the Communion to get a testorne, but will not come to receive the body and blood of Christ."

full proportion. "The parson's punishing of sin and vice is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courtesy from the parties offending, or by private or public reproof, as the case requires, than by causing them to be presented, or otherwise complained of. And yet, as the malice of the person, or heinousness of the crime may be, he is careful to see condign punishment inflicted, and with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the person, hungereth and thirsteth after righteous punishment of unrighteousness. Thus both in rewarding virtue, and in punishing vice, the Parson endeavoureth to be in God's stead, knowing that Country people are drawn or led by sense, more than by faith, by present rewards or punishments, more than by future."

Chap. XXI.

THE PARSON'S CATECHISING.*

THE Country Parson values catechising highly : For there being Three points of his Duty ; The one, to infuse a competent knowledge of salvation in every one of his flock ; The other, to multiply and build up this knowledge to a spiritual Temple ; The third, to inflame this knowledge, to press, and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life, by pithy and lively exhortations ; Catechising is the first point,

* It is told by Nelson, of Bishop Bull, that he was so earnest and successful in catechising his people, lecturing the old, by inviting them to be present at the instruction of the young, that to one visitation of the Bishop he carried with him fifty well-instructed persons to be confirmed, out of a parish consisting of thirty families.—See Works of Bull (Oxford edit.) i. 52.

and but by Catechising, the other cannot be attained. Besides, whereas in Sermons there is a kind of state, in Catechising there is an humbleness very suitable to Christian regeneration; which exceedingly delights him as by way of exercise upon himself, and by way of preaching to himself, for the advancing of his own mortification: For in preaching to others, he forgets not himself, but is first a Sermon to himself, and then to others; growing with the growth of his Parish. He useth and preferreth the ordinary Church Catechism, partly for obedience to Authority, partly for Uniformity sake, that the same common truths may be every where professed, especially since many remove from Parish to Parish, who like Christian Soldiers, are to give the word, and to satisfy the Congregation by their Catholic answers. He exacts of all the Doctrine of the Catechism; of the younger sort, the very words; of the elder, the substance.* Those he Catechiseth publicly, these privately, giving age honour, according to the Apostle's rule, 1 Tim. v. 1. He requires all to be present at catechising: First, for the Authority of the work; Secondly, that Parents, and Masters, as they hear the answers prove, may when they come home, either commend or reprove, either reward or punish. Thirdly, that those of the elder sort, who are not well grounded, may then by an honourable way take occasion to be better instructed. Fourthly, that those who are well grounded in the knowledge of Religion, may

* "It is a great error to think that the Catechism was made for children only: for all Christians are equally concerned in those saving truths which are there taught; and the doctrine delivered in the Catechism is as proper for the study, and as necessary for the salvation of a great doctor, as of a weak Christian, or a young child."—BISHOP KEN'S Exposition, Prose Works, (Round) p. 339.

examine their grounds, renew their vows, and by occasion of both, enlarge their meditations. When once all have learned the words of the Catechism, he thinks it the most useful way that a Pastor can take, to go over the same, but in other words : for many say the Catechism by rote, as Parrots, without ever piercing into the sense of it. In this course the order of the Catechism would be kept, but the rest varied : as thus, in the Creed : How came this world to be as it is ? Was it made, or came it by chance ? Who made it ? Did you see God make it ? Then are there some things to be believed that are not seen ? Is this the nature of belief ? Is not Christianity full of such things, as are not to be seen, but believed ? You said, God made the world ; Who is God ? And so forward, requiring Answers to all these, and helping and cherishing the Answerer, by making the Questions very plain with comparisons, and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being used to one, would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the Catechised will at length find delight, and by which the Catechizer, if he once get the skill of it, will draw out of ignorant and silly souls, even the dark and deep points of Religion. Socrates did thus in philosophy, who held that the seeds of all truths lay in every body, and accordingly, by questions well ordered, he found Philosophy in silly Tradesmen. That position will not hold in Christianity, because it contains things above nature : but after that the Catechism is once learned, that which nature is towards Philosophy, the Catechism is towards Divinity. To this purpose, some Dialogues in Plato were worth the reading, where the singular dexterity of Socrates in this kind may be observed, and imitated. Yet the skill consists but in these three points : First, an aim and mark of the whole discourse, whither to drive the

Answerer, which the Questionist must have in his mind before any question be propounded, upon which and to which the questions are to be chained. Secondly, a most plain and easy framing the question, even containing, in virtue, the answer also, especially to the more ignorant. Thirdly, when the answerer sticks, an illustrating the thing by something else, which he knows, making what he knows to serve him in that which he knows not: as, when the Parson once demanded, after other questions about man's misery; since man is so miserable, what is to be done? And the Answerer could not tell; he asked him again, what he would do if he were in a ditch? This familiar illustration made the answer so plain, that he was even ashamed of his ignorance; for he could not but say, he would haste out of it as fast as he could. Then he proceeded to ask, whether he could get out of the ditch alone, or whether he needed a helper, and who was that helper. This is the skill, and doubtless the Holy Scripture intends thus much, when it condescends to the naming of a plough, a hatchet, a bushel, leaven, boys piping and dancing; shewing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed, and serve for lights even of Heavenly Truths. This is the Practice which the Parson so much commends to all his fellow-labourers; the secret of whose good consists in this; that at Sermons and Prayers men may sleep, or wander; but when one is asked a question, he must discover what he is. This practice exceeds even Sermons in teaching: But there being two things in Sermons, the one Informing, the other Inflaming; as Sermons come short of questions in the one, so they far exceed them in the other. For questions cannot inflame or ravish, that must be done by a set, and laboured, and continued speech.

Chap. XXII.

THE PARSON IN SACRAMENTS.

THE Country Parson being to administer the Sacraments, is at a stand with himself, how or what behaviour to assume for so Holy things. Especially at Communion times he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer him. Neither finds he any issue in this, but to throw himself down at the throne of Grace, saying, "Lord, thou knowest what thou didst, when thou appointedst it to be done thus ; therefore do thou fulfil what thou didst appoint ; for thou art not only the feast, but the way to it." At Baptism, being himself in white, he requires the presence of all, and Baptizeth not willingly, but on Sundays, or great days. He admits no vain or idle names, but such as are usual and accustomed.* He says that prayer with great devotion, where God is thanked for calling us to the knowledge of his grace, Baptism being a blessing, that the world hath not the like. He willingly and cheerfully crosseth the child, and thinketh the ceremony not only innocent, but reverend. He instructeth the Godfathers, and Godmothers, that it is no complimentary or light thing to sustain that place, but a great honour, and no

* "Pride lives with all ; strange names our rustics give
To helpless infants, that their own may live ;
Pleased to be known, they'll some attention claim,
And find some by-way to the house of fame.
'Why Lonicera, wilt thou name thy child ?'
I asked the gardener's wife in accents mild ;
'We have a right,' replied the sturdy dame ;
And Lonicera was the infant's name."

CRABBE, The Parish Register, Pt. 1.

less burden, as being done both in the presence of God, and his Saints, and by way of undertaking for a Christian soul. He adviseth all to call to mind their Baptism often; for if wise men have thought it the best way of preserving a State to reduce it to its principles by which it grew great; certainly it is the safest course for Christians also to meditate on their Baptism often (being the first step into their great and glorious calling) and upon what terms, and with what vows they were Baptized. At the times of the Holy Communion, he First takes order with the Church-Wardens, that the elements be of the best, not cheap, or coarse, much less ill-tasted, or unwholesome. Secondly, he considers and looks into the ignorance or carelessness of his flock, and accordingly applies himself with Catechizings and lively exhortations, not on the Sunday of the Communion only (for then it is too late) but the Sunday, or Sundays before the Communion, or on the Eves of all those days. If there be any, who having not received yet, is to enter into this great Work, he takes the more pains with them, that he may lay the foundation of future Blessings. The time of every one's first receiving is not so much by years, as by understanding: particularly the Rule may be this: When any one can distinguish the sacramental from common bread, knowing the institution, and the difference, he ought to receive, of what age soever. Children and youths are usually deferred too long, under pretence of devotion to the Sacrament, but it is for want of Instruction; their understandings being ripe enough for ill things, and why not then for better? But Parents and Masters should make haste in this, as to a great purchase for their children and servants; which while they defer, both sides suffer; the one, in wanting many excitings of grace, the other, in being worse served and obeyed. The saying of the

Catechism is necessary, but not enough; because to answer in form may still admit ignorance: but the Questions must be propounded loosely and wildly, and then the Answerer will discover what he is. Thirdly, for the manner of receiving, as the Parson useth all reverence himself, so he administers to none but to the reverent. The feast indeed requires sitting, because it is a Feast; but man's unpreparedness asks kneeling. He that comes to the Sacrament, hath the confidence of a Guest, and he that kneels, confesseth himself an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other Feasters: but he that sits, or lies, puts up to an Apostle: Contentiousness in a feast of Charity is more scandal than any posture. Fourthly, Touching the frequency of the Communion, the Parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year: as, at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, before and after Harvest, and the beginning of Lent. And this he doth, not only for the benefit of the work, but also for the discharge of the Church-Wardens, who being to present all that receive not thrice a year; if there be but three Communions, neither can all the people so order their affairs as to receive just at those times, nor the Church-Wardens so well take notice who receive thrice, and who not.

Chap. XXIII.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS.

THE Country Parson desires to be All to his Parish, and not only a Pastor, but a Lawyer also, and a Physician. Therefore he endures not that any

of his flock should go to Law; but in any Controversy, that they should resort to him as their Judge. To this end, he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience, and by reading some initiatory Treatises in the Law, with Dalton's* Justice of Peace, and the Abridgments of the Statutes, as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some cases to ask, when he meets with them; holding that rule, that to put men to discourse of that, wherein they are most eminent, is the most gainful way of Conversation. Yet whenever any controversy is brought to him, he never decides it alone; but sends for three or four of the ablest of the Parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first; out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold; and so the thing passeth with more authority, and less envy; in judging he follows that, which is altogether right: so that if the poorest man of the Parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it as a Judge; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the Parson, and exhorts to Charity. Nevertheless, there may happen sometimes some cases, wherein he chooseth to permit his Parishioners rather to make use of the Law than himself: As in cases of an obscure and dark nature, not easily determinable by Lawyers themselves; or in cases of high consequence, as establishing of inheritances: or Lastly, when the persons are of a contentious disposition, and cannot be gained, but that they still fall from all compromises that have been made. But then he shews them how to go to Law, even as Brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding there-

* Michael Dalton, born 1554, died about the time of the Civil War; he wrote the 'Burns's Justice of the 17th century.

fore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now as the Parson is in Law, so is he in sickness also: if there be any of his flock sick, he is their Physician, or at least his Wife, of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other, but to have the skill of healing a wound, or helping the sick. But if neither himself, nor his Wife have the skill, and his means serve, he keeps some young practitioner in his house for the benefit of his parish, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in difficult cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correspondence with some neighbour Physician, and entertains him for the Cure of his Parish. Yet it is easy for any Scholar to attain to such a measure of Physic, as may be of much use to him both for himself, and others. This is done by seeing one Anatomy, reading one Book of Physic, having one Herbal by him. And let Fernelius* be the Physic Author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously: especially let his method of Physic be diligently perused, as being the practical part, and of most use. Now both the reading of him, and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times, as they may be a help and a recreation, to more divine studies, Nature serving Grace both in comfort of diversion, and the benefit of application, when need requires: as also, by way of illustration, even as our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people: for he was the true householder, who bringeth out of his treasure things new and old; the old things of Philosophy, and the new of Grace; and maketh the one serve the other. And I conceive, our Saviour did this for Three Reasons: First, that by familiar things he might make

* John Francis Fernel, physician to Henry II. of France; born about 1506, died 1558.

his Doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that labouring people (whom he chiefly considered) might have every where monuments of his Doctrine, remembering in Gardens, his Mustard-seed, and Lilies; in the Field, his Seed-Corn, and Tares; and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that he might set a copy for Parsons. In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing should be carefully observed; which is to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop: for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the Parson's Purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the Apothecary useth either for loosing, Rhubarb; or for binding, Bolearmena, the Parson useth Damask or white Roses for the one, and Plaintain, Shepherd's purse, Knot-grass, for the other, and that with better success. As for spices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his Family, esteeming that there is no Spice comparable, for Herbs, to Rosemary, Thyme, Savory, Mints; and for Seeds, to Fennel, and Carraway seeds. Accordingly for Salves, his Wife seeks not the City, but prefers her Garden and Fields, before all Outlandish Gums. And surely Hyssop, Valerian, Mercury, Adder's tongue, Verrow, Melilot, and St. John's-wort made into a Salve; and Elder, Camomile, Mallows, Comphrey and Smallage made into a Poultice, have done great and rare Cures. In curing of any, the Parson and his Family use to premise prayers, for this is to cure like a Parson, and this raiseth the action from the shop, to the church. But though the Parson sets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in

this point of curing beyond his own parish, except the person be so poor, that he is not able to reward the Physician: for as he is charitable, so he is just also. Now it is a justice and debt to the Commonwealth he lives in, not to encroach on others' Professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of Charity.

Chap. XXIV.

THE PARSON'S ARGUING.

THE Country Parson, if there be any of his Parish that hold strange Doctrines, useth all possible diligence to reduce them to the Common Faith. The First means he useth is Prayer, beseeching the Father of lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them, that it may effectually pierce their hearts, and convert them. The second means is a very loving, and sweet usage of them, both in going to, and sending for them often, and in finding out courtesies to place on them; as in their Tithes, or otherwise. The third means is the Observation, what is the main Foundation and Pillar of their cause, whereon they rely; as if he be a Papist, the Church is the hinge he turns on; if a Schismatic, scandal.* Wherefore the Parson hath diligently examined these two with himself, as "What the Church is, How it began; how it proceeded; whether it be a rule to itself; whether it hath a rule; whether having a rule, it ought not to be guided by it; whether any rule in

* He uses the word in its true sense of a stumbling-block in the road.

the world be obscure ; and how then should the best be so, at least in fundamental things ; the obscurity in some points being the exercise of the Church, the light in the foundations being the guide ; The church needing both an evidence and an exercise. So for Scandal : What scandal is, when given or taken ; whether there being two precepts, one of obeying authority, the other of not giving scandal, that ought not to be preferred, especially since in disobeying there is scandal also : whether things once indifferent, being made by the precept of Authority more than indifferent, it be in our power to omit or refuse them." These and the like points he hath accurately digested, having ever besides two great helps and powerful persuaders on his side ; the one, a strict religious life ; the other an humble and ingenuous search of truth, being unmoved in arguing, and void of all contentiousness : which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the misled, while they consider, that God cannot be wanting to them in Doctrine, to whom he is so gracious in Life.

Chap. XXV.

THE PARSON PUNISHING.

WHENSOEVER the Country Parson proceeds so far as to call in Authority, and to do such things of legal opposition either in the presenting or punishing of any, as the vulgar ever construes for signs of ill-will : he forbears not in any wise to use the delinquent as before, in his behaviour and carriage towards him, not avoiding his company, or doing anything of averfeness, save in the very act of punishment : neither

doth he esteem him for an enemy, but as a brother still, except some small and temporary estranging may corroborate the punishment to a better subduing and humbling of the delinquent; which if it happily take effect, he then comes on the faster, and makes so much the more of him, as before he alienated himself; doubling his regards, and shewing by all means, that the delinquent's return is to his advantage.

Chap. XXVI.

THE PARSON'S EYE.

THE Country Parson at spare times from action, standing on a Hill, and considering his Flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices, whose natures are always clear, and evident, as Adultery, Murder, Hatred, Lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning, are dark and obscure; as Covetousness, and Gluttony. So likewise there are some persons, who abstain not even from known sins; there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long a knowing it, being partial to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them for it. A man may be both covetous, and Intemperate, and yet hear Sermons against both, and himself condemn both in good earnest: and the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observable: and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the sudden passing from that which was just now lawful, to

that which is presently unlawful, even in one continued action. So a man dining, eats at first lawfully ; but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware ; not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawful. So a man storing up money for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family, and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawful : yet is there a period for his storing, and a point, or centre, when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad. Wherefore the Parson being true to his business, hath exactly sifted the definitions of all virtues and vices ; especially canvassing those, whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain. Particularly, concerning these two vices, not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but for example sake, and because they are most common, he thus thinks : First, for Covetousness, he lays this ground : Whosoever when a just occasion calls, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's blessing upon him, is covetous. The reason of the ground is manifest, because wealth is given to that end, to supply our occasions. Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuse the creature, I am false to my reason which should guide me, I offend the supreme Judge, in perverting that order which he hath set both to things, and to reason. The application of the ground would be infinite ; but in brief, a poor man is an occasion, my Country is an occasion, my friend is an occasion, my Table is an occasion, my apparel is an occasion : if in all these, and those more which concern me, I either do nothing, or pinch, and scrape, and squeeze blood indecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am Covetous. More particularly, and to give one instance for all, if God have given me servants, and I either pro-

vide too little for them, or that which is unwholesome, being sometimes baned * meat, sometimes too salt, and and so not competent nourishment, I am Covetous. I bring this example, because men usually think, that servants for their money are as other things that they buy, even as a piece of wood, which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire, and so they pay them their wages, all is well. Nay, to descend yet more particularly, if a man have wherewithal to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's, and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly, which yet ought to be done, since "there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment." Country people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another and spare themselves: And Scholars ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their general School-rules ever to the smallest actions of Life; which while they dwell in their Books, they will never find; but being seated in the Country, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover: especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment. Secondly, for Gluttony, The Parson lays this ground, He that either for quantity eats more than his health or employments will bear, or for quality is lickerish after dainties, is a Glutton; as he that eats more than his estate will bear, is a Prodigal: and he that eats offensively to the Company, either in his order, or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of "eating, and the truth of "them needs no proof: so that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs,

* Poisoned, or corrupted.

which, being over-burdened or studying dainties too much, they cannot well dispatch), nor of their estate, nor of their brethren." One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a Glutton. Many think they are more at liberty than they are, as if they were Masters of their health, and so they will stand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt comprehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnatural to hurt oneself; and this they are not Masters of. Yet of hurtful things, I am more bound to abstain from those, which by my own experience I have found hurtful, than from those which by a common tradition, and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so. That which is said of hurtful meats extends to hurtful drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our employments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of Divine duties, or duties of their calling. So that if after Dinner they are not fit (or unwieldy) either to pray, or work, they are Gluttons. Not that all must presently work after Dinner, for they rather must not work, (especially Students, and those that are weakly); but that they must rise so, as that it is not meat, or drink, that hinders them from working. To guide them in this, there are Three Rules: First, the custom and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest: The second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating, which, because it is deceitful, (for one thinks in eating, that he can eat more, than afterwards he finds true):—The third is the observation with what appetite they sit down. This last rule joined with the first, never fails. For knowing what one usually can well digest, and feeling when I go to meat in what disposition I am, either hungry or not, according as I feel myself, either I take my wonted proportion, or diminish of it. Yet Physicians bid those that would live in health, not keep a uniform diet, but

to feed variously, now more, now less: and Gerson,* a spiritual man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much, than to too little; his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous than diseases of repletion. But the Parson distinguisheth according to his double aim, either of Abstinence a Moral virtue, or Mortification a Divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnal, he gives him those freer rules; but when he meets with a refined, and heavenly disposition, he carries them higher, even sometimes to a forgetting of themselves, knowing that there is One, who, when they forget, remembers for them; As when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's Doctrine, and tarried so long at it, that they would have fainted had they returned empty, he suffered it not; but rather made food miraculously, than suffered so good desires to miscarry.

Chap. XXVII.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

THE Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the Cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on it, with those nails wherewith his Master was: or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, Sin and Misery; God dishonoured every day; and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes

* A very celebrated Frenchman (b. 1363, d. 1429), who received the title of "Most Christian Doctor." Du Pin edited his works, in five volumes. Cave, writing fifty years after Herbert's death, promises abundant fruit to the student of Gerson.

refresheth himself, as knowing that Nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good; not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity, but also for that when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness, both enter sooner, and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties both in himself and others; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer

Chap. XXVIII.

THE PARSON IN CONTEMPT.

THE Country Parson knows well, that both for the general ignominy which is cast upon the profession, and much more for those rules, which out of his choicest judgment, he hath resolved to observe, and which are described in this Book, he must be despised; because this hath been the portion of God his Master, and of God's Saints his Brethren, and this is foretold, that it shall be so still, until things be no more. Nevertheless, according to the Apostle's rule, he endeavours that none shall despise him; especially in his own Parish, he suffers it not to his utmost power; for that, where contempt is, there is no room for instruction. This he procures, First, by his Holy and unblameable life; which carries a reverence with it, even above contempt. Secondly, by a courteous carriage, and winning behaviour: he that will be respected, must respect; doing kindnesses, but receiving none; at least of those, who are apt to despise: for this argues a height and eminency of mind, which is not easily

despised, except it degenerate to pride. Thirdly, by a bold and impartial reproof, even of the best in the Parish, when occasion requires: for this may produce hatred in those that are reprov'd, but never contempt either in them, or others.* Lastly, if the contempt shall proceed so far as to do any thing punishable by Law, as contempt is apt to do, if it be not thwarted, the Parson having a due respect both to the person and to the cause, referreth the whole matter to the examination and punishment of those which are in Authority; that so the sentence lighting upon one, the example may reach to all. But if the Contempt be not punishable by Law, or being so, the Parson think it in his discretion either unfit, or bootless to contend, then when any despises him, he takes it either in an humble way, saying nothing at all; or else in a slighting way, shewing that reproaches touch him no more, than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is, and lives; or in a sad way, grieved at his own, and others' sins, which continually break God's Laws, and dishonour him with those mouths, which he continually fills, and feeds: or else, in a doctrinal way, saying to the contemner, Alas, why do you thus? you hurt yourself, not me; he that throws a stone at another, hits himself; and so, between gentle reasoning, and pitying, he overcomes the evil: or lastly, in a Triumphant way, being glad, and joyful, that he is made conformable to his Master; and being in the world as he was, hath this undoubted pledge of his salvation. These are the five shields, wherewith the godly receive the darts of

* There was not a man in his way (be he of what rank he would) that spoke awry, (in order to God) but he wiped his mouth with a modest grace and Christian reproof. And that he did this, I have heard from true reporters."—BARNABAS OLEY, Preface to Country Parson, 1652.

the wicked ; leaving anger, and retorting, and revenge to the children of the world, whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive without any resistance, even in resistance, to the same destruction. For while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worst enemy.

Chap. XXIX.

THE PARSON WITH HIS CHURCH-WARDENS.

THE Country Parson doth often, both publickly and privately, instruct his Church-Wardens, what a great Charge lies upon them, and that indeed the whole order and discipline of the parish is put into their hands. If himself reform any thing, it is out of the overflowing of his Conscience, whereas they are to do it by Command, and by Oath. Neither hath the place its dignity from the Ecclesiastical Laws only, since even by the Common Statute-Law, they are taken for a kind of Corporation, as being persons enabled by that Name to take moveable goods, or chattels, and to sue, and to be sued at Law concerning such goods, for the use and profit of their Parish : and by the same Law they are to levy penalties for negligence in resorting to Church, or for disorderly carriage in time of Divine Service. Wherefore the Parson suffers not the place to be vilified or debased, by being cast on the lower rank of people ; but invites and urges the best unto it shewing that they do not lose, or go less, but gain by it ; it being the greatest honour of

this world, to do God and his chosen service ; or as David says, to be even a door-keeper in the house of God. Now the Canons being the Church-Warden's Rule, the Parson adviseth them to read, or hear them often, as also the Visitation Articles, which are grounded upon the Canons, that so they may know their duty, and keep their Oath the better ; in which regard, considering the great Consequence of their place, and more of their Oath, he wisheth them by no means to spare any, though never so great ; but if after gentle and neighbourly admonitions, they still persist in ill, to present them ; yea though they be Tenants, or otherwise engaged to the delinquent : for their obligation to God, and their own soul, is above any temporal tie. Do well and right, and let the world sink.

Chap. XXX.

THE PARSON'S CONSIDERATION OF PROVIDENCE.

THE Country Parson, considering the great aptness, Country people have to think that all things come by a kind of natural course ; and that if they sow and soil their grounds, they must have corn ; if they keep and fodder well their cattle, they must have milk, and Calves : labours to reduce them to see God's hand in all things, and to believe, that things are not set in such an inevitable order, but that God often changeth it according as he sees fit, either for reward or punishment. To this end he represents to his flock, that God hath, and exerciseth a threefold Power in every thing which concerns man. The First is a sustaining

power ; the Second, a governing power : the Third, a spiritual power. By his sustaining power he preserves and actuates every thing in his being ; so that corn doth not grow by any other virtue, than by that which he continually supplies, as the corn needs it ; without which supply the corn would instantly dry up, as a river would, if the fountain were stopped. And it is observable, that if any thing could presume of an inevitable course, and constancy in their operations certainly it should be either the Sun in heaven, or the fire on earth, by reason of their fierce, strong, and violent natures ; yet when God pleased ; the Sun stood still, the fire burned not. By God's governing power he preserves and orders the references of things one to the other, so that though the corn do grow, and be preserved in that act by his sustaining power, yet if he suit not other things to the growth, as seasons, and weather, and other accidents, by his governing power, the fairest harvests come to nothing. And it is observable, that God delights to have men feel, and acknowledge, and reverence his power, and therefore he often overturns things, when they are thought past danger ; that is his time of interposing : As when a Merchant hath a ship come home after many a storm, which it hath escaped, he destroys it sometimes in the very Haven ; or if the goods be housed, a fire hath broken forth, and suddenly consumed them. Now this he doth, that men should perpetuate, and not break off their acts of dependence, how fair soever the opportunities present themselves. So that if a Farmer should depend upon God all the year, and being ready to put hand to sickle, shall then secure himself, and think all cock sure ; * then God sends such weather, as lays the corn, and

Quite certain ; a phrase traced from Skelton to Pope.

destroys it : or if he depend on God further, even till he imbarn his corn, and then think all sure ; God sends a fire and consumes all that he hath : For that he ought not to break off, but to continue his dependence on God, not only before the corn is inned, but after also ; and, indeed, to depend, and fear continually. The third power is spiritual, by which God turns all outward blessings to inward advantages. So that if a Farmer hath both a fair harvest, and that also well inned, and imbarned, and continuing safe there ; yet if God give him not the Grace to use and utter this well, all his advantages are to his loss. Better were his corn burnt, than not spiritually improved. And it is observable in this, how God's goodness strives with man's refractoriness ; Man would sit down at this world, God bids him sell it, and purchase a better ; Just as a Father who hath in his hand an apple, and a piece of gold under it ; the Child comes, and with pulling, gets the apple out of his Father's hand : his Father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it, which the Child utterly refusing, eats it, and is troubled with worms : So is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of Conscience in the next.

Chap. XXXI.

THE PARSON IN LIBERTY.

THE Country Parson observing the manifold wiles of Satan (who plays his part sometimes in drawing God's Servants from him, sometimes in perplexing them in the service of God) stands fast in the Liberty

wherewith Christ hath made us free. This liberty he compasseth by one Distinction, and that is, of what is Necessary, and what is Additionary. As for example: It is necessary that all Christians should pray twice a day, every day of the week, and four times on Sunday, if they be well. This is so necessary, and essential to a Christian, that he cannot without this maintain himself in a Christian state. Besides this, the Godly have ever added some hours of prayer, as at nine, or at three, or at midnight, or as they think fit, and see cause, or rather as God's spirit leads them. But these prayers are not Necessary, but Additionary. Now it so happens, that the godly petitioner, upon some emergent interruption in the day, or by oversleeping himself at night, omits his additionary prayer. Upon this his mind begins to be perplexed, and troubled, and Satan, who knows the exigent, blows the fire, endeavouring to disorder the Christian, and put him out of his station, and to enlarge the perplexity, until it spread, and taint his other duties of piety, which none can perform so well in trouble, as in calmness. Here the Parson interposeth with His Distinction, and shews the perplexed Christian, that this prayer being additionary, not necessary, taken in, not commanded, the omission thereof upon just occasion ought by no means to trouble him. God knows the occasion, as well as he, and He is as a gracious Father, who more accepts a common course of devotion, than dislikes an occasional interruption. And of this he is so to assure himself, as to admit no scruple, but to go on as cheerfully, as if he had not been interrupted. By this it is evident that the Distinction is of singular use and comfort, especially to pious minds, which are ever tender, and delicate. But here there are Two Cautions to be added. First, that this interruption proceed not out of slackness, or coldness, which will appear if the Pious soul foresee and

prevent such interruptions, what he may, before they come, and when for all that they do come, he be a little affected therewith, but not afflicted, or troubled; if he resent it to a mislike, but not a grief. Secondly, that this interruption proceed not out of shame. As for example: A godly man, not out of superstition, but of reverence to God's house, resolves whenever he enters into a Church, to kneel down and pray, either blessing God, that he will be pleased to dwell among men; or beseeching him, that whenever he repairs to his house, he may behave himself so as befits so great a presence; and this briefly. But it happens that near the place where he is to pray, he spies some scoffing ruffian, who is likely to deride him for his pains: if he now, shall either for fear or shame, break his custom, he shall do passing ill; so much the rather ought he to proceed, as that by this he may take into his Prayer humiliation also. On the other side, if I am to visit the sick in haste, and my nearest way lie through the Church, I will not doubt to go without staying to pray there (but only, as I pass, in my heart) because this kind of Prayer is additionary, not necessary, and the other duty overweighs it: So that if any scruple arise, I will throw it away, and be most confident, that God is not displeased. This distinction may run through all Christian duties, and it is a great stay and settling to religious souls.

Chap. XXXII.

THE PARSON'S SURVEYS.

THE Country Parson hath not only taken a particular Survey of the faults of his own Parish, but a general

also of the diseases of the time, that so, when his occasions carry him abroad, or bring strangers to him, he may be the better armed to encounter them. The great and national sin of this land he esteems to be idleness; great in itself, and great in Consequence: For when men have nothing to do, then they fall to drink, to steal, to whore, to scoff, to revile, to all sorts of gamings. Come, say they, we have nothing to do, let's go to the Tavern, or to the Stews, or what not? Wherefore the Parson strongly opposeth this sin, wheresoever he goes. And because Idleness is twofold, the one in having no calling, the other in walking carelessly in our calling, he first represents to every body the necessity of a vocation. The reason of this assertion is taken from the nature of man, wherein God hath placed two great instruments, Reason in the Soul, and a hand in the Body, as engagements of working; so that even in Paradise man had a Calling, and how much more out of Paradise, when the evils which he is now subject unto, may be prevented, or diverted by reasonable employment. Besides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our Master's Advantage. Yet it is also a debt to our country to have a Calling; and it concerns the Commonwealth, that none should be idle, but all busied. Lastly, riches are the blessing of God, and the great instrument of doing admirable good; therefore all are to procure them honestly and seasonably when they are not better employed. Now this reason crosseth not our Saviour's precept of selling what we have, because when we have sold all, and given it to the poor, we must not be idle, but labour to get more, that we may give more, according to St. Paul's rule, Ephesians iv. 28; 1 Thessalonians iv. 11, 12. So that our Saviour's selling is so far from crossing Saint Paul's working, that it rather establisheth it, since they that have nothing, are fittest to work. Now because the only opposer to this Doctrine

is the Gallant, who is witty enough to abuse both others, and himself, and who is ready to ask, if he shall mend shoes, or what he shall do?—Therefore the Parson unmoved, sheweth, that ingenuous and fit employment is never wanting to those that seek it. But if it should be, the Assertion stands thus: All are either to have a Calling, or prepare for it: He that hath or can have yet no employment, if he truly and seriously prepare for it, he is safe and within bounds. Wherefore all are either presently to enter into a Calling, if they be fit for it, and it for them; or else to examine with care, and advice, what they are fittest for, and to prepare for that with all diligence. But it will not be amiss in this exceeding useful point to descend to particulars; for exactness lies in particulars. Men are either single, or married; The married and housekeeper hath his hands full, if he do what he ought to do. For there are two branches of his affairs; first, the improvement of his family, by bringing them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; and secondly, the improvement of his grounds, by draining, or draining, or stocking, or fencing, and ordering his land to the best advantage both of himself and his neighbours. The Italian says, None fouls his hands in his own business; and it is an honest, and just care, so it exceed not bounds, for every one to employ himself to the advancement of his affairs, that he may have wherewithal to do good. But his family is his best care, to labour Christian souls, and raise them to their height, even to heaven: to dress and prune them, and take as much joy in a straight-growing child, or servant, as a Gardener doth in a choice Tree. Could men find out this delight, they would seldom be from home; whereas now, of any place they are least there. But if after all this care well dispatched, the housekeeper's Family be so small, and his dexterity so great, that he have leisure to look out, the village or Parish which either he lives

in, or is near unto it, is his employment. He considers every one there, and either helps them in particular, or hath general Propositions to the whole Town or Hamlet, of advancing the public Stock, and managing Commons, or Woods, according as the place suggests. But if he may be of the Commission of Peace, there is nothing to that: No Commonwealth in the world hath a braver Institution than that of Justices of the Peace: for it is both a security to the King, who hath so many dispersed Officers at his beck throughout the Kingdom, accountable for the public good; and also an honourable employment of a Gentle, or Nobleman in the Country he lives in, enabling him with power to do good, and to restrain all those, who else might both trouble him and the whole State. Wherefore it behoves all, who are come to the gravity and ripeness of judgment for so excellent a Place, not to refuse, but rather to procure it. And whereas there are usually three Objections made against the Place; the one, the abuse of it, by taking petty Country bribes; the other, the casting of it on mean persons, especially in some Shires; and lastly, the trouble of it: These are so far from deterring any good men from the place, that they kindle them rather to redeem the Dignity either from true faults, or unjust aspersions. Now, for single men, they are either Heirs, or younger Brothers: The Heirs are to prepare in all the fore-mentioned points against the time of their practice. Therefore they are to mark their Father's discretion in ordering his House and Affairs; and also elsewhere, when they see any remarkable point of Education or good husbandry, and to transplant it in time to his own home, with the same care as others, when they meet with good fruit, get a graft of the Tree, enriching their Orchard, and neglecting their House. Besides, they are to read Books of Law and Justice; especially the Statutes at large.

As for better Books of Divinity, they are not in this Consideration, because we are about a Calling, and a preparation thereunto. But chiefly, and above all things, they are to frequent Sessions and Assizes; for it is both an honour which they owe to the Reverend* Judges and Magistrates, to attend them at least in their Shire; and it is a great advantage to know the practice of the Land; for our Law is Practice. Sometimes he may go to Court, as the eminent place both of good and ill. At other times he is to travel over the King's Dominions, cutting out the Kingdom into Portions, which every year he surveys piece-meal. When there is a Parliament, he is to endeavour by all means to be a Knight or Burgess there; for there is no School to a Parliament. And when he is there, he must not only be a morning man, but at Committees also; for there the particulars are exactly discussed, which are brought from thence to the House but in general. When none of these occasions call him abroad, every morning that he is at home he must either ride the Great Horse, or exercise some of his Military Postures. For all gentlemen, that are now weakened, and disarmed with sedentary lives, are to know the use of their Arms: and as the Husbandman labours for them, so must they fight for, and defend them, when occasion calls. This is the duty of each to other, which they ought to fulfil: and the Parson is a lover and exciter to justice in all things, even as John the Baptist squared out to every one (even to soldiers) what to do. As for younger Brothers, those whom the Parson finds loose, and not engaged in some Profession by their Parents, whose neglect in this point is intolerable, and a shameful wrong both to the Com-

* So Bacon: "It is a reverend thing, to see an ancient castle or a building not in decay."

monwealth, and their own House: To them, after he hath shewed the unlawfulness of spending the day in dressing, complimenting, visiting, and sporting, he first commends the study of the Civil Law, as a brave, and wise knowledge, the Professors whereof were much employed by Queen Elizabeth, because it is the key of Commerce, and discovers the rules of foreign Nations. Secondly, he commends the Mathematics, as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the best spirits. After the several knowledge of these, he adviseth to insist and dwell chiefly on the two noble branches thereof, of Fortification and Navigation; The one being useful to all Countries, and the other especially to Islands. But if the young Gallant think these Courses dull, and phlegmatic, where can he busy himself better than in those new Plantations,* and discoveries, which are not only a noble, but also as they may be handled, a religious employment? Or let him travel into Germany and France, and observing the Artifices, and Manufactures there, transplant them hither, as divers have done lately, to our Country's advantage.

* There was a great charm for the poetical mind in these regions. Cowley, writing in 1656, says in the Preface to his Poems, "My desire has been for some years past, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted,) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither), but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy."

Chap. XXXIII.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY.

THE Country Parson's Library is a holy Life : for besides the blessing that that brings upon it, there being a promise, that if the Kingdom of God be first fought, all other things shall be added, even itself is a Sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beset, and the ways which he used to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference, or in the Church, are a Sermon. He that hath considered how to carry himself at Table about his appetite, if he tell this to another, preacheth ; and much more feelingly, and judiciously, than he writes his rules of temperance out of Books. So that the Parson having studied and mastered all his lusts and affections within, and the whole Army of Temptations without, hath ever so many Sermons ready penned, as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in Phyfic : He that hath been sick of a Consumption, and knows what recovered him, is a Physician, so far as he meets with the same disease, and temper : and can much better, and particularly do it, than he that is generally learned, and was never sick. And if the same person had been sick of all diseases, and were recovered of all, by things that he knew, there were no such Physician as he, both for skill and tendernefs. Just so it is in Divinity, and that not without manifest reason : for though the temptations may be diverse in divers Christians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the self-same Spirit. Neither is this true only in the military state of a Christian life, but even in the peaceable also ; when the servant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Thus the Parson considering that

repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, having for his own use examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And particularly, having doubted sometimes, whether his repentance were true, or at least in that degree it ought to be, since he found himself sometimes to weep more for the loss of some temporal things than for offending God, he came at length to this resolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the Body, even as the Original signifies; and that the chief thing which God in Scriptures requires, is the heart, and the spirit, and to worship him in truth, and spirit. Wherefore in case a Christian endeavour to weep, and cannot, since we are not Masters of our bodies, this sufficeth. And consequently he found, that the essence of repentance, that it may be alike in all God's children (which as concerning weeping it cannot be, some being of a more melting temper than others) consisteth in a true detestation of the soul, abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning unto God in truth of heart, and newness of life: Which acts of repentance are and must be found in all God's servants. Not that weeping is not useful, where it can be, that so the body may join in the grief, as it did in the sin; but that, so the other acts be, that is not necessary: so that he as truly repents who performs the other acts of repentance, when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears. This instruction and comfort the Parson getting for himself, when he tells it to others, becomes a sermon. The like he doth in other Christian virtues, as of Faith, and Love, and the Cases of Conscience belonging thereto, wherein (as St. Paul implies that he ought, Romans ii.) he first preacheth to himself, and then to others.

Chap. XXXIV.

THE PARSON'S DEXTERITY IN
APPLYING OF REMEDIES.

THE Country Parson knows, that there is a double state of a Christian, even in this life, the one military, the other peaceable. The military is, when we are assaulted with temptations either from within or from without. The Peaceable is, when the Devil for a time leaves us, as he did our Saviour, and the angels minister to us their own food, even joy, and peace, and comfort in the Holy Ghost. These two states were in our Saviour, not only in the beginning of his preaching, but afterwards also, as Matth. xxii. 35, He was tempted: And Luke x. 21, He rejoiced in Spirit: And they must be likewise in all that are his. Now the Parson having a Spiritual judgment, according as he discovers any of his Flock to be in one or the other state, so he applies himself to them. Those that he finds in the peaceable state, he adviseth to be very vigilant, and not to let go the reins as soon as the horse goes easy. Particularly, he counselleth them to two things: First, to take heed, lest their quiet betray them (as it is apt to do) to a coldness, and carelessness in their devotions, but to labour still to be as fervent in Christian duties, as they remember themselves were, when affliction did blow the coals. Secondly, not to take the full compass and liberty of their Peace: not to eat of all those dishes at table, which even their present health otherwise admits; nor to store their house with all those furnitures, which even their present plenty of wealth otherwise admits; nor when they are among them that are merry, to extend themselves to all that mirth, which the present occasion of wit and company otherwise admits; but to put bounds and hoops to

their joys : so will they last the longer, and when they depart, return the sooner. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged ; and if we would bound ourselves, we should not be bounded. But if they shall fear, that at such, or such a time their peace and mirth have carried them further than this moderation, then to take Job's admirable Course, who sacrificed lest his Children should have transgressed in their mirth : so let them go, and find some poor afflicted soul, and there be bountiful and liberal ; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Those that the Parson finds in the military state, he fortifies, and strengthens with his utmost skill. Now in those that are tempted, whatsoever is unruly, falls upon Two Heads ; Either they think, that there is none that can or will look after things, but all goes by chance, or wit : Or else, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet to them he is lost, as if they said, God doth forsake and persecute them, and there is none to deliver them. If the Parson suspect the first, and find sparks of such thoughts now and then to break forth, then without opposing directly (for disputation is no Cure for Atheism) he scatters in his discourse three sorts of Arguments. The First taken from Nature, the second from the Law, the third from Grace. For Nature, he sees not how a house could be either built without a builder, or kept in repair without a housekeeper. He conceives not possibly, how the winds should blow so much as they can, and the sea rage as much as it can, and all things do what they can, and all, not only without dissolution of the whole, but also of any part, by taking away so much as the usual seasons of summer and winter, earing and harvest. Let the weather be what it will, still we have bread, though sometimes more, sometimes less ; wherewith also a careful Joseph might meet. He conceives not possibly, how he that would

believe a Divinity, if he had been at the Creation of all things, should less believe it, seeing the Preservation of all things ; For Preservation is a Creation ; and more, it is a continued Creation, and a Creation every moment. Secondly, For the law, there may be so evident, though unused a proof of Divinity taken from thence, that the Atheist, or Epicurean can have nothing to contradict. The Jews yet live and are known : they have their Law and Language bearing witness to them, and they to it : they are Circumcised to this day, and expect the promises of the Scripture ; their Country also is known, the places, and rivers travelled unto, and frequented by others, but to them an unpenetrable rock, an inaccessible desert. Wherefore if the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them, and then who can deny the stretched-out arm of a mighty God ? especially since it may be a just doubt, whether, considering the stubbornness of the Nation, their living then in their Country, under so many miracles were a stranger thing, than their present exile, and disability to live in their Country. And it is observable, that this very thing was intended by God, that the Jews should be his proof, and witnesses, as he calls them, *Isaiah xliii. 12.* And their very dispersion in all Lands, was intended not only for a punishment to them ; but for an exciting to others by their sight, to the acknowledging of God and his power, *Psalms lix. 11.* And, therefore, this kind of punishment was chosen rather than any other. Thirdly, For Grace. Besides, the continual succession (since the Gospel) of Holy men, who have borne witness to the truth, (there being no reason why any should distrust St. Luke, or Tertullian, or Chrysostom, more than Tully, Virgil, or Livy ;) There are two Prophecies in the Gospel, which evidently argue Christ's Divinity by their success : the one concerning the woman that spent the ointment on our Saviour, for which he told, that it should never be forgotten, but with the Gospel itself be

preached to all ages, Matthew xxvi. 13. The other concerning the destruction of Jerufalem; of which our Saviour faid, that that generation fhould not pafs, till all were fulfilled, Luke xxi. 32. Which Iofephus's Hiftory confirmeth, and the continuance of which Verdict is yet evident. To thefe might be added the Preaching of the Gospel in all Nations, Matthew xxiv. 14, which we fee even miraculoufly effected in thefe new discoveries, God turning Men's Covetoufnefs and Ambitions to the effecting of his Word. Now a Prophecy is a wonder fent to Pofterity, left they complain of want of wonders. It is a Letter fealed, and fent, which to the Bearer is but Paper, but to the receiver, and opener, is full of power. He that faw Chrift open a blind man's eyes, faw not more divinity than he that reads the woman's ointment in the Gospel, or fees Jerufalem destroyed. With fome of thefe heads enlarged, and woven into his difcourfe, at feveral times and occafions, the Parfon fettleth wavering minds. But if he fees them nearer desperation, than Atheifm, not fo much doubting a God, as that he is theirs; then he dives into the boundlefs Ocean of God's Love, and the unfpeakable riches of his loving-kindnefs. He hath one argument unanswerable. If God hate them, either he doth it as they are Creatures, duft and afhes, or as they are finful. As Creatures, he muft needs love them; for no perfect Artift ever yet hated his own work. As finful, he muft much more love them; becaufe notwithstanding his infinite hate of fin, his love overcame that hate; and with an exceeding great victory; which in the Creation needed not, gave them love for love, even the Son of his love out of his bofom of love. So that man, which way foever he turns, hath two pledges of God's love, that in the mouth of two or three witneffes every word may be eftablifhed; the one in his Being, the other in his finful Being: and this as the more faulty in him, fo the more glorious in

God. And all may certainly conclude, that God loves them, till either they despise that love ; or despair of his mercy ; not any sin else, but is within his love ; but the despising of love must needs be without it. The thrusting away of his arm makes us only not embraced.

Chap. XXXV.

THE PARSON'S CONDESCENDING.

THE Country Parson is a Lover of Old Customs, if they be good and harmless ; and the rather, because Country people are much addicted to them, so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom, that may be severed from the good, he pares the apple and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves procession, and maintains it, because there are contained therein four manifest advantages : First, A blessing of God for the fruits of the field : Secondly, Justice in the Preservation of bounds : Thirdly, Charity in loving walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any : Fourthly, Mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal distribution and largesse, which at that time is, or ought to be used. Wherefore he exacts of all to be present at the perambulation, and those that withdraw, and sever themselves from it, he dislikes, and reproves as uncharitable and unneighbourly ; and if they will not reform, presents them. Nay, he is so far from condemning such assemblies, that he rather procures them to be often, as knowing that absence breeds strangeness, but presence love. Now love is his business and aim ; wherefore he likes well, that his Parish at good times invite one

another to their houses, and he urgeth them to it: and sometimes, where he knows there hath been or is a little difference, he takes one of the parties, and goes with him to the other, and all dine or sup together. There is much preaching in this friendliness. Another old Custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, God sends us the light of heaven; And the Parson likes this very well: neither is he afraid of praising, or praying to God at all times, but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great Blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks; and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form as being old, and obsolete, and not the fashion, he reforms and teaches them, that at Baptism they professed not to be ashamed of Christ's Cross, or for any shame to leave that which is good. He that is ashamed in small things, will extend his pusillanimity to greater. Rather should a Christian Soldier take such occasions to harden himself and to further his exercises of Mortification.

Chap. XXXVI.

THE PARSON BLESSING.

THE Country Parson wonders, that Blessing the People is in so little use with his brethren: whereas he thinks it not only a grave, and reverend thing, but a beneficial also. Those who use it not; do so either out of niceness, because they like the salutations and compliments, and forms of worldly language better; which conformity and fashionableness is so exceeding unbefitting a Minister, that it deserves reproof, not refutation: Or else, because they think it empty and superfluous.

But that which the Apostles used so dilligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour himself used, Mark x. 16, cannot be vain and superfluous. But this was not proper to Christ, or the apostles only, no more than to be a spiritual Father was appropriated to them. And if temporal Fathers bless their children, how much more may, and ought Spiritual Fathers? Besides, the Priests of the Old Testament were commanded to Bless the people, and the form thereof is prescribed, Numbers vi. Now as the Apostle argues in another case; if the Ministration of condemnation did bless, how shall not the Ministration of the Spirit exceed in blessing? The fruit of this blessing good Hannah found, and received with great joy, 1 Samuel i. 18, though it came from a man disallowed by God: for it was not the person but Priesthood, that blessed; so that even ill Priests may bless. Neither have the Ministers power of blessing only, but also of Cursing. So in the Old Testament, Elisha cursed the children, 2 Kings ii. 24, which though our Saviour reprov'd as unfitting for his particular, who was to show all humility before his Passion, yet he allows it in his Apostles. And therefore, St. Peter used that fearful imprecation to Simon Magus, Acts viii., Thy money perish with thee: and the event confirmed it: so did St. Paul, 2 Timothy iv. 14, and 1 Timothy, i. 20. Speaking of Alexander the copper-smith, who had withstood his preaching, The Lord (saith he) reward him according to his works. And again, of Hymeneus and Alexander, he saith he had delivered them to Satan, that they might learn not to Blaspheme. The Forms both of Blessing, and Cursing, are expounded in the Common Prayer Book: the one in, The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c. and the Peace of God, &c.; the other in general, in the Commination. Now blessing differs from prayer, in assurance, because it is not performed by way of request, but of confidence, and power, effectually

applying God's favour to the blessed, by the interesting of that dignity wherewith God hath invested the Priest, and engaging of God's own power and institution for a Blessing. The neglect of this duty in Ministers themselves hath made the people also neglect it; so that they are so far from craving this benefit from their ghostly Father, that they oftentimes go out of Church before he hath blessed them. In the time of Popery, the Priest's Benedicite and his holy water were over highly valued; and now we are fallen to the clean contrary, even from superstition to coldness and Atheism. But the Parson first values the gift in himself, and then teacheth his Parish to value it. And it is observable, that if a Minister talk with a great man in the ordinary course of complimenting language, he shall be esteemed as ordinary complimenters; but if he often interpose a Blessing, when the other gives him just opportunity, by speaking any good, this unusual form begets a reverence, and makes him esteemed according to his profession. The same is to be observed in writing Letters also. To conclude, if all men are to bless upon occasion, as appears Romans xii. 14, how much more those who are spiritual Fathers?

Chap. XXXVII.

CONCERNING DETRACTION.*

THE Country Parson perceiving, that most, when they are at leisure, make others' faults their en-

* See Barrow's Sermon on Detraction, (Works, i. 415,) which he says "may be couched in truth, and clothed in fair language; it is a poison often infused in sweet liquor, and ministered in a golden cup."

tertainment and discourse, and that even some good men think, so they speak truth, they may disclose another's fault, finds it somewhat difficult how to proceed in this point. For if he absolutely shut up men's mouths, and forbid all disclosing of faults, many an evil may not only be, but also spread in his Parish, without any remedy (which cannot be applied without notice) to the dishonour of God, and the infection of his flock, and the discomfort, discredit, and hindrance of the Pastor. On the other side, if it be unlawful to open faults, no benefit or advantage can make it lawful; for we must not do evil that good may come of it. Now the Parson taking this point to task, which is so exceeding useful, and hath taken so deep root, that it seems the very life and substance of Conversation, hath proceeded thus far in the discussing of it. Faults are either notorious or private. Again, notorious faults are either such as are made known by common fame (and of these, those that know them may talk, so they do it not with sport, but commiseration;) or else such as have passed judgment, and been corrected either by whipping, or imprisoning, or the like. Of these also men may talk, and more, they may discover them to those that know them not; because infamy is a part of the sentence against malefactors, which the Law intends, as is evident by those which are branded for rogues, that they may be known, or put into the stocks, that they may be looked upon. But some may say, though the Law allow this, the Gospel doth not, which hath so much advanced Charity, and ranked backbiters among the generation of the wicked, Romans i. 30. But this is easily answered: as the executioner is not uncharitable, that takes away the life of the condemned, except, besides his office, he had a tincture of private malice, in the joy and haste of acting his part; so neither is he that defames him

whom the Law would have defamed, except he also do it out of rancour. For in infamy, all are executioners, and the Law gives the malefactor to all to be defamed. And as malefactors may lose and forfeit their goods or life, so may they their good name, and the possession thereof, which before their offence and Judgment they had in all men's breasts; for all are honest till the contrary be proved. Besides, it concerns the Common-Wealth that Rogues should be known, and Charity to the public hath the precedence of private Charity. So that it is so far from being a fault to discover such offenders, that it is a duty rather, which may do much good, and save much harm. Nevertheless, if the punished Delinquent shall be much troubled for his sins, and turn quite another man, doubtless then also men's affections and words must turn, and forbear to speak of that which even God himself hath forgotten.*

THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.

O ALMIGHTY and ever living Lord God! Majesty, and Power, and Brightness and Glory!

* It may be interesting to read the sketch of a Country Parish by John Norris, living in Herbert's parsonage, and having the villagers of Bemerton in his eye: "Country people are much prouder than they used to be; and the lower you go, still the more pride you find. For even the poor are as proud in their way as any, and for aught I know, the very proudest of all. For there are none that are more captious and exceptious, more nice and difficult, and that must be treated with more care, caution, and observance; none that are more easily offended, or more hardly reconciled, that are more apt to take, or more backward to forgive a slight or an affront, or so much as a neglect." —NORRIS, "A treatise concerning Humilitie," 1707, p. 326.

How shall we dare to appear before thy face, who are contrary to thee, in all we call thee? for we are darkness, and weakness, and filthiness, and shame. Misery and sin fill our days; yet art thou our Creator, and we thy work. Thy hands both made us, and also made us lords of all thy creatures; giving us one world in ourselves, and another to serve us: then didst thou place us in Paradise, and wert proceeding still on in thy favours, until we interrupted thy counsels, disappointed thy purposes, and sold our God, our glorious, our gracious God, for an apple. O write it! O brand it in our foreheads for ever: for an apple once we lost our God, and still lose him for no more; for money, for meat, for diet: But thou, Lord, art patience, and pity, and sweetness, and love; therefore we sons of men are not consumed. Thou hast exalted thy mercy above all things, and hast made our salvation, not our punishment, thy glory: so that then where sin abounded, not death, but grace superabounded; accordingly when we had sinned beyond any help in heaven or earth, then thou saidst, Lo, I come! then did the Lord of life, unable of himself to die, contrive to do it. He took flesh, he wept, he died; for his enemies he died; even for those that derided him then, and still despise him. Blessed Saviour! many waters could not quench thy love, nor no pit overwhelm it! But though the streams of thy blood were current through darkness, grave, and hell, yet by these thy conflicts, and seemingly hazards, didst thou arise triumphant, and therein madest us victorious.

Neither doth thy love yet stay here! for this word of thy rich peace and reconciliation thou hast committed, not to Thunder or Angels, but to silly and sinful men; even to me, pardoning my sins, and bidding me go feed the people of thy love.

Blessed be the God of Heaven and Earth, who only

doth wondrous things. Awake, therefore, my Lute and my Viol! awake all my powers to glorify thee! We praise thee, we bless thee, we magnify thee for ever! And now, O Lord, in the power of thy Victories, and in the ways of thy ordinances, and in the truth of thy Love, Lo, we stand here, beseeching thee to bless thy word, wherever spoken this day throughout the universal Church. O make it a word of power and peace, to convert those who are not yet thine, and to confirm those that are; particularly, bless it in this thy own Kingdom, which thou hast made a Land of light, a storehouse of thy treasures and mercies. O let not our foolish and unworthy hearts rob us of the continuance of this thy sweet love; but pardon our sins, and perfect what thou hast begun. Ride on, Lord, because of the word of truth, and meekness and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Especially, bless this portion here assembled together, with thy unworthy Servant speaking unto them: Lord Jesu! teach thou me, that I may teach them: Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their full strength they may deliver thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully! O make thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and conversation: that as the rain returns not empty, so neither may thy word, but accomplish that for which it is given. O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken, and do so for thy blessed Son's sake, in whose sweet and pleasing words, we say, Our Father, &c.

PRAYER AFTER SERMON.

BLESSED be God, and the Father of all mercy, who continueth to pour his benefits upon us ! Thou hast elected us, thou hast called us, thou hast justified us, sanctified, and glorified us : Thou wast born for us, and thou livedst and diedst for us : Thou hast given us the blessings of this life, and of a better. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters, they come trooping upon us ! they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, thou hast fed us with the bread of life ; so man did eat Angels' food. O Lord, bless it ; O Lord, make it health and strength unto us, still striving and prospering so long within us, until our obedience reach thy measure of thy love, who hast done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for thy Son's sake, our only Saviour ; To whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, three Persons, but one most glorious incomprehensible God, be ascribed all Honour, and Glory, and Praise, ever. Amen.

Jacula Prudentum.

[THE JACULA PRUDENTUM, OR OUTLANDISH PROVERBS, SENTENCES, &c., were first printed in 1640,—a very small volume—with Herbert's initials on the title-page; a second edition, considerably enlarged, was published in 1651. The collection is curious and interesting. Proverbs formed a favourite study of that age. Bishop Andrewes took great pleasure in them, observing that “by these he knew the mind of several nations;” which, Selden adds (Table-talk), is a brave thing; as we count him a wise man, that knows the minds and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a nation, being transmitted from father to son.”]

OLD men go to Death, Death comes to young men.

Man proposeth, God disposeth.

He begins to die, that quits his desires.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of Learning.

He that studies his content, wants it.

Every day brings its bread with it.

Humble hearts have humble desires.

He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

The house shows the owner.
He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbours.
Building and marrying of children are great wasters.
A good bargain is a pick-purse.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Pleasing ware is half fold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
The Wolf knows what the ill beast thinks.
Who hath none to still him may weep out his eyes.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
If ye would know a knave, give him a staff.
You cannot know wine by the barrel.
A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
A horse made, and a man to make.
Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope, that waits for another's
death.
Great strokes make not sweet music.
A cask and an ill custom must be broken.
A fat housekeeper makes lean executors.
Empty chambers make foolish maids.
The gentle Hawk half mans herself.
The devil is not always at one door.
When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.
God sends cold according to clothes.
One found blow will serve to undo us all.
He loseth nothing, that looseth not God.
The German's wit is in his fingers.
At dinner my man appears.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Who remove stones, bruise their fingers.
Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.

Between the business of life and the day of death, a space
ought to be interposed.

All came from and will go to others.

He that will take the bird, must not scare it.

He lives unsafely that looks too near on things.

A gentle housewife mars the household.

A crooked log makes a straight fire.

He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself.

A Merchant that gains not, loseth.

Let not him that fears feathers come among wild-fowl.

Love, and a Cough, cannot be hid.

A Dwarf on a Giant's shoulder, sees further of the two.

He that sends a fool, means to follow him.

Babbling curs never want fore ears.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

For washing his hands, none sells his lands.

A Lion's skin is never cheap.

The goat must browse where she is tied.

Nothing is to be presumed on, or despaired of.

Who hath a Wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his
man.

In a good house all is quickly ready.

A bad dog never sees the Wolf.

God oft hath a great share in a little house.

Ill ware is never cheap.

A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.

If all fools had baubles, we should want fuel.

Virtue never grows old.

Evening words are not like to morning.

Were there no fools, bad ware would not pass.

Never had ill workman good tools.

He stands not surely that never slips.

Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters.

Everything is of use to a housekeeper.

When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

Cities seldom change Religion only.

At length the Fox turns Monk.
Flies are busiest about lean horses.
Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.
The bird loves her nest.
Everything new is fine.
When a dog is a drowning, every one offers him drink.
Better a bare foot than none.
Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
He that is warm thinks all so.
At length the Fox is brought to the Furrier.
He that goes bare-foot must not plant thorns.
They that are booted are not always ready.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.
In spending lies the advantage.
He that lives well, is learned enough.
Ill vessels seldom miscarry.
A full belly neither fights nor flies well.
All truths are not to be told.
An old wise man's shadow is better than a young buzzard's sword.
Noble housekeepers need no doors.
Every ill man hath his ill day.
Sleep without supping, and wake without owing.
I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heir.
Assail who will, the valliant attends.
Whither goest, grief? where I am wont.
Praise day at night, and life at the end.
Whither shall the Ox go where he shall not labour?
Where you think there is bacon, there is no chimney.
Mend your clothes, and you may hold out this year.
Press a stick, and it seems a youth.
The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.
A fair wife and a frontier Castle breed quarrels.
Leave jesting whiles it pleaseth, lest it turns to earnest.
Deceive not thy Physician, Confessor, nor Lawyer.
Ill natures, the more you ask them, the more they stick.

Virtue and a Trade are the best portion for children.
The Chicken is the Country's, but the City eats it.
He that gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.
He that lives ill, fear follows him.
Give a clown your finger, and he will take your hand.
Good is to be sought out, and evil attended.
A good paymaster starts not at assurances.
No Alchymy to saving.
To a grateful man give money when he asks.
Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.
To fine folks a little ill finely wrapt.
A child correct behind, and not before.
To a fair day, open the window, but make you ready as to a foul.
Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.
No love to a Father's.
The Mill gets by going.
To a boiling pot flies come not.
Make haste to an ill way, that you may get out of it.
A snow year, a rich year.
Better to be blind than to see ill.
Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.
Who hath no more bread than need, must not keep a dog.
A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.
The Fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, says They are not ripe.
Water trotted is as good as oats.
Though the Mastiff be gentle, yet bite him not by the lip.
Though a lie be well dressed, it is ever overcome.
Though old and wise, yet still advise.
Three helping one another, bear the burthen of six.
Slander is a shipwreck by a dry Tempest.

Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.
Happy is he that chastens himself.
Well may he smell fire, whose gown burns.
The wrongs of a Husband or Master are not reproached.
Welcome evil, if thou comest alone.
Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge.
The bit that one eats, no friend makes.
A drunkard's purse is a bottle.
She spins well that breeds her children.
Good is the *mora* that makes all sure.
Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.
Every one stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet.
Autumnal agues are long or mortal.
Marry your son when you will ; your daughter when you can.
Dally not with money or women.
Men speak of the Fair as things went with them there.
The best remedy against an ill man, is much ground between both.
The mill cannot grind with water that's past.
Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastenings.
Good words are worth much, and cost little.
To buy dear is not bounty.
Jest not with the eye, or with Religion.
The eye and Religion can bear no jesting.
Without favour none will know you, and with it you will not know yourself.
Buy at a fair, but sell at home.
Cover yourself with your shield, and care not for cries.
A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master.
None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
From a cholerick man withdraw a little ; from him that says nothing, for ever.

Debtors are liars.

Of all smells, bread : of all tastes, salt.

In a great River great fish are found: but take heed
lest you be drowned.

Ever since we wear clothes, we know not one another.

God heals, and the Physician hath the thanks.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.

Take heed of still waters, the quick pass away.

After the house is finished, leave it.

Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments.

Think of ease, but work on.

He that lies long a bed, his estate feels it.

Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but
water of it.

One stroke fells not an oak.

God complains not, but doth what is fitting.

A diligent Scholar, and the Master's paid.

Milk says to wine, Welcome, friend.

They that know one another, salute afar off.

Where there is no honour, there is no grief.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

He that stays does the business.

Alms never make poor. Or thus,

Great Alms-giving lessens no man's living.

Giving much to the poor, doth enrich a man's store.

It takes much from the account, to which his sin doth
amount.

It adds to the glory both of soul and body.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

The smith and his penny both are black.

Whose house is of glass, must not throw stones at
another.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

The tree that grows slowly, keeps itself for another.

I wept when I was born, and every days shews why.

He that looks not before, finds himself behind.

He that plays his money, ought not to value it.

He that riseth first, is first drest.

Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.

The hole calls the thief.

A gentleman's greyhound and a salt box, seek them at the fire.

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it.

The river past, and God forgotten.

Evils have their comfort; good none can support (to wit) with a moderate and contented heart.

Who must account for himself and others, must know both.

He that eats the hard, shall eat the ripe.

The miserable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing fixpence.

The honey is sweet, but the Bee stings.

Weight and measure take away strife.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

Every path hath a puddle.

In good years corn is hay, in ill years straw is corn.

Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing unto him.

In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

Into a mouth shut flies fly not.

The heart's letter is read in the eyes.

The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our bosom.

In great pedigrees there are Governors and Chandlers.

In the house of a fiddler, all fiddle.

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

Working and making a fire doth discretion require.

One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows.

It is a great victory that comes without blood.

In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a thousand griefs prove.

Reckon right, and February hath one and thirty days.

Honour without profit is a ring on the finger.

Estate in two Parishes is bread in two wallets.

Honour and profit lie not in one sack.

A naughty child is better sick than whole.

Truth and oil are ever above.

He that riseth betimes, hath something in his head.

Advise none to marry or go to war.

To steal the Hog, and give the feet for alms.

The thorn comes forth with the point forwards.

One hand washeth another, and both the face.

The fault of the horse is put on the saddle.

The corn hides itself in the snow as an old man in furs.

The Jews spend at Easter, the Moors at marriages, the Christians in suits.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

A woman and a glass are ever in danger.

An ill wound is cured, not an ill name.

The wise hand doth not all that the foolish mouth speaks.

On painting and fighting look aloof.

Knowledge is folly except grace guide it.

Punishment is lame, but it comes.

The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house.

A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

Marry a widow before she leave mourning.

The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty.

Providence is better than a rent.

What your glass tells you, will not be told by Counsel.

There are more men threatened than stricken.

A fool knows more in his house, than a wise man in another's.

I had rather ride on an ass that carries me, than a horse that throws me.

The hard gives more than he that hath nothing.

The beast that goes always, never wants blows.

Good cheap is dear.

It costs more to do ill than to do well.

Good words quench more than a bucket of water.

An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.

There is more talk than trouble.

Better spare to have of thine own, than ask of other men.

Better good afar off, than evil at hand.

Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.

I had rather ask of my fire brown bread, than borrow of my neighbour white.

Your pot broken seems better than my whole one.

Let an ill man lie in thy straw, and he looks to be thy heir.

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.

While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.

A mountain and a river are good neighbours.

Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk.

Much spends the traveller more than the abider.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

A well-bred youth neither speaks of himself, nor, being spoken to, is silent.

A journeying woman speaks much of all, and all of her.

The Fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him.

Many friends in general, one in special.

The fool asks much, but he is more fool that grants it.

Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.

Neither bribe, nor lose thy right.

In the world who knows not to swim, goes to the bottom.

Choose not a house near an Inn (viz. for noise): or in a corner (for filth).

He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.

Neither eyes on letters, nor hands in coffers.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

Go not for every grief to the Physician, nor for every quarrel to the Lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

Good service is a great enchantment.

There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.

It is no sure rule to fish with a cross-bow.

There were no ill language, if it were not ill taken.

The groundsel speaks not, save what it heard at the hinges.

The best mirror is an old friend.

Say no ill of the year till it be past.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Fear nothing but sin.

The child says nothing, but what it heard by the fire.

Call me not an olive, till thou see me gathered.

That is not good language which all understand not.

He that burns his house, warms himself for once.

He will burn his house to warm his hands.

He will spend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat.

All is not gold that glitters.

A blustering night, a fair day.

Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

Let none say, I will not drink water.

He wrongs not an old man that steals his supper from him.

The tongue talks at the head's cost.

He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

Keep not ill men company, lest you increase the number.

God strikes not with both hands, for to the sea he
made heavens, and to rivers fords.

A rugged stone grows smooth from hand to hand.

No lock will hold against the power of gold.

The absent party is still faulty.

Peace and patience, and death with repentance.

If you lose your time, you cannot get money nor gain.

Be not a Baker, if your head be of butter.

Ask much to have a little.

Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.

Another's bread costs dear.

Although it rain, throw not away thy watering pot.

Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloak at home.

A little with quiet is the only diet.

In vain is the mill-clack, if the Miller his hearing lack.

By the needle you shall draw the thread, and by that
which is past, see how that which is to come will be
drawn on.

Stay a little, and news will find you.

Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the
truth of the thing.

When God will, no wind but brings rain.

Though you rise early, yet the day comes at his time,
and not till then.

Pull down your hat on the wind's side.

As the year is, your pot must seeth.

Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I
dreamed last night.

When the fox preacheth, beware geese.

When you are an Anvil, hold you still; when you are
a hammer, strike your fill.

Poor and liberal, rich and covetous.

He that makes his bed ill, lies there.

He that labours and thrives, spins gold.

He that sows, trusts in God.

He that lies with the dogs, riseth with fleas.

He that repairs not a part, builds all.
A discontented man knows not where to sit easy.
Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.
He that dines and leaves, lays the cloth twice.
Who eats his cock alone, must saddle his horse alone.
He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty,
nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be
handsome, strong, rich, or wise.
He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought.
He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.
He that lives well, sees afar off.
He that hath a mouth of his own, must not say to another, Blow:
He that will be served, must be patient.
He that gives thee a bone, would not have thee die.
He that chastens one, chastens twenty.
He that hath lost his credit, is dead to the world.
He that hath no ill fortune, is troubled with good.
He that demands, misseth not, unless his demands be foolish.
He that hath no honey in his pot, let him have it in his mouth.
He that takes not up a pin, flights his wife.
He that owes nothing, if he makes not mouths at us, is courteous.
He that loseth his due, gets not thanks.
He that believes all, misseth ; he that believeth nothing, hits not.
Pardons and pleasantness are great revenges of slanders.
A married man turns his staff into a stake.
If you would know secrets, look them in grief or pleasure.
Serve a noble disposition, though poor, the time comes that he will repay thee.
The fault is as great as he that is faulty.
If folly were grief, every house would weep.

He that would be well old, must be old betimes.
Sit in your place, and none can make you rise.
If you could run as yon drink, you might catch a hare.
Would you know what money is, Go borrow some.
The morning Sun never lasts a day.
Thou hast death in thy house, and dost bewail another's.

All griefs with bread are less.
All things require skill, but an appetite.
All things have their place, knew we how to place them.

Little pitchers have wide ears.
We are fools one to another.
This world is nothing except it tend to another.
There are three ways, the Universties, the Sea, the Court.

God comes to see without a bell.
Life without a friend, is death without a witness.
Clothe thee in war, arm thee in peace.
The horse thinks one thing, and he that saddles him another.

Mills and wives ever want.
The dog that licks ashes, trust not with meal.
The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.
He carries well, to whom it weighs not.
The comforter's head never aches.
Step after step the ladder is ascended.
Who likes not the drink, God deprives him of bread.
To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.
Justice pleaseth few in their own house.
In time comes he, whom God sends.
Water afar off quencheth not fire.
In sports and journeys men are known.
An old friend is a new house.
Love is not found in the market.
Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

One father is enough to govern one hundred sons, but
not a hundred sons one father.

Far shooting never killed bird.

An upbraided morsel never choked any.

Dearth's foreseen come not.

An ill labourer quarrels with his tools.

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he stays there the
fouler he is.

He that blames would buy.

He that sings on Friday will weep on Sunday.

The charges of building, and making of gardens are
unknown.

My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art
to me the Escorial.

A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.

He that comes of a hen must scrape.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

He that once deceives, is ever suspected.

Being on sea, fail ; being on land, settle.

Who doth his own business, fouls not his hands.

He that makes a good war, makes a good peace.

He that works after his own manner, his head aches
not at the matter.

Who hath bitter in his mouth, spits not all sweet.

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own.

He that hath the spice, may season as he list.

He that hath a head of wax, must not walk in the sun.

He that hath love in his breast, hath spurs in his sides.

He that respects not is not respected.

He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at
his girdle.

He that hath right, fears ; he that hath wrong, hopes.

He that hath patience, hath fat thrushes for a farthing.

Never was strumpet fair.

He that measures not himself is measured.

He that hath one hog, makes him fat; and he that one son, makes him a fool.

Who lets his Wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife, nor good horse.

He that speaks fows, and he that holds his peace gathers.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

He that lives most dies most.

He that hath one foot in the straw hath another in the spittle.

He that is fed at another's hand, may stay long ere he be full.

He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it.

He that bewails himself hath the cure in his hands.

He that would be well, needs not go from his own house.

Counsel breaks not the head.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.

He that knows what may be gained in a day, never steals.

Money refused loseth its brightness.

Health and money go far.

Where your will is ready, your feet are light.

A great ship asks deeps waters.

Woe to the house where there is no chiding.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.

Fools bite one another, but wise men agree together.

Trust not one night's ice.

Good is good, but better carries it.

To gain teacheth how to spend.

Good finds good.

The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it.

The crow bewails the sheep, and then eats it.

Building is a sweet impoverishing.

The first degree of folly is to hold one's self wise; the second to profess it, the third to despise counsel.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

To weep for joy is a kind of Manna.

The first service a child doeth his father is to make him foolish.

The resolved mind hath no cares.

In the kingdom of a cheater, the wallet is carried before.

The eye will have his part.

The good mother says not, Will you? but gives.

A house and a woman suit excellently.

In the kingdom of blind men, the one-eyed is king.

A little Kitchen makes a large house.

War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.

Poverty is the mother of health.

In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.

The back door robs the house.

Wealth is like rheum, it falls on the weakest parts.

The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.

Hope is the poor man's bread.

Virtue now is in herbs, and stones, and words only.

Fine words dress ill deeds.

Labour as long lived, pray as even dying.

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

Things well fitted abide.

Prettiness dies first.

Talking pays no toll.

The master's eye fattens the horse, and his foot the ground.

Disgraces are like cherries, one draws another.

Praise a hill, but keep below.

Praise the sea, but keep on land.

In choosiiing a wife, and buying a sword, we ought not to trust another.

The wearer knows where the shoe wrings.

Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth.

There is no jollity but hath a smack of folly.

He that's long a giving knows not how to give.

The filth under the white snow the sun discovers.

Every one fastens where there is gain.

All feet tread not in one shoe.

Patience, time, and money accomodate all things.

For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.

Weight justly, and sell dearly.

Little wealth little care.

Little journeys and good cost bring safe home.

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

When children stand quiet, they have done some ill.

A little and good fills the trencher.

A penny spared is twice got.

When a knave is in a plum-tree, he hath neither friend nor kin.

Short boughs, long vintage.

Health without money is half an ague.

If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

Bear with evil, and expect good.

He that tells a secret is another's servant.

If all fools wore white Caps, we should seem a flock of geese.

Water, fire and soldiers, quickly make room.

Pension never enriched a young man.

Under water, famine; under snow, bread.

The Lame goes as far as your staggerer.

He that loseth is Merchant, as well as he that gains.

A jade eats as much as a good horse.

All things in their being are good for something.

One flower makes no garland.

A fair death honours the whole life.
One enemy is too much.
Living well is the best revenge.
One fool makes a hundred.
One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues.
A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred
wise men cannot pull out.
One slumber finds another.
On a good bargain think twice.
To a good spender God is the Treasurer.
A curst Cow hath short horns.
Music helps not the tooth-ache.
We cannot come to honour under Coverlet.
Great pains quickly find ease.
To the counsel of fools a wooden bell.
The cholerick man never wants woe.
Help thyself, and God will help thee.
At the game's end we shall see who gains.
There are many ways to fame.
Love is the true price of love.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love makes all hearts gentle.
Love makes a good eye squint.
Love asks faith, and faith firmness.
A sceptre is one thing, and a ladle another.
Great trees are good for nothing but shade.
He commands enough that obeys a wise man.
Fair words make me look to my purse.
Though the fox run the chicken hath wings.
He plays well that wins.
You must strike in measure, when there are many to
strike on one anvil.
The shortest answer is doing.
It is a poor stake that cannot stand one year in the
ground.
He that commits a fault thinks every one speaks of it.

He that is foolish in the fault, let him be wise in the punishment.

The blind eats many a fly.

He that can make a fire well can end a quarrel.

The tooth-ache is more ease than to deal with ill people.

He that would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

He that hath no good trade it is to his loss.

The offender never pardons.

He that lives not well one year, sorrows seven after.

He that hopes not for good, fears not evil.

He that is angry at a feast, is rude.

He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole.

When the tree is fallen, all go with their hatchet.

He that hath horns in his bosom let him not put them on his head.

He that burns most, shines most.

He that trusts in a lie, shall perish in truth.

He that blows in the dust, fills his eyes with it.

Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the Church.

Of fair things, the Autumn is fair.

Giving is dead, restoring very sick.

A gift much expected is paid, not given.

Two ill meals make the third a glutton.

The Royal Crown cures not the head-ache.

'Tis hard to be wretched, but worse to be known so.

A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.

It is better to be the head of a Lizard than the tail of a Lion.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

Folly grows without watering.

Happier are the hands compassed with iron, than a heart with thoughts.

If the staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be straight.

To take the nuts from the fire with the dog's foot.
He is a fool that makes a wedge of his fist.
Valour that parleys, is near yielding.
Thursday come, and the week is gone.
A flatterer's throat is an open sepulchre.
There is great force hidden in a sweet command.
The command of custom is great.
To have money is a fear, not to have it a grief.
The Cat fees not the mouse ever.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
A good payer is master of another's purse.
The thread breaks where it is weakest.
Old men, when they scorn young, make much of death.
God is at the end, when we think he is furthest off it.
A good Judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.
Rivers need a spring.
He that contemplates hath a day without night.
Give losers leave to talk.
Loss embraceth shame.
Gaming, Women, and Wine, while they laugh, they make men pine.
The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.
Wood half burnt is easily kindled.
The fish adores the bait.
He that goeth far hath many encounters.
Every bee's honey is sweet.
The slothful is the servant of the counters.
Wisdom hath one foot on land, and another on Sea.
The thought hath good legs, and the quill a good tongue.
A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.
The March sun raises, but dissolves not.
Time is the Rider that breaks youth.
The wine in the bottle doth not quench thirst.

The fight of a man hath the force of a Lion.
An examined enterprize goes on boldly.
In every art it is good to have a master.
In every Country dogs bite.
In every country the sun rises in the morning.
A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground.
You may bring a horse to the river, but he will drink
when and what he pleaseth.
Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.
Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.
Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.
I was taken by a morsel, says the fish.
A disarmed peace is weak.
The balance distinguisheth not between gold and lead.
The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
To deceive oneself is very easy.
The reasons of the poor weigh not.
Perverseness makes one squint-eyed.
The evening praises the day, and the morning a frost.
The table robs more than the thief.
When age is jocund, it makes sport for death.
True praise roots and spreads.
Fears are divided in the midst.
The soul needs few things, the body many.
Astrology is true, but the Astrologers cannot find it.
Tie it well, and let it go.
Empty vessels sound most.
Send not a cat for lard.
Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.
Love makes one fit for any work.
A pitiful mother makes a scald head.
An old Physician, and a young Lawyer.
Talk much, and err much, says the Spaniard.
Some make a conscience of spitting in the Church, yet
rob the Altar.

An idle head is a box for the wind.
Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief.
A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in prison.
None is born Master.
Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue;
 but an ill, it doubles his fault.
None is offended but by himself.
None says his Garner is full.
In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.
Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
In a leopard the spots are not observed.
Nothing lasts but the Church.
A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.
It is not good fishing before the net.
He cannot be virtuous that is not rigorous.
That which will not be spun, let it not come between
 the spindle and the distaff.
When my house burns, it is not good playing at Chefs.
No barber shaves so close but another finds work.
There is no great banquet, but some fares ill.
A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.
Forbear not sowing because of birds.
Mention not a halter in the house of him that was
 hanged.
Speak not of a dead man at the table.
A hat is not made for one shower.
No sooner is a Temple built to God, but the Devil
 builds a Chapel hard by.
Every one puts his fault on the Times.
You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.
Pardon all but thyself.
Every one is weary, the poor in seeking, the rich in
 keeping, the good in learning.
The escaped mouse ever feels the taste of the bait.
A little wind kindles, much puts out the fire.
Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.

More have repented speech than silence.
The covetous spends more than the liberal.
Divine ashes are better than earthly meal.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
One father is more than a hundred School-masters.
One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the
servants'.
When God will punish, he will first take away the
understanding.
A little labour, much health.
When it thunders the thief becomes honest.
The tree that God plants, no wind hurts it.
Knowledge is no burthen.
It is a bold mouse that nestles in the cat's ear.
Long jesting was never good.
If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.
If the mother had not been in the oven, she had never
sought her daughter there.
If great men would have care of little ones, both would
last long.
Though you see a Church-man ill, yet continue in the
Church still.
Old praise dies, unless you feed it.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.
Had you the world on your Chess-board, you could
not fill all to your mind.
Suffer and expect.
If fools should not fool it, they shall lose their season.
Love and business teach eloquence.
That which two will, takes effect.
He complains wrongfully on the sea, that twice suffers
shipwreck.
He is only bright that shines by himself.
A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword.
The effect speaks, the tongue needs not.
Divine grace was never slow.

Reason lies between the spur and the bridle.
It is a proud horse that will not carry his own provender.
Three women make a market.
Three can hold their peace if two be away.
It is an ill counsel that hath no escape.
All our pomp the earth covers.
To whirl the eyes too much, shows a kite's brain.
Comparisons are odious.
All keys hang not on one girdle.
Great businesses turn on a little pin.
The wind in one's face makes one wise.
All the arms of England will not arm fear.
One sword keeps another in the sheath.
Be what thou wouldst seem to be.
Let all live as they would die.
A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread.
Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.
God provides for him that trusteth.
He that will not have peace, God gives him war.
To him that will, ways are not wanting.
To a great night, a great Lanthorn.
To a child all weather is cold.
Where there is peace, God is.
None is so wise, but the fool overtakes him.
Fools give to please all but their own.
Prosperity lets go the bridle.
The Friar preached against stealing, and had a goose in his sleeve.
To be too busy gets contempt.
February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.
A horse stumbles that hath four legs.
The best smell is bread, the best flavour salt, the best love that of children.
That is the best gown that goes up and down the house.
The Market is the best Garden.

The first dish pleaseth all.

The higher the Ape goes, the more he shows his tail.

Night is the mother of Councils.

God's Mill grinds slow, but sure.

Every one thinks his sack heaviest.

Drought never brought dearth.

All complain.

Gamesters and race-horses never last long.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.

He that is fallen cannot help him that is down.

Every one is witty for his own purpose.

A little let lets an ill workman.

Good workmen are seldom rich.

By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

A great dowry is a bed full of brambles.

No profit to honour, no honour to Religion.

Every sin brings its punishment with it.

Of him that speaks ill, consider the life more than the word.

You cannot hide an eel in a sack.

Give not Saint Peter so much, to leave Saint Paul nothing.

You cannot flay a stone.

The chief disease that reigns this year is folly.

A sleepy master makes his servant a Lout.

Better speak truth rudely, than lie covertly.

He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.

One foot is better than two crutches.

Better suffer ill, than do ill.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

Soft and fair goes far.

The constancy of the benefit of the year in their seasons argues a Deity.

Praise none too much, for all are fickle.

It is absurd to warm one in his armour.

Lawfuits confume time, and money, and reft, and friends.

Nature draws more than ten teams.

He that hath a wife and children, wants not bufinefs.

A fhip and a woman are ever repairing.

He that fears death, lives not.

He that pities another, remembers himfelf.

He that doth what he fhould not, fhall feel what he would not.

He that marries for wealth, fells his liberty.

He that once hits, is ever bending.

He that ferves, muft ferve.

He that lends, gives.

He that preacheth, giveth alms.

He that cockers his child, provides for his enemy.

A pitiful look afks enough.

Who will fell the cow, muft fay the word.

Service is no inheritance.

The faulty ftands on his guard.

A kinfman, a friend, or whom you entreat, take not to ferve you, if you will be ferved neatly.

At Court, every one for himfelf.

To a crafty man, a crafty and a half.

He that is thrown, would ever wrestle.

He that ferves well, need not afk his wages.

Fair language grates not the tongue.

A good heart cannot lie.

Good fwimmers at length are drowned.

Good land, evil way.

In doing we learn.

It is good walking with a horfe in one's hand.

God, and Parents, and our Mafter, can never be requited.

An ill deed cannot bring honour.

A fmall heart hath fmall defires.

All are not merry that dance lightly.

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.

Wine-Counsels seldom prosper.

Weening is not measure.

The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.

If thou thyself canst do it, attend no other's help or hand.

Of a little thing, a little displeaseth.

He warms too near that burns.

God keep me from four houses, a Ufurer's, a Tavern, a Spital, and a Prison.

In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love.

Do what thou oughtest, and come what come can.

Hunger makes dinners, pastime suppers.

In a long journey straw weighs.

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

War is death's feast.

Set good against evil.

He that brings good news knocks hard.

Beat the Dog before the Lion.

Haste comes not alone.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout.

Better a snotty child than his nose wiped off.

He is not free that draws his chain.

He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn.

There comes nought out of the sack, but what was there.

A little given seasonably, excuses a great gift.

He looks not well to himself that looks not ever.

He thinks not well, that thinks not again.

Religion, Credit, and the Eye are not to be touched.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

A white wall is the paper of a fool.

They talk of Christmas so long, that it comes.

That is gold which is worth gold.

It is good tying the sack before it be full.

Words are women, deeds are men.

Poverty is no sin.

A stone in a well is not lost.

He can give little to his servant that licks his knife.

Promising is the eve of giving.

He that keeps his own, makes war.

The wolf must die in his own skin.

Goods are theirs that enjoy them.

He that sends a fool, expects one.

He that can stay, obtains.

He that gains well and spends well, needs no account book.

He that endures is not overcome.

He that gives all before he dies, provides to suffer.

He that talks much of his happiness, summons grief.

He that loves the tree, loves the branch.

Who hastens a glutton, chokes him.

Who praiseth St. Peter, doth not blame St. Paul.

He that hath not the craft, let him shut up shop.

He that knows nothing, doubts nothing.

Green wood makes a hot fire.

He that marries late, marries ill.

He that passeth a winter's day, escapes an enemy.

The rich knows not who is his friend.

A morning Sun, and a Wine-bred child, and a Latin-bred woman seldom end well.

To a close shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.

A pleasure long expected, is dear enough fold.

A poor man's cow dies a rich man's child.

The cow knows not what her tail is worth till she has lost it.

Choose a horse made, and a wife to make.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

He hath not lived, that lives not after death.

So many men in court, and so many strangers.

He quits his place well, that leaves his friend here.
That which sufficeth is not little.

Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning.

He that would be a gentleman, let him go to an assault.
Who pays the physician does the cure.

None knows the weight of another's burthen.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.

In a retreat the lame are foremost.

It is more pain to do nothing than something.

Amongst good men two men suffice.

There needs a long time to know the world's pulse.

The offspring of those that are very young, or very old, lasts not.

A tyrant is most tyrant to himself.

Too much taking heed is loss.

Craft against craft, makes no living.

The Reverend are ever before.

France is a meadow that cuts thrice a year.

It is easier to build two chimneys, than to maintain one.

The Court hath no Almanack.

He that will enter into Paradise, must have a good key.

When you enter into a house, leave the anger ever at the door.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner.

He that deals in the world needs four sieves.

Take heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides.

The year does nothing else but open and shut.

The ignorant hath an Eagle's wings and an Owl's eyes.

There are more Physicians in health than drunkards.

The wife is the key of the house.

The Law is not the same at morning and at night.

War and Physic are governed by the eye.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.
Death keeps no Calendar.
Ships fear fire more than water.
The least foolish is wise.
The chief box of health is time.
Silks and Satins put out the fire in the chimney.
The first blow is as much as two.
The life of man is a winter way.
The way is an ill neighbour.
An old man's staff is the rapper of death's door.
Life is half spent, before we know what it is.
The singing man keeps his shop in his throat.
The body is more dressed than the soul.
The body is sooner dressed than the soul.
The Physician owes all to the patient, but the patient
owes nothing to him but a little money.
The little cannot be great, unless he devour many.
Time undermines us.
The Cholerick drinks, the Melancholic eats, the Phleg-
matic sleeps.
The Apothecary's mortar spoils the luter's music.
Conversation makes one what he is.
The deaf gains the injury.
Years know more than books.
Wine is a turn-coat (first a friend, then an enemy.)
Wine ever pays for his lodging.
Wine makes all sorts of creatures at table.
Wine that cost nothing is digested before it be drunk.
Trees eat but once.
Armour is light at table.
Good horses make short miles.
Castles are Forests of stones.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Parsons are souls' waggoners.
Children when they are little make parents fools, when
they are great they make them mad.

The Master absent, and the house dead.
Dogs are fine in the field.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
Thorns whiten, yet do nothing.
All are presumed good till they are found in a fault.
The great put the little on the hook.
The great would have none great, and the little all little.
The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed.
Every mile is two in winter.
Spectacles are death's Arquebuse.
Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
The house is a fine house when good folks are within.
The best bred have the best portion.
The first and last frosts are the worst.
Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
Princes have no way.
Knowledge makes one laugh, but wealth makes one dance.
The Citizen is at his business before he rise.
The eyes have one language every where.
It is better to have wings than horns.
Better be a fool than a knave.
Count not four, except you have them in a wallet.
To live peaceably with all, breeds good blood.
You may be on land, yet not in a garden.
You cannot make the fire so low, but it will get out.
We know not who lives or dies.
An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the tongue.
Many things are lost for want of asking.
No Church-yard is so handsome, that a man would desire straight to be buried there.
Cities are taken by the ears.
Once a year a man may say, On his conscience.

We leave more to do when we die, than we have done.

With customs we live well, but laws undo us.

To speak of a Ufurer at the table, mars the wine.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

For a morning rain, leave not your journey.

One fair day in winter makes not birds merry.

He that learns a trade, hath a purchase made.

When all men have what belongs to them, it cannot be much.

Though God take the sun out of the heaven, yet we must have patience.

When a man sleeps, his head is in his stomach.

When one is on horseback, he knows all things.

When God is made the master of a family, he orders the disorderly.

When a Lackey comes to hell's door, the Devils lock the gates.

He that is at ease, seeks dainties.

He that hath charge of souls, transports them not in bundles.

He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.

He that is in a town in May loseth his Spring.

He that is in a Tavern, thinks he is in a vine-garden.

He that praiseth himself, spattereth himself.

He that is a master, must serve (another).

He that is surpris'd with the first frost, feels it all the winter after.

He a beast doth die, that hath done no good to his country.

He that follows the Lord, hopes to go before.

He that dies without the company of good men, puts not himself into a good way.

Who hath no head, needs no heart.

Who hath no haste in his business, mountains to him seem valleys.

Speak not of my debts, unless you mean to pay them.
He that is not in the wars, is not out of danger.
He that gives me small gifts, would have me live.
He that is his own Counsellor, knows nothing sure but
what he hath laid out.
He that hath lands, hath quarrels.
He that goes to bed thirsty, riseth healthy.
Who will make a door of gold, must knock a nail every
day.
A trade is better than service.
He that lives in hope, danceth without music.
To review one's store is to mow twice.
Saint Luke was a Saint and a Physician, yet is dead.
Without business, debauchery.
Without danger we cannot get beyond danger.
Health and sickness surely are men's double enemies.
If gold knew what gold is, gold would get gold, I wis.
Little losses amaze, great tame.
Choose none for thy servant who have served thy
betters.
Service without reward is punishment.
If the husband be not at home, there is nobody.
An oath that is not to be made, is not to be kept.
The eye is bigger than the belly.
If you would be at ease, all the world is not.
Were it not for the bone in the leg, all the world would
turn Carpenters.
If you must fly, fly well.
All that shakes falls not.
All beasts of prey are strong, or treacherous.
If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.
A man well mounted is ever Cholerick.
Every one is a master and servant.
A piece of a Church-yard fits every body.
One mouth doth nothing without another.
A master of straw eats a servant of steel.

An old cat sports not with her prey.
A woman conceals what she knows not.
He that wipes the child's nose, kisseth the mother's
cheek.*
Gentility is nothing but Ancient Riches.
To go where the King goes afoot.
To go upon the Franciscan's Hackney.
Amiens was taken by the Fox, and retaken by the
Lion.
After Death the Doctor.
Ready money is a ready Medicine.
It is the Philosophy of the Distaff.
It is a sheep of Beery, it is marked on the nose : applied
to those that have a blow.
To build castles in Spain.
An idle youth, a needy Age.
Silk doth quench the fire in the Kitchen.
The words ending in *ique*, do mock the Physician ; as
Hectique, Paralitique, Apoplectique, Lethargique.
He that trusts much Obliges much, says the Spaniard.
He that thinks amiss, concludes worse.
A man would live in Italy (a place of pleasure) but he
would choose to die in Spain, where they say the Ca-
tholic Religion is professed with greatest strictness.
Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was
the mother.
Frenzy, Heresy, and Jealousy, seldom cured.
There is no heat of affection but is joined with some
idleness of brain, says the Spaniard.
The War is not done so long as my Enemy lives.
Some evils are cured by contempt.
Power seldom grows old at Court.
Danger itself the best remedy for danger.
Favour will as surely perish as life.

* The proverbs which follow were added to the second edition.

Fear the Beadle of the Law.

Herefy is the school of pride.

For the same man to be a heretic and a good subject,
is impossible.

Herefy may be easier kept out than shook off.

Infants' manners are moulded more by the example of
Parents, than by stars at their nativities.

They favour learning whose actions are worthy of a
learned pen.

Modesty sets off one newly come to honour.

No naked man is sought after to be rifled.

There is no such conquering weapon as the necessity
of conquering.

Nothing secure unless suspected.

No tie can oblige the perfidious.

Spies are the ears and eyes of Princes.

The life of spies is to know, not be known.

Religion a stalking horse to shoot other fowl.

It is a dangerous fire begins in the bed straw.

Covetousness breaks the bag.

Fear keeps and looks to the vineyard, and not the
owner.

The noise is greater than the nuts.

Two sparrows on one Ear of Corn make an ill agree-
ment.

The world is now a-days, God save the Conqueror.

Unsound minds, like unsound Bodies, if you feed, you
poison.

Not only ought fortune to be pictured on a wheel, but
every thing else in this world.

All covet, all lose.

Better is one *Accipe*, than twice to say, *Dabo tibi*.

An Ass endures his burden, but not more than his
burden.

Threatened men eat bread, says the Spaniard.

The beads in the hand, and the Devil in Capuch ; or,
cape of the cloak.

He that will do thee a good turn, either he will be gone
or die.

I escaped the Thunder, and fell into the Lightning.

A man of a great memory without learning, hath a
rock and a spindle, and no staff to spin.

The death of wolves is the safety of the sheep.

He that is once born, once must die.

He that hath but one eye, must be afraid to lose it.

He that makes himself a sheep, shall be eat by the wolf.

He that steals an egg, will steal an ox.

He that will be surety, shall pay.

He that is afraid of leaves, goes not to the wood.

In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.

Those that God loves, do not live long.

Still fisheth he that catcheth one.

All flesh is not venison.

A City that parleys is half gotten.

A dead bee maketh no honey.

An old dog barks not in vain.

They that hold the greatest farms, pay the least rent:
(applied to rich men that are unthankful to God.)

Old Camels carry young Camel's skins to the market.

He that hath time and looks for better time, time comes
that he repents himself of time.

Words and feathers the wind carries away.

Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft.

The Bath of the Blackamoor hath sworn not to whiten.

To a greedy eating horse a short halter.

The Devil divides the world between Atheism and
Superstition.

Such a Saint, such an offering.

We do it soon enough, if that we do be well.

Cruelty is more cruel, if we defer the pain.

What one day gives us, another takes away from us.

To seek in a sheep five feet when there are but four.

A scabbed horse cannot abide the comb.

God strikes with his finger, and not with all his arm.

God gives his wrath by weight, and without weight his mercy.

Of a new Prince, new bondage.

New things are fair.

Fortune to one is Mother, to another is Stepmother.

There is no man, though never so little, but sometimes he can hurt.

The horse that draws after him his halter, is not altogether escaped.

We must recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better.

No love is foul, nor prison fair.

No day so clear, but hath dark clouds.

No hair so small, but hath his shadow.

A wolf will never make war against another wolf.

We must love, as looking one day to hate.

It is good to have some friends both in heaven and hell.

It is very hard to shave an egg.

It is good to hold the ass by the bridle.

The healthful man can give counsel to the sick.

The death of a young wolf doth never come too soon.

The rage of a wild boar is able to spoil more than one wood.

Virtue flies from the heart of a Mercenary man.

The wolf eats oft of the sheep that have been warned.

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.

To play at Chess when the house is on fire.

The itch of disputing is the scab of the Church.

Follow not truth too near the heels, lest it dash out thy teeth.

Either wealth is much increased, or moderation is much decayed.

Say to pleasure, Gentle Eve, I will none of your apple.
When war begins, then hell openeth.

There is a remedy for everything could men find it.

There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his
life could he find it.

Great Fortune brings with it great Misfortune.

A fair day in winter is the mother of a storm.

Woe be to him that reads but one book.

Tithe, and be rich.

Take heed of { The wrath of a mighty man, and the tumult
of the people.

Mad folks in a narrow place.

Credit decayed, and people that have nothing.

Take heed of { A young wench, a prophetess, and a Latin-bred
woman.

A person marked, and a Widow thrice married.

Foul dirty ways, and long sickness.

Wind that comes in at a hole, and a reconciled
Enemy.

A step-mother; the very name of her sufficeth.

Princes are venison in Heaven.

Critics are like brushers of Nobleman's clothes.

He is a great Necromancer, for he asks counsel of the
Dead: i. e. books.

A man is known to be mortal by two things, Sleep and
Lust.

Love without end, hath no end, says the Spaniard:
meaning, if it were not begun on particular ends, it
would last.

Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner.

Presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers.

To seek these things is lost labour: Geese in an oil-
pot, fat Hogs among Jews, and Wine in a fishing
net.

Some men plant an opinion they seem to eradicate.

The Philosophy of Princes is to dive into the secrets of

Men, leaving the secrets of nature to those that have spare time.

States have their conversions and periods as well as natural bodies.

Great deservers grow Intolerable presumers.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

Trust no friend with that you need, fear him as if he were your enemy.

Some had rather lose their friend than their Jest.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

Here is a talk of the Turk and the Pope, but my next neighbour doth me more harm than either of them both.

Civil Wars of France made a million of Atheists, and thirty thousand Witches.

We Bachelors laugh and show our teeth, but you married men laugh till your hearts ache.

The Devil never assails a man except he find him either void of knowledge, or of the fear of God.

There is nobody will go to hell for company.

Much money makes a Country poor, for it sets a dearer price on everything.

The virtue of a coward is suspicion.

A man's destiny is always dark.

Every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature.

Money wants no followers.

Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose.

Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned.

Letters of George Herbert.

From George Herbert to Mr. H. Herbert.*

BROTHER,

1618.

THE disease which I am troubled with now is the shortness of time, for it hath been my fortune of late to have such sudden warning, that I have not leisure to impart unto you some of those observations which I have framed to myself in conversation; and whereof I would not have you ignorant. As I shall find occasion, you shall receive them by pieces; and if there be any such which you have found useful to yourself, communicate them to me. You live in a brave nation, where, except you wink, you cannot but see many brave examples. Be covetous, then, of all good which you see in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in fashion, or in words; for I would have you, even in speeches to observe so much, as when you meet with a witty French speech, try to

* "Henry, after he had been brought up in learning, as the other brothers were, was sent by his friends into France, where he attained the language of that country in perfection, after which he came to court, and was made Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and Master of the Revels; by which means, as also by a good marriage, he attained to great fortunes, for himself and his posterity to enjoy. He also hath given several proofs of his courage in duels, and otherwise, being no less dextrous in the ways of the Court, as having gotten much by it."—Life of himself, by Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Henry was the sixth son.

ſpeak the like in English : So ſhall you play a good merchant, by transporting French commodities to your own country. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is poſſible for you to attain to, which you ſeek not ; and have a good conceit of your wit, mark what I ſay, have a good conceit of your wit ; that is, be proud, not with a fooliſh vaunting of yourſelf when there is no cauſe, but by ſetting a juſt price of your qualities : And it is the part of a poor ſpirit to undervalue himſelf and bluſh. But I am out of my time : When I have more time, you ſhall hear more ; and write you freely to me in your letters, for I am your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

P.S. My Brother is ſomewhat of the ſame temper, and perhaps a little more mild, but you will hardly perceive it.

To my dear Brother,
Mr. Henry Herbert, at Paris.

To Sir Henry Herbert.

DEAR BROTHER,

IT is ſo long ſince I heard from you, that I long to hear both how you and yours do : and alſo what becomes of you this ſummer. It is the whole amount of this letter, and therefore entertain it accordingly from your very affectionate brother,

G. HERBERT.

7 June, Bemerton.

My wife's and Nieces' ſervice to you.

DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS glad of your Cambridge news, but you joyed me exceedingly with your relation of my Lady Duchefs's forwardness in our Church building. I am glad I used you in it, and you have no cause to be sorry, since it is God's business. If there fall out yet any rub, you shall hear of me; and your offering of yourself to move my Lords of Manchester and Bolingbroke is very welcome to me. To show a forwardness in religious works is a good testimony of a good spirit. The Lord bless you, and make you abound in every good work, to the joy of your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

March 21, Bemerton.

To my dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

DEAR BROTHER,

THAT you did not only entertain my proposals, but advance them, was lovingly done, and like a good Brother. Yet truly it was none of my meaning, when I wrote, to put one of our Nieces into your hands, but barely what I wrote I meant, and no more; and am glad that although you offer more, yet you will do, as you write, that also. I was desirous to put a good mind into the way of Charity, and that was all I intended. For concerning your offer of receiving one, I will tell you what I wrote to our eldest Brother, when he urged one upon me, and but one, and that at my choice. I wrote to him that I would have both or neither; and that upon this ground, because they were

to come into an unknown country, tender in knowledge, sense and age, and knew none but one who could be no company to them. Therefore I considered that if one only came, the comfort intended would prove a discomfort. Since that I have seen the fruit of my observation, for they have lived so lovingly, lying, eating, walking, praying, working, still together, that I take a comfort therein; and would not have to part them yet, till I take some opportunity to let them know your love, for which both they shall, and I do thank you. It is true there is a third Sister, whom to receive were the greatest charity of all, for she is youngest, and least looked unto; having none to do it but her School-mistress, and you know what those mercenary creatures are. Neither hath she any to repair unto at good times, as Christmas, &c. which you know is the encouragement of learning all the year after, except my Cousin Bett take pity of her, which yet at that distance is some difficulty. If you could think of taking her, as once you did, surely it were a great good deed, and I would have her conveyed to you. But I judge you not: Do that which God shall put into your heart, and the Lord bless all your purposes to his Glory. Yet, truly, if you take her not, I am thinking to do it, even beyond my strength; especially at this time, being more beggarly now than I have been these many years, as having spent two hundred pounds in building; which to me that have nothing yet, is very much. But though I both consider this, and your observation, also, of the unthankfulness of kindred bred up, (which generally is very true,) yet I care not; I forget all things, so I may do them good who want it. So I do my part to them, let them think of me what they will or can. I have another Judge, to whom I stand or fall. If I should regard such things, it were in another's power to de-

feat my charity, and evil should be stronger than good : But difficulties are so far from cooling Christians, that they whet them. Truly it grieves me to think of the child, how destitute she is, and that in this necessary time of education. For the time of breeding is the time of doing children good : and not as many who think they have done fairly, if they leave them a good portion after their decease. But take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I commend to you as being now a Father, The best-bred child hath the best portion. Well ; the good God bless you more and more ; and all yours ; and make your Family a Houseful of God's Servants. So prays your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

My Wife's and Nieces' service.

To my very dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

LETTERS WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

For my dear sick Sister.*

MOST DEAR SISTER,

THINK not my silence forgetfulness ; or that my love is as dumb as my papers ; though business may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you : and which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness, that becomes your griefs, and my love. God who knows and sees this

* She was the wife of Sir Henry Jones, and, after a sickness of fourteen years, died in London.

Writing, knows also that my soliciting him has been much, and my tears many for you ; judge me then by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value your most truly, most heartily, affectionate Brother and Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, December 6, 1620.

To Sir J. D. *

SIR,

THOUGH I had the best wit in the World, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favours, if I sought to do so ; but I profess it not : And therefore let it be sufficient for me, that the same heart, which you have won long since, is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindneses, but a constancy of obedience ; only hereafter I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests ; for, since your favours come a Horseback, there is reason that my desires should go a-foot ; neither do I make any question, but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the Horse is every way fit for me, and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love, with being in some proportion, and after my manner, your most obedient Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

* Sir John Danvers, the second husband of Herbert's mother.

SIR,

I DARE no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself, and also the confidence my Friends have in me; wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least; and it is this, I want books extremely; You know, Sir, how I am now setting foot into Divinity, to lay the platform of my future life, and shall I then be fain always to borrow Books, and build on another's foundation? What Tradesman is there who will set up without his Tools? Pardon my boldness, Sir, it is a most serious Case, nor can I write coldly in that, wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that Spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. This also is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my Friends would have been forward to say, if I had taken ill courses, Follow your book, and you shall want nothing: You know, Sir, it is their ordinary speech, and now let them make it good; for since I hope I have not deceived their expectations, let not them deceive mine; But perhaps they will say, You are sickly, you must not study too hard; it is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not so, but that every day, I may step one step towards my journey's end; and I love my friends so well, that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me, than on them; but they will object again, What becomes of your Annuity? Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last Vacation, neither am I yet recovered, so that I am fain ever and anon, to buy somewhat tending towards my health; for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain

to diet in my Chamber at mine own cost; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but Fish and White-meats; out of Lent, also twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh Air; all which tend to avoiding of costlier matters, if I should fall absolutely sick: I protest and vow, I even study Thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a Book of four or five Shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it; yea, sometimes of Ten Shillings: But, alas Sir, what is that to those infinite Volumes of Divinity, which yet every day swell, and grow bigger? Noble Sir, pardon my boldness, and consider, but these three things. First, the Bulk of Divinity. Secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now, when I must lay the foundation of my whole life). Thirdly, what I desire, and to what end, not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If then, Sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future Annuity, or any other way, I desire you, Sir, to be my Mediator to them in my behalf.

Now I write to you, Sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart: and have reason, by the Patents of your perpetual favour to do so still, for I am sure you love your faithfullest Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, March 18, 1617.

SIR,

THIS Week hath loaded me with your Favours; I wish I could have come in person to thank you, but it is not possible; presently after Michaelmas, I am to make an Oration to the whole University of

an hour long in Latin, and my Lincoln journey hath set me much behind hand: neither can I so much as go to Bugden, and deliver your Letter, yet I have sent it thither by a faithful Messenger this day: I beseech you all, you and my dear Mother and Sister to pardon me, for my Cambridge necessities are stronger to tie me here, than yours to London: If I could possibly have come, none should have done my message to Sir Fr. Nethersole for me; he and I are ancient acquaintance, and I have a strong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courtesy, he will of himself; yet your appearing in it, affects me strangely. I have sent you here enclosed a Letter from our Master on my behalf, which if you can send to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expresth the University's inclination to me; yet if you cannot send it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the Gentleman needs no incitation to love me.

The Orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest: yet that will be about 30*l.* per annum, but the commodiousness is beyond the Revenue; for the Orator writes all the University Letters, makes all the Orations, be it to King, Prince, or whatever comes to the University; to requite these pains, he takes place next the Doctors, is at all their Assemblies and Meetings, and sits above the Proctors, is Regent, or Non-Regent at his pleasure, and such like Gaynesses, which will please a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis, I pray Sir, send the Letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the Heads to my purpose. I hope I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud, not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see, that if all fail, yet I am able to stand on mine own legs. Noble Sir, I thank

you for your infinite favours, I fear only that I have omitted some fitting circumstance, yet you will pardon my haste, which is very great, though never so, but that I have both time and work to be your extreme servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

I HAVE received the things you sent me, safe ; and now the only thing I long for is to hear of my dear sick Sister : first, how her health fares, next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be so happy, as to hear of both these that they succeed well ? Is it not too much for me ? Good Sir, make it plain to her, that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her son, and my charge. I suppose she is not disposed to spend her eyesight on a piece of Paper, or else I had wrote to her ; when I shall understand that a Letter will be seasonable, my Pen is ready. Concerning the Orator's place, all goes well yet, the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you shall hear. I have forty businesses in my hands : your Courtesy will pardon the haste of your humblest Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, January 19, 1619.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND by Sir Francis Nethersole's Letter, that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place being civil may divert me too much from Divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim : but, I have wrote him back, that this

dignity hath no such earthinefs in it, but it may very well be joined with Heaven: or if it had to others, yet to me it fhould not, for aught I yet knew; and therefore I defire him to fend me a direct answer in his next Letter. I pray, Sir, therefore, caufe this enclosed to be carried to his brother's houfe of his own name (as I think) at the fign of the Pedler and the Pack on London-bridge, for there he affigns me. I cannot yet find leifure to write to my Lord, or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard; but I hope I fhall fhortly, though for the reckoning of your favours, I fhall never find time and paper enough, yet am I your readieft Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, October 6, 1619.

I remember my moft humble duty to my Mother, who cannot think me lazy, fince I rode 200 miles to fee a Sifter, in a way I knew not, and in the midft of much bufinefs, and all in a Fortnight, not long fince.

To the truly noble Sir J. D.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND by a Letter from my brother Henry, that he hath bought a parcel of Books for me, and that they are coming over. Now though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my Sifter were acquainted that they are ready, I dare fay ſhe would make good her promife of taking five or fix pounds upon her, which ſhe hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herſelf, but upon the want of thoſe Books which were not to be got in England; for that which furmounds, though your noble diſpoſition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any courſe could be taken of doubling my Annuity now,

upon condition that I should surcease from all title to it, after I entered into a Benefice, I should be most glad to entertain it, and both pay for the surplufage of these Books, and for ever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time now that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received ; for your favours are so ancient, that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon your Humblest Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

I remember my most humble duty to my Mother, I have wrote to my dear sick Sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excused.

I pray, Sir, pardon my boldness of enclosing my brother's Letter in yours, for it was because I know your Lodging, but not his.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Anne, Countess
of Pembroke and Montgomery,
at Court.

MADAM,

WHAT a trouble hath your goodness brought on you, by admitting our poor services ! now they creep in a Vessel of Metheglin, and still they will be presenting or wishing to see, if at length they may find out something not unworthy of those hands at which they aim. In the mean time a Priest's blessing, though it be none of the Court style, yet, doubtless, Madam, can do you no hurt : Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your Soul, to his glory,

your own good, and the great joy of, Madam, your
most faithful Servant in Christ Jesu,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Dec. 10, 1631. Bemerton.

Madam, Your poor Colony of Servants present their
humble duties.

FROM THE PUBLIC ORATOR'S BOOK,
CAMBRIDGE.

Ad R. Naunton, *Secret.*

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

QUANTA Hilaritate aspicit Alma Mater filios suos
jam emancipatos, conservantes sibi Illos Fontes,
a quibus ipsi olim hauserunt? Quis enim ficca ubera
et mammas arentes tam nobilis parentis, æquo animo
ferre posset? neque fane dubitamus ulli, si præ defectu
aquæ commeatûsque inopia defererentur collegia, pul-
cherrimæque Musarum domus tanquam viduæ effœtæ,
aut ligna exucca et marcida, alumni suis orbarentur,
quin communes Reipublicæ Lachrymæ alterum nobis
Fluvium effunderent. Quare plurimum debemus con-
stantiæ favoris tui qui restinxisti sitim exarescentium
Musarum et Xerxes istos, alterosque maris quasi flagel-
latores expugnatos, fusosque nobis dedisti. Quid enim
invident aquas, quas non nobis habemus sed irrigati ipsi
universum regnum aspergimus. Sed aliorum injuriæ
tuarum Virtutum pabula sunt, qui lemas istas et festucas,
Reipublicæ oculo hærentes tam diligenter amoves;
certè adeo festinasti ad gratitudines tuas cum emolu-

mento nostro conjunctas, ut jam compensemur abundè, neque amplius quærendum sit Tibi, Almæ Nutrici quid reponas.

Ad Ful. Grevil.

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

SCITE et appositè fecisti Fluvium nostrum conservans altero eloquentiæ Fluvio, paludumque istos ficcatores, (solem officio suo privantes) vi verborum Tuorum obruens. Neque sane quisquam incedit Te instructior ad omnem causam, paratiorve sive a doctrina, sive ab usu; utrinque mirus es et exercitatus: quare nos tertium prædictis adjungimus Gratiarum Fluvium, de humanitate tua singulari, studioque in nos jam olim perspectissimo, quippè qui eximiè semper fovisti literatos, eosque cum tineis et blattis rixantes, exuens pulvere in theatrum et lucem produxisti. Tantum rogamus, ut pergas, et inter novos honorum cumulos, quod expectamus indies futurum, Almæ Matris amorem tecum simul evehas. Interim, si qui alii exurgant promissores magnifici et hiantes, qui sub specie publici commodi, Academiæ incommodum videnter allaturi; os importunorum hominum Authoritate tuâ plurimâ et Eloquentiâ non minori nobis obstrue.

Ad R. Naunton.

Gratiæ de Fluvio et de tegendis Tectis Stramineis.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

EXIMIA tua in nos merita frequentiore calamum postulant, si tantum honori Tuo superesset otii ad

legendum, quantum a nobis ad scribendum, cum humanitatis Tuæ, tum gratitudinis nostræ ratio postulat. Sed Veremur, ne literæ nostræ animo Tuo tot negotiis meritissimè distincto, tempore non suo obrepant: tibi-que non tam avidè veterum beneficiorum memoriam recolenti, quam cogitanti nova improbè molestiam creent. Quare conjunximus nunc officia nostra, tuos-que favores temporibus et diligentiam divisos in gratiis nostris copulavimus: nam utramque illam curam insignem, tam de conservando Fluvio nostro, quam de muniendis contra grassantes flammæ ædificiis Honori Tuo acceptam ferimus: plurimumque suspicimus cumulum Amoris Tui, qui utrumque curasti, ut neque sitirent Musæ, neque flagrarent: quod si tam integrum tibi esset gratificari nobis in terrâ et aere, quam in aquâ et igne fecisti, non dubitamus quin benignitas tua omnia elementa percurreret. Tu vero macte honoribus, gloria, id enim nostrâ interest, ut hoc precemur, aut enim miserè fallimur aut tantum de nullo unquam Filio Alma Mater, quantum de Te sibi polliceatur.

Gratulatio de Marchionatu ad Bucking. C.

A. D. 1619.

ILLUSTRISIME DOMINE,

ECQUID inter tot gloriæ titulos caput undique munientes meministi magistrum Te esse Artium? an inter lauros principis hederæ nostræ ambitiosæ locus est, hunc quidem gradum pignus habes amoris nostri, hæc est ansa quâprehendimus Te, et tanquam aquilam inter novas honorum nubes e conspectu nostro fugientem revocamus. Tu vicissim abundè compensas nos, gratissimoque Almam Matrem prosequeris animo: proin

ut Fluvii quas aquas a Fonte accipiunt non retinent ipsi, sed in mare dimittunt; Sic Tu etiam dignitates ab optimo Rege desumptas in universam Rempublicam diffundis: per Te illucet nobis Jacobus noster. Tu aperis illum populo et cum ipse sis in summâ arbore, alterâ manu prendis Regem, alteram nobis ad radices hærentibus porrigis: Quare, meritissime Marchio, Tuam gloriam censemus nostram et in honoribus Tuis nostro bono gratulamur; quanquam quem alium fructum potuimus expectare ab Eo in quem favor Regius, nostra vota virtutes tantæ confluxerunt: inter quæ etiam certamen oritur et pia contentio, utrum gratia Principis virtutes tuas, aut nostra vota gratiam Principis, aut Tuæ virtutes et vota nostra et Principis gratiam superarent. Nimirum ut lineæ quamvis diversa via, omnes tamen ad centrum properant. Sic disparatæ fœlicitates hinc a populo illinc a Principe in Te conveniunt, et confabulantur. Quare quomodo alii molem hanc lætitiæ suæ exprimant, ipsi viderint: nos certè precamur, ut neque virtutibus tuis desint honores neque utrisque vita, usquedum, postquam omnes honorum gradus hic percurreris, æternum illud præmium consequare, cui neque addi quicquam potest, neque detrahi.

Ad F. Bacon, Cancell.

Gratiæ de Instaurationis Libro Academiæ donato.

4 Nov. 1620.

ILLUSTRISIME DOMINE,

PROLEM tuam suavissimam, nuper in lucem publicam, nostramque præsertim, editam non gremio solum (quod innuis) sed et ambabus ulnis, osculisque ei ætati debitis excipientes, protinus tanquam Nobilem

Filium (more nostro) magistrum artium renunciavimus. Optimè enim hoc convenit Partui tuo, qui novas Scientiarum regiones, terrasque veteribus incognitas primus demonstrat; ex quo illustrius affectus es nomen, quam repertores novi orbis compararunt. Illi terram invenerunt, crassissimum elementum; Tu subtilitates artium infinitas. Illi barbara omnia, Tu non nisi cultissima, elegantiasque ipsas exhibes. Illi magneticâ acu freti sunt. Tu penetrantiori intellectus acumine, cujus nisi incredibilis fuisset vis, nunquam in tantis negotiis, quibus meritissime districtus es, ea quæ fugerunt tot philosophos umbrâ et otio diffuentes, eruisses. Quare multiplex est lætitia nostra; primò gratulamur optimo Regi nostro, qui prospicit, ut cum ipse eruditionis Princeps sit, illi etiam honores qui finitimi sunt, et quasi accolæ Majestatis, literaturæ suæ, et vicinitati respondeant: dein Hon. Tuo gratulamur, qui filio auctus es tali ingenio prædito: tum Academiæ nostræ, quæ per Tuum Partum, ex Matre nunc Avia facta est: denique huic ætati quæ talem virum protulit, cum quinque millibus annorum de palmâ certantem. Id unum dolemus, Bibliothecam nostram rudiorum esse impexioremque, quam ut tantum Hospitem excipiat: utcunque cum olim ab * Archiepiscopo Eboracensi Summo Angliæ Cancellario extructa fuerit: illam nunc denuò ex ædibus Eboracensibus ab altero Cancellario Instaurari, inter Arcana providentiæ planè reponimus. Faxit Deus ut quos profectus feceris in Sphærâ Naturæ, facias etiam in Gratiæ; utque maturè absolvas quæ complexus es animo, ad ejus gloriam, Reipublicæ emolumentum, æternitatem nominis Tui subsidiumque.

Magnificentiae Tuæ devotissimorum

Procancellarii

Reliq.

* Rotheram.

Ad T. Coventry, *Attorn.*

Cognitor. Gratulatio, 29 Jan. 1620.

CLARISSIME VIR,

PERMITTE ut nos etiam in prædam partemque tecum veniamus: neque enim sic effugies cum honoribus, quin lætitia nostra te assequeter; certè non diu est ex quo gratulati sumus tibi; eccum nunc altera occasio, adeo festinat virtus tua: quod si tertia detur et quarta, paratos nos habebis ad gratulationem, ut sic una opera utriusque Reipublicæ calculum et civilis et literariæ adipiscaris. Tu verò promptitudinem amoris nostri non passim expositam boni consulas, curesque ut tuus in nos amor antehac satis perspectus, nunc cum honore geminetur. Quod si forense quippiam nos spectans, dum incumbis muneri, occurrat, nos chartis et æternitate occupatos, temporariis hisce negotiis libera. Haud frustra impendes operam nobis, omnia favorum tuorum momenta apicesque perpensuris et compensaturis.

Ad R. Naunt. Burgeff. Elect.

13 Jan. 1620.

HONORATISSIME DOMINE,

TAM eximie de nobis meritis es, ut res nostras omnes cum honore Tuo conjunctas esse velimus. Quare frequentissimo Senatu, plenissimis suffragiis elegimus Te tribunum Parliamentarium nos nostraque omnia privilegia, fundos, edificia, universam Musarum supellectilem, etiam Fluvium non minus de præterito gratum, quam de futuro supplicem, integerrimæ tuæ fidei commendantes. Magna est hæc neque quotidianæ

virtutis provincia gerere personam Academiae, omniumque Artium molem et pondus sustinere, sed perspectissimus tuus in nos amor præstantissimæque animi dotes effecerunt, ut Alma Mater libentissimè caput reclinet in tuo sinu, oculusque Reipub. postquam circumspiciens reperisset Te, quasi in tuis palpebris acquiescat. Quare nos omnes ad prudentiæ eloquentiæque tuæ presidium festinantes excipe: Antiquitas præripuit Tibi gloriam extruendæ Academiae, reliquit conservandæ. Deus faveat Tibi et concedat ut terrestres tui honores cum cœlestibus certent et superentur.

Gratulatio ad Mountag. Thesaurar.

18 Dec. 1620.

ILLUSTRISIME DOMINE,

PENDULAM hanc dignitatem diu expectantem magnas aliquas virtutes tandem meritis tuis votisque nostris conspirantibus obtinuisti. Quis enim rectiùs Thesauris Regiis præfici possit, quam qui iustitiam prius tanto cum honore atque acclamatione administrans, distribuendi modum omnem rationemque callet? Et licet, quo proprior sis Regi, eò videaris nobis remotior, confidimus tamen ut arbores quanto altius crescant, tanto etiam altius agant radices: sic merita tua ita ascensura, ut eorum vis et virtus ad nos descendat. Quarè summè gratulamur tibi de novo hoc cumulo honorum, qui tamen votis nostris nondum respondent. Ea est enim pertinacia desideriorum nostrorum, atque immortalitas, ut semper post novas dignitates, alias tibi quærant et moliantur. Nimirum id affecuta sunt merita Tua maxima, ut Almam Matrem spe novâ gravidam semper atque præg-

nante effecerint. Tantum quocunque Domine ascendas, fume tecum amorem illum quo soles beare

Amplitudini tuæ devotissimos
Procancellarium.

Rel.

Gratulatio ad Heath, *Solicitor*.

Procurator. 29 Jan. 1620.

VIR DIGNISSIME,

SIC a natura comparatum est, ignis et virtus semper ascendunt, utriusque enim splendor et claritas humilia loca deprecantur. Quare optime fecit Rex Serenissimus, qui virtutes tuas magnis negotiis et pares provexit, noluitque ut minori Sphærâ quam pro latitudine meritorum tuorum circumscribereris. Nos verò de hoc tuo progressu non minus Reipublicæ gratulamur quam tibi, rogamusque ut quando beneficia tua pervagantur *Angliam*, nos etiam invisant: ita excipiemus illa, ut benignius hospitium, et erga te propensius, haud usquàm, forsitan reperias.

[Jacobo Regi] Gratia de Scriptis suis*

Academiae donatis. 18 Maii, 1620.

SERENISSIME DOMINE NOSTER,

JACOBE INVICTISSIME

ECQUID inter tantas mundi trepidationes nobis et Musis vacas? O prudentiam incomparabilem,

* "The first notable occasion of showing his fitness for this employment of Orator, was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his sending that university his book, called

quæ eodum vultu et moderatur mundum et nos respicit. Circumspice, si placet, terrarum reges, mutus est mundus universus, vestra solùm dextra (quamvis à scriptione terrestribusque istis sublimitate folii asserta) vitâ et actione orbem vegetat. Angustior erat Scotia, quam ut pennas nido plenè explicare posses : quid Tu inde ? Britannicas insulas omnes occupasti : hoc etiam imperium tenuius est quam pro amplitudine virtutum vestrarum ; nunc itaque Liber hic vester dilatat pomœria, summovet Oceanum ambientem, adeò ut qui non subjiciuntur ditioni, eruditioni vestræ obtemperent : per hunc imperas orbi universo, victoriæque gloriam, absque crudelitate effusi sanguinis delibas. Hæc vestra spolia, actosque ex orbe triumphos communicas cum Almâ Matre, utrumque splendorem cum beneficio nostro conjungis : fane, gestabaris antea in cordibus nostris : sed Tu vis etiam manibus teri, semotâque Majestate, chartâ conspiciendum Te præbes, quo familiariùs inter nos verferis. O, mirificam Clementiam ! Ædificarunt olim nobis Serenissimi Reges collegia, eaque fundarunt amplissimis prædiis, immunitatibus ; etiam libros dederunt, sed non suos ; aut si suos, quia dederunt, non a se compositos, scriptos, editosque : quum tamen Tu invaseris eorum gloriam conservando nobis quæ illi dederunt, etiam augendo ; interim vestrâ hac scribendi laude intactâ manente atque illibatâ. Cujus favoris magnitudo ita involvit nos, ut etiam rependendi vias omnes præcludat. Quæ enim alia spes reliqua erat,

Basilicon Doron. This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the king, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him ? whose answer was, 'That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman.' The king smiled, and asked the earl leave 'That he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university.'—ISAAC WALTON.

quam ut pro infinitis vestris in nos beneficiis Majestatem vestram æternitati in scriptis nostris certissimè traderemus? Nunc vero Ipse, scribendo irrupisti in compensationes nostras, et abstulisti: adeon' es prædo omnis gloriæ, ut ne gratitudinis laudem nobis reliqueris? Quid agimus? hoc saltem solutio est; Nos nunc conspersi atramento regio, nihil non sublime et excelsum cogitabimus, perrumpemus controversias omnes, superabimus quoscunque. Jam dari nobis vellemus Jesuitam aliquem, ut ex affrictu Libri vestri hominem illico contundamus. Quare amplectimur, fovemus, exosculamur, hunc foetum vestrum, hunc alterum Carolum, hunc fasciculum Prudentiæ, positum extra mortalitatis aleam, et quo magis Tuum agnoscas, in ipso partu, Librorum regem creatum. Diruuntur ædificia, corrumpuntur statuæ, hæc imago atque character, tempore melior, injurias seculi scriptaque hâc illâc per-euntia securus præterit. Si enim in regno vestro Hibernico lignum nascitur permanens contra omnia venena validum: quanto magis virtutes istæ in Dominium agri transferendæ sunt, ut sic scripta vestra omni dente tum edacis temporis, tum venenatorum hæreticorum, insitâ vi sua liberentur. Quod superest, precamur, S. S. Trinitatem, ut vestræ coronæ civili et literariæ tertiam cœlestem serò adjungat.

Humillimi servi, subditique vestri Procancellarius
Reliquusque Senatus Cantabrigienfis.

Data freq. Senatu XIII^o Cal. Jun. A.D.
CIC. IC. CXX.

Peregrinis Academicis nostram invisentibus.
Quid Vaticanam Bodleiumque objicis, Hospes?
Unicus est nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

Gratiæ de Fluvio contra Redemptores.

1620, Jun. 14.

SERENISSIME DOMINE NOSTER,
JACOBE POTENTISSEME!

INFINITA vestra in nos Beneficia non solum verba omnia, sed etiam cogitationes nostras exhauriunt. Quis enim impetus animi celeritatem tantæ munificentiae assequi potest? quippe qui universum tempus nostrum (forsitan quo alacrius illud impenderemus Doctrinæ) beneficiis etiam obligasti. Nuper enim dedisti nobis Librum, plenissimum Musarum, quæ cum olim gauderent Fluviis nunc etiam aquas, in quibus habitant, impertis! Quanta rotunditas Clementiæ vestræ, quæ ab omni parte nobis succurrit! Quod si Artaxerxes olim paululum aquæ a Linæta subiecto suo lætissimè sumeret, quanto magis par est nos, humillimos subiectos, integro Fluvio a Rege nostro donatos, triumphare? Tantum Majestatem vestram subiectissimè oramus, ut si officia nostra minus respondeant magnitudini beneficiorum, imbecillitati id nostræ, quæ fastigium regiarum notionum æquare nunquam potest, non voluntati tribuendum existimes.

Ad F. Bacon, Cancell.*

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

ILLUSTRISSE DOMINE,

SICCAM animam sapientissimam esse dixit obscurus ille philosophus; fane exorti sunt nuperi quidam

* Herbert became known to Lord Bacon during the king's visit to the University, when the great secretary of Nature and all Learning," as Walton calls him, "did begin a desired friendship with our Orator;" who translated into Latin a part of the Advancement of Learning, and was honoured by the author with the dedication of some very unmusical Psalms.

homines, qui libenter sapentiores nos redderent: sed si ablatus fuisset Fluvius noster, per quem vicini agri opulentiâ fruimur, veremur ne non tam sapientes nos, quam obscuros philosophos reddidissent. Quis enim tunc inviseret Almam Matrem destitutam omni com-
meatu? opportunè his tenebris Favor tuus occurrit, illustrans nos omnes, lumenque accendens de suo lumine.

Ut Nihilo minus Tibi luceat, cum nobis accenderit. Neque enim passus es illum Fluvium, qui tantæ poeticæ, tantæ eruditionis nobis conscius est, palustri opere ut uliginoso intercipi: cum non est tanti totus ille maritimus tractus (Oceani præda et deliciæ) ut irrigui Musarum horti, floribus suis sternentes Rempublicam, præ ariditate flaccescerent. Sed ficcitas anni hujus derisit incoëptum et plus effecit quam mille Redemptores exequi possent. Quanquam non mirari non possumus, undè fit ut nullus ferè elabatur dies, qui non hostes aliquos nobis aperiat; quidam stomachantur prædia, alii immunitates carpunt, nonnulli Fluvium invident, multi Academias integras subversas volunt, neque illi e fæce vulgi tantum qui eruditionem simplicitati Christianæ putant adversam, sed homines nobiliores ignorantia, qui literas imminuere spiritus, generososque animos frangere et retundere clamitant. Tu verò Patrone noster, qui elegantias doctrinæ nitoremque spirans, purpuram et eruditionem miscuisti: dilue, fuga hos omnes præsertim sericatum hanc stultitiam contere, Academiaeque jura, dignitatem, Fluvium placidissimo favorum tuorum afflatu nobis tuere: quod quidem non minus expectamus a Te, quem singularis doctrina exemit a populo, et quasi mixtam personam reddidit quam si Episcopi more pristino Cancellis præficerentur.

Ad Archiep. Cantuar.

De Bibliopolis Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

SANCTISSIME PATER,

CUM cæteræ ecclesiæ tam perspicaci diligentia incubes, concede ut nos etiam benignitate alarum tuarum et virtute fruamur; præsertim hoc tempore in quo paucorum avaritia liberalibus artibus dominatura est, nisi humanitas tua,* superiori ætate sponte suaviterque patefacta, nunc etiam laborantibus musis succurrat. Ferunt enim Londinenses Bibliopolas suum potius emolumentum quam publicum spectantes, (quæ res et naturæ legibus et hominum summè contrarie est) monopoliis quibusdam inhiare, ex quo timemus librorum precia auctum iri, et privilegia nostra imminutum. Nos igitur hoc metu affecti, uti sanguis solet in re dubia ad cor festinare, ita ad Te confugimus primariam partem ecclesiastici corporis, orantes ut quicquid consilii avaritia ceperit adversus aut immunitates nostras aut communè literarum et literatorum commodum, id omne dexterrimâ tuâ in obeundis rebus prudentiâ dissipetur. Deus Opti. Max. tua beneficia, quæ nos solvendo non sumus, in suas tabulas accepti transferat.

Ad Fr. Bacon, Cancell.

De Bibliop. Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,

TU quidem semper Patronus noster es, etiam tacentibus nobis, quantò magis cum rogamus, idque pro Libris de quibus nusquam rectiùs quam apud Te agitur. Accepimus enim Londinenses Librarios omnia

* Ferina missa.

transmarina scripta ad monopolium revocare moliri, neque ratione habita chartæ nostræ a Serenissimo Principe Henrico 8^o indultæ, neque Studioforum Sacculi, qui etiam nunc mæret et ingemiscit. Ecquid permittis, Domine? Curaſti tu quidem Instauratione tua, quo minus exteris Libris indigeremus, sed tamen comparatio et in honorem tuum cedit, nostrumque emolumentum. Quare unicè obsecramus, ut qui tot subsidia attuleris ad progressum doctrinæ, hâc etiam in parte nobis opituleris. Aspicias multitudinem Librorum indies gliscentem, præsertim in Theologia, cujus Libri si alii aliis (tanquam montes olim) imponderentur, veri simile est, eos illuc quo cognitio ipsa pertingit ascensuros. Quod si et numerus Scriptorum intumescat, et pretium, quæ abyssus crumenæ tantos sumptus æquabit! Jam vero miserum est, pecuniam retardare illam, cui natura spiritum dederit, feracem gloriæ, et cœleste ingenium quasi ad metalla damnari. Qui augent precia Librorum, profunt vendentibus libros non ementibus, hoc est cessatoribus non studiosis. Hæc tu omnium optimè vides, quare causam nostram nosque ipsos Tibi, Teque Deo Opti. Maxi. intimis precibus commendamus.

Gratulatio ad F. Leigh.

Capitalem Justitiarium Angl. (Camden), 6 Feb. 1620.

HONORATISSIME DOMINE,

FAMA promotionis tuæ gratissimè appulit ad nos omnes haud ita certe studiis chartisque obvolutos, quin aures nostra tibi pateant. Imò prorsus censemus permultum interesse alacritatis publicæ, ut bonorum præmia citissimè promulgentur, quo suavius virtutibus, tuo exemplo compensatis, unum omnes incumbamus. Quare tam verè quam libenter gratulamur tibi, nec

minus etiam Reipublicæ, quam hunc pleno gradu ingrediens beneficiis tuis percurres. Nos etiam haud minimam favoris tui partem speramus, orantes ut immunitates nostræ a serenissimis Regibus concessæ, ab Augustissimo Jacobo auctæ tuâ operâ conserventur; eadem manus et tuum tibi largitus est honorem, et privilegia nostra confirmavit; in quâ dextrâ et fide conjuncti, in cæteris haud divellamur. Quod si oppidani nostri (more suo) Musarum jura et diplomata arrodant; tuus amor et autoritas istos sorices nobis abigat. Demosthenes Atheniensis doluit se victum opificum antelucanâ industriâ, nostræ etiam Athenæ artesque obscuris opificum artibus superari dolebunt. Sed tua humanitas hæc nobis expediet. Deus fortunet tibi hunc honorem, et faxit, ut tibi gloriæ sit, omnibus salutis.

Gratulatio ad Cranfield, Thesaurar.

8 Oct. 1621.

ILLUSTRISIME DOMINE,

CONCEDE ut Honoribus nuperis, tanquam partibus Virtutum Tuarum, Alma Mater accurrens gratuletur: solent enim Studioforum suffragia enixus gloriæ sollicitudine in futurum plenos haud parum levare; præsertim quum ipsi non solum rectum de benemerentibus judicium hausisse ab antiquis, sed et ad posteros transmissuri videantur. Quare post principis manum honoribus refertam, non est quod nostram quoque, cum amoris symbolo festinantem, recuses. Sic apud veterum aras, post ingentes Hecatombas, exiguum thuris micam adoleri legimus. Tu Domine vicisti? tuere nos ita ut fortunæ nostræ, intra ambitum amplexusque felicitatis Tuæ receptæ, communi calore fove-

antur. Et cum ob perspicacitatem singularem jam olim Regi notam atque signatam dignissimè præficiaris Fisco etiam Academiam in Thesauris habe: justissime potes sub hoc Principe, in quo doctrinæ fructus atque usus mirificè relucet: certè, si quantum eruditio Regis profuerit Reipublicæ, tantum favoris nobis impertias, abunde succurres

Magnificentiae tuæ addictissimis,
Procancellario.

Rel.

Ad Lanc. Andrewes Episc.*

(From the British Museum MS. Sloan, No. 118.)

SANCTISSIME PATER,

STATIM a solatio aspectus tui, ego auctior jam gaudio atque distentior, Cantabrigiam redii. Quid enim manerem? Habui viaticum favoris tui, quod longiori multo itineri sufficeret. Nunc obrutus Academicis negotiis, ægrè hoc tempus illis succido: non quin pectus meum plenum tui sit, atque effusissimum in omnia officia, quæ præstet, mea parvitas; sed ut faciliùs ignoscas occupato calamo, qui etiam ferians nihil tua perfectione dignum procudere possit. Utcunque tua lenitas non ita interpretabitur mea hæc scribendi intervalla, ac si juvenili potius impetu correptus, quam adductus maturo consilio, primas dedissem literas,

* Herbert's friendship with Andrewes began at Cambridge, when the Bishop attended the king in his progress. Walton speaks of a letter written by Herbert in Greek, about predestination and a holy life, which Andrewes "put into his bosom," and often showing it to scholars, "did always return it to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life." This letter has not been recovered.

ideoque præfervida illa desideria silentio suo sepulta nunc languescere, ut halitus tenuiores solent, qui primo caloris suasu excitati atque expergefacti, ubi fursum processerint paulò, frigefacti demum relabuntur. Hoc quidem illis accidere amat, qui celeritatem affectuum raptim sequentes, ad omnem eorum auram vacillant. Ego, non nisi meditatò, obrepfi ad favorem tuum; perfectionibus tuis, meis desideriis probè cognitis, excussis perpenfisque. Cum enim vim cogitationum in vitam meam omnem convertissem, et ex altera parte acuissem me aspectu virtutum tuarum: huc, illuc commeando, eò deveni animo, ut nunquam cessandum mihi ducerem, numquam fatiscendum, donec lacteam aliquam viam ad candorem mentis tuæ ducentem aut reperissem aut fecissem. Neque quòd ignotior eram, retundebatur unquam impetus: quippe, qui sic colligebam; si tam abjectus sim, ut laboribus meis plurimis atque assiduâ observantiâ, ramenta quæpiam ex tanta Humanitatis massa, quæ apud te visitur, abscindere non possim, absque molestâ aliorum ac frigidâ commendatione, si huc reciderit omnis studiorum spes fructusque.

Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravè?
Cum stare gratis cum silentio possim.

Quod tamen hæc omnia succedant ex voto, quod reclusæ sint fores, receptusque sim in aliquem apud H. T. locum, magis id adeo factum esse mansuetudine tuâ incomparabili, quam meis meritis ullis, semper lubentissimèque agnoscam: imò precabor enixè, me tum privari tam communi hâc luce, quam tuâ, cum id agnoscere unquam desinam. Quanquam, cum gravibus duobus muneribus fungar apud meos, Rhetoris in hunc annum, et in plures Oratoris, permitte, pater, hoc impetrem, ut cedam aliquantisper expectationi hominum, rariùsque paulò fodiam in Vintoniensi agro, dum Rheto-

rici satagam : quamvis enim sexcenta hujusmodi prædiola tuâ gratiâ permutare nolim ; majus tamen piaculum reor, deesse publico muneri quam privato, latiusque manare injustitiæ peccatum, quam negligentiae. Illic constringor debito ; hic etiam teneor, sed laxioribus vinculis, quæque amor sæpe remittit : illud necessarium magis factu, hoc vero longè jucundius, nobiliusque : ut quod Philosophus de tactu et visu, id appositè admodum huc transferatur. Appetit tempus, cum excusso altero jugo, dimidiâque operis parte levatus, ad mea in H. T. officia erectior solutiorque redibo, ex ipsâ intermissione animos ducens. Interim, sic existimes, nihil mortalium firmiori flagrare in te desiderio, quam meum pectus ; neque ulla negotia, (quippe quæ caput petant, non cor) tui in me dominii jus imminuere posse, nedùm rescindere. Unâ cum promotionibus Academicis maternisque, assumpsi mecum propensionem in Patrem. "Crescent illæ, crescetis amores." Cui sententiæ si fidem adhibeas, assensumque tuum veritati omni familiarem largiaris, (συν τῇ εὐλογίᾳ σοῦ προσεπιμετρούμενῃ) beabis.

Filium tuum obsequentissimum

GEORGIUM HERBERT.

Ignosce (Heros illustrissime) quod pronomina mea adeò audacter incedant in hâc epistolâ : potui refercire lineas Honoribus, Magnif. Celsitud. sed non patitur, ut mihi videtur, Romana elegantia, periodique vetus rotunditas. Quare malui fervire auribus tuis, creberrima Antiquitatis lectione terfis atque expolitis, quam luxuriæ seculi, ambitionisque strumæ, non adeò sanatæ ab optimo rege nostro quin turgescat indies, atque efferat se, indulgere.

To the right honourable and reverend Father
in God, my L. Bishop of Winchester, one of
the King's most honorable privy Counsaile,

Oratio qua Auspicatissimum Serenissimi Principis Caroli

Reditum ex Hispaniis celebravit Georgius Herbert
Academiae Cantabrigienfis Orator.*

VENERANDA CAPITA, VIRI GRAVISSIMI,
PUBES LECTISSIMA.

POLYCRATES cùm annulum sibi dilectum in mare dimisisset, eundemque retulisset captus piscis, foelicissimus mortalium habitus est. Quanto foeliciores nos omnes, Corona Musica, qui optimum Principem spe nuptiarum mari nuper tradentes, et ipsum accepimus saluum et annulum, annulum Conjugalem, nunc denuò nostrum, atque ubivis terrarum pro judicio prudentissimi Regis, et in rebus humanis divinisque exercitatissimi, de integro disponendum. Redit, redit Carolus, et cum eo vita nostra atque calor, longo animi deliquio fugitivus ac desertor. Quid jactas mihi aromata Orientis? Quid Theriacas peregrinas? asserunt Medici unamquamque regionem suam sibi sufficere, neque externis indigere auxiliis atque antidotis: certè nostrate Principe nusquam præsentialius Balsamum, nusquam benignius, solvens obstupefactos artus, atque exhilarans, tumentibus jam venis, arteriis micantibus spiritibusque tabellariis lætum hunc nuncium ubique deferentibus, ut nullus sit angulus corporis, nulla venula,

* Ex officina Cantrelli Legge, Almæ Matris Cantabrigiæ typographi, 1622, fm. 4to.

ubi non adfit Carolus. Quàm facilè sentiuntur boni Principes ! Ut natura omnis suos habet anteambulones, unde pluvia futura, an sudum, facilè conjicitur ex cœlo, ex garritu avium, ex lapidum exhalatione : Sic bonorum Principum facilis Astrologia : quorum adventum ipsi lapides, ipsa durissima ingenia, meum præsertim, celare non possunt : quanto minus tacebunt luscinix nostræ disertæ, minimeque omnium cœlestiores animi, quorum pietatis interest non silere.

Quæ enim uspiam gens, quod unquam seculum meliorem habuit Principem ? percurrite Annales regnorum, excutite scrinia politiarum omnium ; vos, vos, inquam, excutite, quorum ætas teritur in libris : non rusticis loquor aut barbaris, quos magnificentiam promissi circumscribere in promptu erat, rudesque animos vi verborum percellere : vestra est optio, vestra disquisitio, qui lineæ estis et helluones chartacei ; date mihi Carolum alterum, quamlibet Magnum, modo detis eum in flore, in vaginâ, in herbescenti viriditate ; nondum ad spicam, barbamque adultum. Non rhetoricor, Academici, non tinnio : ὑλομανίαν illam et inanem verborum strepitum jamdudum deposui : bullæ et crepitacula puerorum sunt, aut eorum certè, qui cymbala sunt fanaticæ juventutis : ego verò sentio, et quis sum ipse (barbam, hui, tam gravem) et apud quos dico, viros limatæ auris atque tersæ, quorum gravitate ac purpurâ non abutar.

Quare ut parcius agam vobiscum, simulque et laboribus meis, et vestræ fidei consulam, quemadmodum artifices non omnes licitantibus producant merces, sed specimen tantum ; sic et ipse excerpam è Principis rebus gestis pugillum ; unam actionem è multis seligam, quam vobis amplectendam dissuaviandamque præbebo : esto autem hoc ipsum iter, quod nuper emensus est, ut sciatis omnes quàm nudè, quàm simpliciter vobiscum agam, quàm non longè abeam Oratorum more, qui

nullum non angulum verrunt (ac si perdiderint ingenium) ut Spartam exornent suam : Ego verò non dicam vobis quod factum est ante seculum vestrum, aut apud Indos ; unicum hoc iter nuperum explicabo, in quo longè uberrimam gloriæ segetem, perspicio, nullâ verborum, nullâ temporis falce demetendam.

Non unum quid spectant, aut singulare Magni animi, sed varia solent esse eorum consilia, finesque multiplices et polymiti, ut si minùs id assequantur, quod primùm intendunt, saltem in secundis aut tertiis consistant. Quare et principis iter multiplicem nobis exhibet prudentiam : primò nuptias ipsas spectate. Quid autem ? Ergon' amavit Princeps ? Quippinì ; homo est, non statua ; Sceptrigger, non sceptrum : æquumne est ut tot labores et sollicitudines Principum sine condimento sint atque embammate ? Quid si cochleas colligeret cum Caligulâ, præsertim cum possit in eodem littore ? Quid si muscas captaret cum Domitiano ? at ille ambivit nobilissimam Austriacam familiam, Aquilamque illam, quæ non capit muscas. Nihil habet humana vita majoris momenti aut ponderis, quàm Nuptiæ, quas adèò laudant Poëtæ, ut in cœlum transtulerint : *Εἰ ἐν ἧν ὁ ἄνθρωπος,* inquit Medicorum Alpha, *οὐκ ἂν ἤλγεεν.* Hinc Thraces dicti sunt *ἄβιοι*, et Licurgus magnus Legislator, *ἀτιμίαν προσέθηκε τοῖς ἀγάμοις* : Absquè nuptiis foret populus virorum essemus unius seculi ; hâc re solum ulciscimur mortem, ligantes abruptum vitæ filum, unde consequimur, vel invitis Fatis quasi nodosam æternitatem.

Non ignoro apud quos hæc dico, eos scilicet, qui in-nuptam Palladem colunt, Musasque cœlibes, qui posteros libris non liberis quæritis. Nolite tamen nimium efferre vos, cum Virginitas ipsa fructus sit Nuptiarum : quod pereleganter et supra barbariem seculi innuebant Majores nostri, qui olim glasto se inficientes, in uxorum corporibus, Solem, Lunam, et Stellas ; in virginum, flores atque herbas depinxere : ut enim Uxores, Vir-

gines ; ita Sol et Cœlum producunt flores, qui symbola sunt spei, quoniam à floribus fructus sperantur.

Quod si Nuptiæ in se gravès sunt, quanto magis Principum, cum, quo eorum conditio sublimior, eò major cura adhibenda sit. Deus ipse cum crearet hominem, mundi regem, consilio usus est. Quare opiferosior in eo structura, et prærogativæ regiæ emicant. Soli homini dantur manus, soli caput rotundum et cœleste, soli facies tanquam vestibulum magni palatii. Jam verò, ut Rex animalium fiat Rex hominum, apponimus nos manibus Sceptrum, capiti et faciei coronam, significantes oportere Reges iis partibus antecellere homines, quibus homo bruta, justitia scilicet et prudentia. Goropius Becanus ait vetus vocabulum nostrum, *Koníng*, et contractè *Kíng*, à Con verbo deduci, quod tria complectitur, Possum, Scio, Audeo : cernitis Regem, et nomine et re magnum quid polliceri, ideoque ex quolibet ligno, qualibet uxore non esse fingendum : neque enim minus refert, qualis quæque sit mater, è quâ liberi quærantur quam qualis terra, è quâ arbores. Apud Juris-consultos, partus sequitur ventrem : quibus accedunt Poetæ,

*"Οταν κρηπίς, μὴ καταβληθῇ τοῦ γένους
Ὁρθῶς, ἀνάγκη δυστυχεῖν τοὺς ἐκγόνους.*

Nam ut educationem liberorum mittam, quâ in re celebris est Gracchorum mater, ingenium ipsum atque indoles (veluti Conclusio sequitur infirmiore partem) plerumque matrissat : hinc contigisse arbitror apud Romanos, quod nonnullæ familiæ semper mites essent, uti Valerii, aliæ contrà semper pertinaces ac tribunitiæ, uti Appii. Quare noluit Princeps optimus, in delectu uxoris, re unâ omnium gravissima alienis oculis iudicioque inniti ; Ipse, ipse profectus est, ut ingenti labore suo et periculo consuleret, et præsentī Reipublicæ et futuræ ; neque unius seculi Princeps, sed et omnium,

quæ ventura sunt, haberetur. Neque in hisce Nuptiis posteritati tantum prospexit suavissimus Princeps, verum etiam præsentī seculo, dum pacem, quā tot jam annis impunè fruimur, hoc pacto fundatam cupit et perpetuam; quod quidem ubi gentium si non ab Hispano sperandum? *Ὅταν νομεὺς ἀγαθὸν κύνα ἔχη, καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι νομεῖς βούλονται πλησίον αὐτοῦ τὰς ἀγέλας ἱστάναι.* Scio Belli nomen splendidum esse et gloriosum, dum animus grandis, sui que impos, triumphos et victorias, quasi fræna ferox spumantia mandit, juvat micare gladio et mucronem intueri.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Stringuntur aures : jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

Cum tamen splendida plerumque vitrea sint, claritatem fragilitate corrumpentia; neque de privato agamus bono, sed publico; certè fatendum est, anteferendam bello pacem, sine quā omnis vita procella, et mundus solitudo. Pace, filii sepeliunt patres; bello, patres, filios: pace, ægri sanantur; bello, etiam sani intereunt: pace, securitas in agris est: bello, neque intra muros: pace, avium cantus expergeficit; bello, tubæ ac tympana: pax novum orbem aperuit; bellum destruit veterem.

*Ἐρήνη γεωργὸν καὶ πέτραις τρέφει καλῶς,
Πολεμὸς δὲ καὶ πεδίῳ κακὸς ἔφυ.*

Quod ad nostram Rempublicam, Academiam, pax adeo Musis summè necessaria est, ut sine eâ nihil simus. Nam primùm tota hæc Pieria supellex, charta, calami, codices, quàm subito dispereunt, simul ac concrepuit incendium militare: quid proderunt scalpella vestra, quando ipsæ hæ turres et beatæ fabricæ, unico ictu

fulphurei tubi, unicâ liturâ delentur? Dein quid Musis cum tumultu? Otium poscunt artes, mentem tranquillam, serenam, sudam: lucos æstare, pinguem togam hyeme: delicata res est eruditio et tenera, tanquam flos molliculus rudioris Centurionis manu tactus flaccescit. Tu, qui Philosophiæ incumbis, cum corporis cum animi vinculum impedimento esse ad contemplandum causaris, irruit Miles in Musæum tuum, et gladio te liberat. Tu, qui astra scrutaris, dum globos tractas et cœlos fictitios, perrumpit primipilus, et te cum cœlis tuis ad inferos deturbat. Sensit hoc Archimedes, figuras jam nunc pulveri inscriptas, corpore confosso obliterans. Quare cavendum, ne pacem, quæ sola incubat artibus, et obstetricatur, minus quàm par est, æstimemus. Quod aliæ gentes manibus in cœlum sublatis, lachrymis in terram manantibus, jejunæ, squalidæ, perdies, pernoctes flagitant, cavendum ne id nobis nauseam moveat, aut tanquam oves tædulæ et fastidiosæ, cibum respuamus. Ecquid nescitis misérias Belli? consulite historias; illic tuta cognitio est, atque extrateli jactum. Ecce lanienas omnimodas, truncata corpora, mutilatam imaginem Dei, pauxillum vitæ, quantum satis ad dolendum, urbium incendia, fragores, direptiones, stupratas virgines, prægnantes bis intersectas, infantulos plus lactis quàm cruoris emittentes; effigies, imo umbras hominum fame, frigore, illuvie, enectas, contusas, debilitatas. Quam cruenta gloria est, quæ super cervicibus hominum erigitur? ubi in dubio est, qui facit, an qui patitur, miserior.

Non nego bellum aliquando necessarium esse, bellicue misérias gratas, præcipuè ubi velut ex continentibus tectis ad nos trajecturum est incendium: Σωφρόνων ἐστὶ μὴ περιμένειν, ὅτε πολεμεῖν ὑμῖν ὁμολογήσει, dixit Mithridates. Sed non est nostri bellum indicere; prudentissimus Rex maturè prospiciet, ubi ille signum sustulerit, Leones Britannici (è quorum

offibus collisis ignis elicitur) qui nunc mansueti sunt, abundè rugient. Interim curiositas absit, neque eorum satagamus, quæ ad nos non spectant; sed velut Romani lacum, cujus altitudo ignota erat, dedicabant victoriæ; pariter et nos consilia regia, tanquam gurgitem impervestigabilem, victoriæ nuncupemus; præsertim cum futura incerta sint, et nullis perspicillis, ne Belgicis quidem assequenda: apud poetas deorum pharetræ operculum habuere, humanæ non item: patent enim consilia nostra, absconduntur Divina et Regia, præcipuè pharetrata, quæ ad pœnam gentium et Bellum spectant. Sunt tamen acuti quidam et emuncti, qui omnia prævident: nihil eos latet ac si Fatis à fuso essent, atque consiliis, sine quibus ne unum quidem filum torquerent: nobis non licet esse tam perspicacibus, quamvis rationi consonum videtur, ut qui hic in Musarum monte editissimo, et ipso Parnasso siti sumus, liberiores, quam alii, prospectum habeamus. Illud autem, quod cuivis clarissime patet, etiam lusco; nunquam intueri satis vel mirari possumus nimirum infinitum Principis in suam gentem amorem, cui pacem quæsit suo capite, periculis suis.

Recte facitis, Academici, attollentes oculos cum stupore; Laudo vos, neque enim quicquam hoc itinere mirabilius, cujus tamen fructum omnem nondum habetis enucleatum. Quid enim si præter Nuptias, prolem, tranquillitatem, etiam et scientiæ augmentum ex hoc itinere captavit solertissimus Princeps? nihil ad cognitionem acquirendam peregrinatione conducibilius esse novistis omnes, unde cuncti antiqui Philosophi peregrinati sunt, existimantes *Τυφλοὺς εἶναι πρὸς ὃξὺ βλέποντας, ἀναποδημήτους πρὸς ἐκδεδημηκότας*. Quamvis res hæc Principibus ut utilissima ita difficillima facta, cum quantò plus possint in suâ terrâ, tantò minùs in alienâ. Omne regnum suo Principi carcer est, aut si excedat, alienum: at Noster diffi-

cultatem superans, fructum consecutus est: quid enim utilius quam ex observatione exterarum Legum ac morum, patriam ditare? Catonianum præceptum est: Vicini quo pacto niteant, id animum advertito; adde quod angusti est animi aut superbi sua tantum nosse, præsertim cum in uno regno non sint omnia: divisit Natura suas dotes, ut indigentia singularum regionum, omnes connectit; etenim abundantia morosa est et sternax, unde divites sylvas, ac saltus quærunt ubi ædificent, ac si non gregaria essent animalia, sed tigres aut ursi. Quamobrem optimè consuluit gentibus natura, cum paupertatem daret tanquam catenam, quâ diffitas nationes ac superbas constringeret. Porro si Politicos audiamus, Salus regnorum pendet à vicinis, quorum consilia, apparatus, fœdera, munitiones, æquè ac nostra spectari debent: incumbant sibi invicem imperia, tanquam ligna obliqua, aliter magna hæc mundi domus corrueret: hinc Reges Legatos habent statarios ac refides, quem locum Noster suavissimus implevit, ipse egit oratorem, ut et ego aliquantulum hoc nomine glorier.

Neque alienas tantum ex hoc itinere cognovit Republicas sed quod plus est, suam; absentiâ magis quàm præsentia. Nunc enim exploratos habet nostros in se affectus, timores, suspiria, exostulationes, iras, amorem rursus. Deus bone? qui tum rumores? quæ auditiones? qui susurri? Heus, abiitne Noster? miseros nos; nunquam frigidiora æstatem sensimus; at quo tandem? Madritum? hui! iter bene longum: Quid autem illic? sterilem aiunt regionem: Falleris, nusquam plura bona, cum etiam mala illic sint aurea: nihil inaudisti de Tago, Pactolo? apud nos agri tantum sunt fertiles, illic etiam arenæ. Dii te perdant, cum malis tuis et arena sine calce: at ego Principem vellem, Carolum, Carolum; ficcinè abiisti solus? cur non nos omnes tecum? cur non ut elephantum turres, ita

tu patriam tecum portasti? Sic tunc omnes strepabant; hujusmodi lamentis et quiritationibus plena erant fora, nundinæ, conciliabula, angiportus, Mæandri. Dicam vobis, Academici; ego tunc temporis liberior eram, hûc illûc pro libitu circumcurfitans: inspexi facies hominum ac vultus curiosiùs tanquam emptor, ita me ametis omnes, ut ego nihil uspiam lætum, nihil candidum expiscari possem; oculi omnium dejecti, humile os, collum penfile, manus decussatæ, ipsæ mulieres inelegantes, nulla pulchritudo per universam Britanniam, disparuit forma, Albion nomine excidit: ipsum cælum nubilum semper, et poeta stultus qui dixerat,

Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.

Inde ego sic mecum: gaudeo quidem de ingenti amore in Principem, cui nulla dilectio par esse potest; at cur adeo dolent? cur ringuntur? num diffidunt prudentiæ Regis? annon ejus consilio res gesta est? Scio Hispanum versutum, callidum, artis et aucupii apprime gnarum: et Jacobus à nobis est: hic ego me erexi et de dolore remisi plurimum, de desiderio nihil. Atque hoc quidem statu res erant, Suavissime Carole, cum tu aberas; ex quo facile collectum erat, quantum deperimus te; quam stulte de te rixamur: ut aliquando existimem id egisse prudentissimum Patrem tuum, cum dimitteret te in Hispaniam, quod Romani Imperatores in bello, qui solebant signa in hostes injicere, ut milites acriùs ea repeterent: certe nos te absentem omnes acerrime concitatissimeque desideravimus.

Ecquid videtis tandem quàm utile hoc iter, per quod optimus Princeps non tantùm exteras regiones habuit perspectas, veram etiam suam; Quid si hîc lateat etiam Temperantia, rara in Principibus virtus, et cui cum scepro lites sæpiùs intercedunt? Quid enim? adeon' nihili videtur res, Principem omnibus deliciis abundantem, obseptum, illecebris, voluptatibus quasi fasciis cir-

cundatum, enatare deliciis, transilire fepes, rumpere fascias cum Hercule, serpentesque interficere voluptatis, ut iter tantum, tantis laboribus, periculis obnoxium sulciperet? Quàm pudet me delicatorum Cæsarum, qui cupiditatibus immerfi, aut uno semper faginantur in loco, uti anguillæ, aut si mutant locum, gestantur, tanquam onera, circumferuntur mollissimis lecticis, indicantes, se non amare patriam terram à quâ adeò remonentur. Sic pascunt se indies, ac si corpora sua non abirent olim in elementa, sed in bellaria aut tragemata: cum tamen in resolutione illâ ultimâ, nulla sit distinctio populi aut principis: nulla sunt sceptrum in elementis, nulli fasces aut secures: Vapores serviles ad nubeseducti, æquè magnum tonitru edent ac regii. Quid ego vobis Neronum aut Heliogabalorum ingluviem memorem? quid ructus crapulæ solium possidentis? Dies me deficeret (et quidem nox aptior esset tali historiæ) si Romanorum Imperatorum incredibilem luxum à Tiberio Cæsare ad Constantinum magnum aperirem, quorum imperium gulæ impar erat, ut interdum putem, optimè consuluisse Deum orbi terrarum lapides et metalla ei inferendo, aliter mundus jamdiu fuisset devoratus. Nota sunt *ταριχέυματα* Ægyptiorum, qui antequam condiebant corpora Nobilium, solebant ventres eximere, quos in arcâ repositos abjiciebant in fluvium, his verbis. ὦ δέσποτα ἡλιε καὶ θεοὶ πάντες, εἴ τι κατὰ τὸν ἑμαυτοῦ βίον ἡμαρτον, ἢ φαγὼν ἢ πιὼν, ὧν μὴ θεμιτὸν ἦν, οὐδὲ δι' ἑμαυτὸν ἡμαρτον, ἀλλὰ διὰ ταῦτα. At noster spretis voluptatibus, illecebris *μελιταίαις ἀγχόναις* abjectis, iter aggreditur et labores, haud ignarus, ignem vitæ augeri ventilatione, defidiâ corrumpi, neminemque esse sui negligentio-rem, quam qui sibi parcat. Quin exuit personam Principis, deponit Majestatem, virgam cum sceptro commutans, ut quid privata habeat in se vita commodi aut voluptatis, experiretur. Nihil

utilius Regi quum aliquando non regnare : hoc enim fastum amputat, affectus explorat, adulationem ventilat, et adultores, qui semper titillant aures Principum, Ὡς περ τοῖς πτεροῖς κνῶμενοι τὰ ὦτα. Alfredus nobilissimus Saxonum nostrorum Princeps, sub ementito habitu fidicinis castra hostium ingressus, ipsumque Prætorium, fidibus canendo, omnia Danorum expiscatus consilia, victoriam celebrem consecutus est. Notissimus est Codri amor, cujus manifestationem in gentem suam, privatæ personæ et habitui debuit. Porro, est etiam interdum satietas quædam honoris, quem ad tempus deponere famem excitat : non minùs vitæ inæqualitas delectat, quàm terræ, quam Natura montibus vallibusque sublimitate atque humilitate distinxit : quin et venti imperant pelago, ut lævitatem illam æquabilem atque politiem perturbent. In picturis locus est umbris et recessibus, etiam si quis Principem pingat. Amat varietatem Natura omnis, flores, animalia, tum maxime homo, cui soli ideo, insunt oculi variegati, cum cætera animantia unicolores habeant. Quamobrem non est mirandum, si Reges ipsi quandoque suavitates suas populari aceto condiant.

Accepistis, Viri attentissimi, causas itineris hujus, quantum quidem ego homuncio ac nanus conjectando assequor. Quare nunc vobis ex pede Herculem, ex itinere Principem metiri licet, quod sane adeo nobile fuit et honorificum, ut nihil habeat Invidia ipsa, quod contra hiscat aut mussitet. Adest tamen anus illa querula, et φιλεγκλήμων, quam audire videor dicentem Pulchrum quidem iter et Amante dignum ; ficcine pessima ? at fuerit ; si amor virginis eo pertraxit Principem, quo tandem ducet amor Patriæ ? eadem acies et stipulam secut et lignum ; idem fervor qui impar sub amoris signo meritis est, ad vera castra traductus, hostem, interficiet : idem impetus, qui peragravit Hispaniam, si opus sit, superabit ; præsertim cùm amico fidere peri-

culosius sit quàm hostem superare. Protagoras cùm elegantur admodùm caudices ligni fasciculo vinxisset, cum grandi atque impedito onere facillime incedens, occurrit ei Democritus, et ingenium admirans, domum secum duxit, et erudivit artibus : qui inde a bajulo evasit Philosophus, eodem ingenio usus in lignis et literis : quis scit an et amoris onus scite vinctum ligatumque et per tot milliaria facile transmissum, mentem majorum capacem indicet? Florunt apud nos artes omnes, inter quas et Mathematicæ, quæ licet versentur in figuris describendis, quibus nihil imperito vanius inutiliusve videatur, ubi tamen ad usum tralatæ fuerint, machinas conficiunt ad defensionem Reipublicæ mirabiles : Sic idem animus, qui nuper versatus est in formâ et figuris vultus, ubi res postulat, regnum tuebitur : imo in universum, si quis de Principe aliquo, quis sit futurus aut qualis, rectè divinaret, non respiciat materiam actionum, sed quo spiritu, quâ arte, quanto impetu atque vigore res aggrediatur : quemadmodum in Cometæ præfagio, non respicitur, quæ materia sit, cœlestis an sublunaris, sed quæ signa, quo motu transeat.

Verùm mittamus invidos et invidiam, quæ semper se devorat primùm, uti vermis nucleum, è quo nascitur ; non est tanti respondere latratibus malevolorum ; licet celebres sint canes Britannici, et plus justo celebres, cum leunculum et dominum suum contra naturam adoriantur : in Geoponicis dicitur, Κάτοπτρον ἐὰν ἐπιδείξης τῷ ἐπικειμένῳ νέφει, παρελεύσεται ἡ χάλαζα : quanto citiùs fugient calumniæ, si speculum Invidiæ ostendas, quo deformitatem suam intueatur. Nos verò, flores Parnassi, gaudia præstolantur, quæ jamdudum annuunt mihi ut perorem. Hilaris hæc sumenda est dies. Quare prodite tenebriones literarii e gurgustiiis vestris, ubi trecenta foliorum jugera uno die sedentes percurritis ; prodite omnes. Quid novi? Quid novi stupide? Rediit Princeps, Carolus rediit, honore gra-

vidus, gravidus scientiâ, cruribus thymo plenis : ut enim vapor, qui furtim ascendit ad nubes, ubi jam ingravescit humore, relabitur in terram, quâ ortus est, eique cum fecundiâ remuneratur ; sic et Noster qui clanculum exiit, usque ad Pyrenæas nubes conscendens, reversus per mare, gloria, prudentia auctior, ditat patriam, suamque absentiam cum fœnore compensat. Quamobrem abjicite quisque libros, non est locus gravitati, neque apud vos : tripudiet Alma Mater licet ætate provectior, etiam anus subsultans multùm excitet pulveris : Arionem Delphino revectum excepere arbores tripudiantes, et Vos statis ?

Tantùm precemur Deum immortalem, ut Princeps optimus nulla secunda itinera meditetur ; posthac contineat se patriâ, cujus arctis amplexibus nunquam se expediet. Gulielmus Victor descensurus primum è navibus in terram hanc, incidit in cœnum, quod innuebat eum hic mansurum : utinam et nunc sit tanta patriæ tenacitas, ut nunquam Princeps se extricet : satis virtuti datum est, satis Reipublicæ. Quod si necesse sit iterum exire patriâ, qui nunc invenit viam, proximo itinere faciat. Apollo olim depositis radiis, Daphnen deperiit, at illa mutata est in arborem triumphantium propriam : Noster etiam Princeps habuit Daphnen suam, cujus amor deinceps in triumphos et laurus mutabitur.

Nos vero, Auditores, diu jam peregrinati cum Principe, commode pervenimus ad laurum hanc, ubi sub umbrâ ejus paulisper requiescamus ; præsertim donec transeat nubes illa, quæ vicinos adeò infestat : hic enim securi fumus à pluvîâ, imò à fulmine : Obsecremus eum tantùm ut permittat nostram hanc

Inter victrices hederam sibi serpere Lauros

DIXI

ORATIO DOMINI GEORGII HERBERT,

Oratoris Academiae Cantabrigienfis, habita coram

Dominis Legatis* cum Magistro. in Artib.

Titulis Insignirentur.

27 Feb. 1622.

EXCELLENTISSIMI MAGNIFICENTISSIMI

DOMINI,

POST honores eximios, præfecturas insignes, Legationes Nobilissimas, aliosque titulos æquè nobis memorantibus, ac merentibus vobis gratissimos, Saluete tandem Magistri Artium, et quidem omnium Aulicarum, Militarium, Academicarum. Cujus novi tituli accessionem summe gratulantur Excellentiis Vestris Musæ omnes, Gratiaque, obsecrantes, ut deponatis paulisper vultus illos bellicos, quibus hostes soletis in potestatem redigere, lenioresque aspectus, et dulciores assumatis: nos etiam exuentes os illud, et supercilium quibus caperatam severioremque, Philosophiam expugnare novimus, quicquid hilare est, lætum, ac lubens, vestram in gratiam amplectimur. Quid enim jucundius accidere potest, quum ut ministri Regis Catholica ad nos accedant? cujus ingens gloria æque rotunda est atque ipse orbis: qui utrasque Indias Hispaniâ suâ quasi modo connectens, nullas metas laudum, nullas Herculeas columnas, quas jam olim possidet, agnoscit. Jamdudum nos omnes, nostrumque regnum gestimus fieri participes ejus sanguinis, qui tantos spiritus solet infun-

* Don Charles de Coloma, Spanish ambassador, and Ferdinand, Baron of Boyscot, ambassador of Isabella, Archduchess of Austria. London, Printed by W. Stansby, for Richard Meighen. 1623.

dere. Et quod observatione cum primis dignum est, quo magis amore coalescamus, utraque gens Hispanica, Britannica, colimus Jacobum. Jacobus tutelar divus est utrique nostrum; ut satis intelligatis, Excellentias vestras tanto chariores esse, cum eo sitis ordine atque habitu, quo nos in hoc regno omnes esse gloriamur. Quin et Serenissimæ Principis Isabellæ laudes, virtutesque, vicinum fretum quotidie transnatantes, litora nostra atque aures mirè circumforant. Necesse est autem ut fœlicitas tantorum Principum etiam in ministros redundet, quorum in eligendis illis iudicium jampridem apparet. Quarè excellentissimi, Splendidissimi Domini, cum tanti sitis et in Principibus Vestris, et in vobismetipsis, veremur ne nihil hic sit, quod magnitudini præfentiæ vestræ respondeat. Quis enim apud nos splendor, aut rerum, aut vestium? quæ rutilatio? certe cum duplex fulgor sit, qui mundi oculos perstringat, nos tam defecimus in utroque quàm Excellentia Vestrae abundant. Quin imo Artes hic sunt quietæ, et silentio occultæ, tranquillitas, otium, pax omnibus præterquam tineis, paupertas perpetua, nisi ubi vestrae adsunt Excellentia. Nolito tamen contemnere has gloriolas nostras quas ex chartis et pulvere eruimus. Quomodo possetis similes esse Alexandro Magno nisi ejus res gestas tradidisset historia? feritur fama in hoc sæculo, ut in sequenti metatur: prius Excellentis Vestris curæ erit; posterioris largam messem Vobis hæc tenuia bona consulentibus, vovemus.

THE ORATION OF MASTER GEORGE
HERBERT.

Orator of the University of Cambridge, when the
Ambassadors were made Masters of
Arts. 27 Feb. 1622.

MOST EXCELLENT AND MOST MAGNIFICENT LORDS,

AFTER many singular honours, remarkable commands, most noble Ambassages, and other titles most pleasing, as well to us remembering, as to you deserving them; we at last salute you Masters of Arts; yea, indeed of all, both Courtly, Military, Academical. The accession of which new title to your Excellencies, all the Muses and Graces congratulate; entreating that you would awhile lay aside those warlike looks, with which you used to conquer your enemies, and assume more mild and gracious aspects; and we also putting off that countenance and gravity, by which we well know how to convince the stern, and more austere sort of Philosophy, for respect to you, embrace all that is cheerful, joyous, pleasing. For, what could have happened more pleasing to us, than the access of the Officers of the Catholic King? whose exceeding glory is equally round with the world itself: who tying, as with a knot, both Indies to his Spain, knows no limits of his praise, no, not, as in past ages, those Pillars of Hercules. Long since, all we and our whole Kingdom exult with joy, to be united with that blood which useth to infuse so great and worthy Spirits. And that which first deserveth our observation, to the end, we might the more by love

grow on, both the Spanish and British Nation serve and worship James. James is the protecting Saint unto us both, that you may well conceive your Excellencies to be more dear unto us, in that you are of the same order and habit, of which we all in this Kingdom glory to be. The praises also and virtues of the most renowned Princess Isabel, passing daily our neighbouring Sea, wondrously sound through all our Coasts and ears. And necessarily must the felicity of so great Princes redound also to those servants, in the choice of whom their judgment doth even now appear. Wherefore most Excellent, most illustrious Lords, since you are so great both in your princes, and yourselves, we justly fear that there is nothing here answerable to the greatness of your presence. For amongst us, what glorious shew is there, either of garments or of any thing else? what splendour? surely, since there is a twofold brightness which dazzleth the eyes of men, we have as much failed as your Excellencies do excel in both. But yet the Arts in quietness and silence here are revered: here is tranquillity, repose, peace with all but Book worms, perpetual poverty, but when your Excellencies appear. Yet do not ye contemn these our slight glories, which we raise from Books, and painful industry; how could you be like great Alexander, unless History delivered his actions? Fame is sown in this age, that it may be reaped in the following; let the first be the care of your Excellencies; we for your gracious acceptance of these poor duties wish, and vow unto you of the last a plentiful Harvest.

Preface and Notes to the Divine Considerations of John Valdeffo.

PRINTED AT CAMBRIDGE, 1646.

[Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, the amiable recluse of Gidden Hall, while travelling in Spain became acquainted with this treatise of Valdeffo, a Spanish gentleman at the court of Charles V. and having translated the work, he sent it to Herbert for his opinion and revision. The following Notes, the fruit of the request, were communicated to Mr. Ferrar, with this letter].

MY dear and deserving Brother, your Valdeffo I now return with many thanks and some notes, in which, perhaps, you will discover some care, which I forbear not in the midst of my griefs: First, for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me: Secondly, for the Author's sake, whom I have conceived to have been a true servant of God, and to such, and all that is theirs, I owe diligence: Thirdly, for the Church's sake, to whom by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as he sent the fish with money to Saint Peter) to discharge it; happily also with this (as his thoughts are fruitful), intending the honour of his servant the author, who being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light and region of the Gospel, among his chosen. It is true there are

some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will exprefs, when you read them ; nevertheless I wifh you by all means to publifh it, for thefe three eminent things observable therein : Firft, that God in the midft of popery fhould open the eyes of one to underftand and exprefs fo clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospel, in the acceptation of Chrift's righteoufnefs (as he fheweth through all his Confiderations), a thing ftangely buried and darkened by the Adverfaries and their great ftumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence, which he everywhere bears towards our dear Mafter and Lord, concluding every Confideration almoft with his holy Name, and fetting his merit forth fo piously ; for which I do fo love him, that were there nothing elfe I would Print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be publifhed. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification, and obfervation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent obferver. Thefe three things are very eminent in the Author, and overweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publifhing thereof

From Bemerton, near Salifbury,
Septemb. 29, 1632.

Notes to the Divine Confiderations.

PAGE 33.

HE often ufeth this manner of fpeech, *believing by Revelation*, whereby I underftand he meaneth only the effectual operation or illumination of the Holy Spirit, testifying and applying the revealed truth of the Gospel, and not any private Enthusiafms or revelations : as if he fhould fay, A general apprehenfion, or affent

to the promises of the Gospel, by hearsay or relation from others, is not that which filleth the heart with joy and peace in believing, but the Spirit's bearing witness with our spirit, revealing and applying the general promises to every one in particular, with such sincerity and efficacy, that it makes him godly, righteous, and sober all his life long. This I call believing by Revelation, and not by relation.

PAGE 107.

I much mislike the comparison of Images and holy Scriptures, as if they were both but alphabets, and after a time to be left. The holy Scriptures have not only an elementary use, but a use of perfection; neither can they ever be exhausted (as pictures may by a plenary circumspection), but still, even to the most learned and perfect in them, there is somewhat to be learned more: therefore David desireth God, in the 119th Psalm, to open his eyes, that he might see the wondrous things of his law, and that he would make them his study; although, by other words of the same Psalm, it is evident that he was not meanly conversant in them. Indeed, he that shall so attend to the back of the letter as to neglect the consideration of God's work in his heart through the word, doth amiss; both are to be done: the Scriptures still used, and God's work within us still observed, who works by his word, and ever in the reading of it. As for that text, *They shall be all taught of God*, it being Scripture, cannot be spoken to the disparagement of Scripture; but the meaning is this, that God in the days of the Gospel will not give an outward law of ceremonies as of old, but such a one as shall still have the assistance of the Holy Spirit applying it to our hearts, and ever outrun-

ning the teacher, as it did when Peter taught Cornelius. There the case is plain: Cornelius had revelation, yet Peter was to be sent for: and those that have inspirations must still use Peter, God's word: if we make another sense of the Text, we shall overthrow all means save Catechizing, and set up enthusiasms.

In the Scriptures are
Doctrines, these ever teach more and more.
Promises, these ever comfort more and more.

Rom. xv. 4.

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The doctrine of this Consideration cleareth that of the former; for as the servant leaves not the letter when he hath read it, but keeps it by him, and reads it again and again, and the more the promise is delayed the more he reads it, and fortifies himself with it, so are we to do with the Scriptures, and this is the use of the promises of the Scriptures. But the use of the doctrinal part is more, in regard it presents us not with the same thing only when it is read, as the promises do, but enlightens us with new considerations the more we read it. Much more might be said, but this sufficeth. He himself allows it for a holy conversation and refreshment in the 32nd Consideration; and amongst all divine and spiritual exercises and duties, he nameth the reading and meditation of holy Scripture for the first and principal, as Confid. 47, and others; so that it is plain the author had a very reverend esteem of the holy Scripture, especially considering the time and place where he lived.

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All the discourse from this place to the end of the chapter may seem strange, but it is fuitable to what the

Author holds elsewhere ; for he maintains that it is faith and infidelity that shall judge us now since the Gospel, and that no other sin or virtue hath any thing to do with us ; if we believe, no sin shall hurt us ; if we believe not, no virtue shall help us. Therefore he saith here, we shall not be punished for evil doing, nor rewarded for well doing or living, for all the point lies in believing or not believing. And with this exposition the Chapter is clear enough ; but the truth of the doctrine would be examined, however it may pass for his opinion, in the Church of God there is one fundamental, but else variety. The Author's good meaning in this will better appear by his 98th Consideration of faith and good works.

PAGE 155.

He meaneth (I suppose) that a man presume not to merit, that is, to oblige God, or justify himself before God, by any acts or exercises of Religion ; but that he ought to pray God affectionately and fervently, to send him the light of his Spirit, which may be unto him as the Sun to a traveller in his journey ; he in the meanwhile applying himself to the unquestioned duties of true piety and sincere Religion, such as are Prayer, Fasting, Alms-deeds, &c. after the example of devout Cornelius. Or thus : There are two sorts of acts in religion, acts of humiliation and acts of confidence and joy : the person here described to be in the dark ought to use the first, and to forbear the second. Of the first sort are repentance, prayers, fasting, alms, mortifications, &c. ; of the second, receiving of the Communion, praises, Psalms, &c. These in divers cases ought, and were of old forborne for a time.

PAGE 174.

In indifferent things there is room for motions, and expecting of them ; but in things good, as to relieve my neighbour, God hath already revealed his will about it ; therefore we ought to proceed, except there be a restraining motion, (as St. Paul had) when he would have preached in Asia. And I conceive that restraining motions are much more frequent to the godly than inviting motions, because the Scripture invites enough, for it invites us to all good. According to that singular place, Phil. iv. 8, a man is to embrace all good ; but because he cannot do all, God often chooseth which he shall do, and that by restraining him from what he would not have him do.

PAGE 177.

This doctrine, howsoever it is true in substance, yet it requireth discreet and wary explaining.

PAGE 199.

By renouncing the help of human learning in the studying to understand holy Scripture, he meaneth that we should not use it as the only or as the principal means, because the anointing which we have received and abideth in us teacheth us. 1 John ii. 27.

PAGE 217.

This Chapter is considerable. The intent of it, that the world pierceth not only godly men's actions no more than God's, is in some sort true, because they are spiritually discerned ; 1 Cor. ii. 14. So likewise are the godly in some sort exempt from laws, for the

law is not made for a righteous man ; 1 Tim. i. 9. But when he enlargeth he goes too far : for first, concerning Abraham and Sarah, I ever took that for a weakness in the great Patriarch, and that the best or God's servants should have weaknesses, is no way repugnant to the way of God's Spirit in them, or to the Scriptures, or to themselves, being still men, though godly men. Nay, they are purposely recorded in Holy Writ. Wherefore, as David's adultery cannot be excused, so need not Abraham's equivocation, nor Paul's neither, when he professed himself a Pharisee, which strictly he was not, though in the point of Resurrection he agreed with them and they with him. The reviling also of Ananias seems by his own recalling, an oversight ; yet I remember the Fathers forbid us to judge of the doubtful actions of Saints in Scripture, which is a modest admonition. But it is one thing not to judge, another to defend them. Secondly, when he useth the word jurisdiction, allowing no jurisdiction over the godly, this cannot stand, and it is ill doctrine in a Commonwealth. The godly are punishable as others when they do amiss, and they are to be judged according to the outward fact, unless it be evident to others as well as to themselves that God moved them ; for otherwise any malefactor may pretend motions which is insufferable in a Commonwealth. Neither do I doubt but if Abraham had lived in our kingdom under government, and had killed his son Isaac, but he might justly have been put to death for it by the Magistrate, unless he could have made it appear that it was done by God's immediate precept. He had done justly, and yet had been punished justly, that is, In humano foro, &c. secundum præsumptionem legalem : according to the common and legal proceedings among men. So may a war be just on both sides, and was just in the Canaanites and Israelites both. How the godly are

exempt from laws is a known point among Divines ; but when he says they are equally exempt with God, that is dangerous and too far. The best salve for the whole Chapter is to distinguish judgment. There is a judgment of authority (upon a fact), and there is a judgment of the learned ; for as a Magistrate judgeth in his tribunal, So a Scholar judgeth in his study, and censureth this or that ; whence come so many books of several men's opinions : perhaps he meant all of this latter, not of the former. Worldly learned men cannot judge spiritual men's actions ; but the magistrate may, and surely this the Author meant by the word Jurisdiction, for so he useth the same word in Consideration 68 ad finem.

PAGE 220.

The Author doth still discover too slight a regard of the Scripture, as if it were but children's meat, whereas there is not only milk there, but strong meat also, Heb. v. 14 ; things hard to be understood, 2 Pet. iii. 16 ; things needing great consideration, Matt. xxiv. 15. Besides, he opposeth the teaching of the Spirit to the teaching of Scripture which the Holy Spirit wrote. Although the Holy Spirit apply the Scripture, yet what the Scripture teacheth the Spirit teacheth ; the Holy Spirit, indeed, some time doubly teaching, both in penning and in applying. I wonder how this opinion could befall so good a man as it seems Valdesso was, since the Saints of God in all ages have ever held in so precious esteem the word of God, as their joy and crown, and their treasure on earth. Yet his own practice seems to confute his opinion ; for the most of his Considerations, being grounded upon some text of Scripture, shows that he was continually conversant in it, and not used it for a time only, and then cast it away, as he says, strangely.

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There is no more to be said of this chapter, especially of the fifth thing in it, but that this his opinion of the Scripture is insufferable. As for the text of St. Peter, 2 Pet. i. 19, which he makes the ground of this Consideration, building it all upon the word, "Until the day-star arise;" it is nothing. How many places do the fathers bring about "until" against the Heretics who disputed against the virginity of the Blessed Virgin, out of the text, Matt. i. 25; where it is said, Joseph knew her not "until" she had brought forth her firstborn son, as if afterwards he had known her; and indeed, in common sense, if I bid a man stay in a place until I come, I do not then bid him go away, but rather stay longer, that I may speak with him or do something else when I come. So St. Peter bidding the dispersed Hebrews attend to the word till the day dawn, doth not bid them then cast away the word, or leave it off; but, however, he would have them attend to it till that time, and then afterward they will of themselves attend it without his exhortation. Nay, it is observable that in that very place he prefers the word before the sight of the transfiguration of Christ. So that the word hath the precedence even of Revelation and Visions.

PAGE 239.

Divines hold that justifying faith and the faith of miracles are divers gifts, and of a different nature; the one being *gratia gratis data*, the other *gratia gratum faciens*, this being given only to the godly, and the other sometimes to the wicked: yet doubtless the best faith in us is defective, and arrives not to the point it should, which if it did, it would do more than it does. And miracle-working, as it may be severed from justifying faith, so it may be a fruit of it, and an exaltation. 1 John v. 14.

PAGE 247.

Though this were the Author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The 98th Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the Author's meaning.

PAGE 270.

By the Saints of the world he everywhere understands the cunning hypocrite, who by the world is counted a very saint for his outward show of holiness; and we meet with two sorts of these saints of the world: one whose holiness consists in a few ceremonies and superstitious observations; the others in a zeal against these, and in a strict performance of a few cheap and easy duties of religion with no less superstition; both of them having forms or vizors of godliness, but denying the power thereof.

PAGE 354.

Though this be the Author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The 98th Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the Author's meaning.

By Hebrew piety he meaneth not the very Ceremonies of the Jews, which no Christian observes now, but an analogate observation of Ecclesiastical and Canonical laws superinduced to the Scriptures, like to that of the Jews, which they added to their divine Law; this being well weighed will make the Consideration easy and very observable: for at least some of the Papists are come

now to what the Pharisees were come to in our Saviour's time.

PAGE 355.

This is true only of the Popish Cafes of Conscience, which depend almost wholly on their Canon law and Decretals, knots of their own tying and untying; but there are other Cafes of Conscience, grounded on Piety and Morality, and the difficulty of applying their general rules to particular actions, which are a most noble study.

A Treatise of Temperance and Sobriety.

[The following little tract was translated from the Italian of Lud. Cornarus, which, together with the Spanish and French tongues, Herbert, as Walton inform us, “had learnt to understand very perfectly.” But his friend, Lord Bacon, has put the “regimen of health” into the smallest space: “There is a wisdom in this, beyond the Rules of Physic: A man’s own observation, which he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.”—ESSAYS, xxx.]

HAVING observed in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble disposition, overthrown and undone by Intemperance; who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends; I thought fit to discover in a short Treatise, that Intemperance was not such an evil, but it might easily be remedied; which I undertake the more willingly, because divers worthy young men have obliged me unto it. For when they saw their parents and kindred snatched away in the midst of their days, and me, contrariwise, at the age of eighty and one, strong and lusty; they had a great desire to know the way of my life, and how I came to be so. Wherefore, that I may satisfy their honest desire, and withal help many others, who will take this into consideration, I will declare the causes which moved me to forsake Intemperance, and live a sober life, ex-

pressing also the means which I have used therein. I say therefore, that the infirmities, which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, first caused me to leave Intemperance, to which I was much addicted: For by it, and my ill constitution (having a most cold and moist stomach), I fell into divers diseases, to wit, into the pain of the stomach, and often of the side, and the beginning of the Gout, with almost a continual fever and thirst.

From this ill temper there remained little else to be expected of me, than that after many troubles and griefs I should quickly come to an end; whereas my life seemed as far from it by Nature, as it was near it by Intemperance. When therefore I was thus afflicted from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitlessly, the Physicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it, to wit, A sober and orderly life: for this had every way great force for the recovering and preserving of Health, as a disorderly life to the overthrowing of it; as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound: But Intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions: For contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of Nature are often amended by Art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry. They added withal, that unless I speedily used that remedy, within a few months I should be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me, but Death shortly to be expected.

Upon this, weighing their reasons with myself, and abhorring from so sudden an end, and finding myself continually oppressed with pain and sickness, I grew fully persuaded, that all my griefs arose out of Intemperance: and therefore out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I resolved to live a temperate life.

Whereupon, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I understood, that the food I was to use, was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in a small quantity. This they had told me before: But I, then not liking that kind of Diet, followed my Appetite, and did eat meats pleasing to my taste; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity; telling my Physicians nothing thereof, as is the custom of sick people. But after I had resolved to follow Temperance and Reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man; I so addicted myself to this course of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this, I found within a few days, that I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance thereof, within less than one year (although it may seem to some incredible), I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now sound and well, I began to consider the force of Temperance, and to think thus with myself: If Temperance had so much power as to bring me health: how much more to preserve it! Wherefore I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable unto me, and what disagreeable: and I purposed to try, whether those that pleased my taste brought me commodity or discommodity; and whether that Proverb, wherewith Gluttons used to defend themselves, to wit, That which favours is good and nourisheth, be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false: for strong and very cool wines pleased my taste best, as also melons, and other fruit; in like manner, raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, pulse, and cake and piecrust, and the like: and yet all these I found hurtful.

Therefore trusting on experience, I forsook all these kind of meats and drinks, and chose that wine that fitted my stomach, and in such measure as easily might be di-

gested: above all, taking care never to rise with a full stomach, but so as I might well both eat and drink more. By this means, within less than a year I was not only freed from all those evils which had so long beset me, and were almost become incurable; but also afterwards I fell not into that yearly disease, whereinto I was wont, when I pleased my Sense and Appetite. Which benefits also still continue, because from the time that I was made whole, I never since departed from my settled course of Sobriety, whose admirable power causeth that the meat and drink that is taken in fit measure, gives true strength to the body, all superfluities passing away without difficulty, and no ill humours being engendered in the body.

Yet with this diet I avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air, overmuch use of the benefit of marriage. For although the power of health consists most in the proportion of meat and drink, yet these forenamed things have also their force. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these, but that now and then I fell into them, which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate Diet: So that I can truly say, That they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth keep a fit proportion, shall receive little hurt from other excesses.

This Galen confirms, when he says, that immoderate heats and colds, and winds and labours, did little hurt him, because in his meats and drinks he kept a due moderation, and therefore never was sick by any of these inconveniences, except it were for one only day. But mine own experience confirmeth this more as all

that know me can testify : For having endured many heats and colds, and other like discommodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all these did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and others of my kindred saw some great powerful men pick quarrels against me, fearing lest I should be overthrown, they were possessed with a deep Melancholy (a thing usual to disorderly lives), which increased so much in them, that it brought them to a sudden end ; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected most, received no inconvenience thereby, because that humour abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to persuade myself, that this suit and contention was raised by the Divine Providence, that I might know what great power a sober and temperate life hath over our bodies and minds, and that at length I should be a conqueror, as also a little after it came to pass : For in the end I got the victory, to my great honour and no less profit, whereupon also I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy neither could do me any hurt : By which it is manifest, That neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I say, that even bruises, and squats, and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to those that are temperate. This I found by experience when I was seventy years old ; for riding in a coach in a great haste, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good space by the fury of the horses, whereby my head and whole body was sore hurt, and also one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the Physicians saw in what case I was, they concluded that I would die within three days ; nevertheless, at a venture, two remedies might be used, letting of blood and purging, that the store of humours and inflammation

and fever (which was certainly expected) might be hindered.

But, I, considering what an orderly life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humours of the body, that they could not be much troubled, or make a great concourse, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set, and my whole body anointed with oil; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the Physicians; whence I conclude, that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

But my experience taught me another thing also, to wit, than an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger.

About four years since, I was led, by the advice of Physicians, and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink; which yet needs not only to be sustained, but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that Nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years continued in good health with that little measure; that Custom was turned into Nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason, that my years increasing and strength decreasing, my stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian Proverbs, the one whereof was, * He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he

* Mangierà più chi manco mangia. Ed e' contrario,
Chi più mangia, manco mangia. Il senso è
Poco vive chi troppo sparechia.

prolongs his life. The other Proverb was, * The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten ; by which is intimated, that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore to avoid obstinacy and gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet but two ounces only ; for whereas before, the measure of my whole day's meat, viz. of my bread, and eggs, and flesh, and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, I increased it to the quantity of two ounces more ; and the measure of my drink, which before was fourteen ounces, I made now sixteen.

This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and cholerick, so that all things were troublesome to me ; neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day, a pain of the side took me, which held me two and twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less ; besides all this I could not sleep, no, not a quarter of an hour, whereupon all gave me up for dead.

Nevertheless, I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of Diet, although I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter, and most cold air ; and I am confident that, under God, nothing help me, but that exact rule which I had so long continued ; in all which.

* Fa più pro quel' che si lascia sul' tondo, che
Quel' che si mette nel ventre.

time I felt no grief, save now and then a little indisposition for a day or two.

For the Temperance of so many years spent all ill humours, and suffered not any new of that kind to arise, neither the good humours to be corrupted or contract any ill quality, as usually happens in old men's bodies, which live without rule; for there is no malignity of old age in the humours of my body, which commonly kills men, and that new one which I contracted by breaking my diet, although it was a sore evil, yet had no power to kill me.

By this it may clearly be perceived how great is the power of order and disorder; whereof the one kept me well for many years, the other, though it was but a little excess, in a few days had so soon overthrown me. If the world consist of order, if our corporal life depend on the harmony of humours and elements, it is no wonder that order should preserve, and disorder destroy. Order makes arts easy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude, That an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases.

Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it. Hence it comes, that a Physician, when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this Physic first, that he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him commends this also to him, if he will live in health. Neither is it to be doubted, but that he shall ever after live free from diseases, if he will keep such a course of life; because this will cut off all causes of diseases, so that he shall need neither Physic nor Physician: yea, if he will give his mind to those things which he should, he will prove himself a Physician, and that a very complete one; for indeed no man can be a perfect Physician to another, but to himself only. The

reason whereof is this : Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it ; which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces. Who would believe that old wine should hurt my stomach, and new should help it, or that cinnamon should heat me more than pepper ? What Physician could have discovered these hidden qualities to me, if I had not found them out by long experience ? Wherefore one to another cannot be a perfect Physician. Whereupon I conclude, since none can have a better Physician than himself, nor better Physic than a Temperate life, Temperance by all means is to be embraced.

Nevertheless, I deny not but that Physicians are necessary, and greatly to be esteemed for the knowing and curing of diseases, into which they often fall who live disorderly : For if a friend who visits thee in thy sickness, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly should a Physician be esteemed, who not only as a friend doth visit thee, but help thee !

But that a man may preserve himself in health, I advise, that instead of a Physician a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural Physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health, and procure that they prolong their life even to a hundred years and more, and that at length they shut up their days like a Lamp, only by a pure consumption of the radical moisture, without grief or perturbation of humours. Many have thought that this could be done by Aurum potable, or the Philosopher's stone, sought of many, and

found of few; but surely there is no such matter, if Temperance be wanting.

But sensual men (as most are), desiring to satisfy their Appetite and pamper their belly, although they see themselves ill handled by their intemperance, yet shun a sober life; because, they say, It is better to please the Appetite (though they live ten years less than otherwise they should do) than always to live under bit and bridle. But they consider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wisdom and all kind of virtues is most vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected. And that I may say nothing of other things, are not almost all the learned books that we have, written by their Authors in that age, and those ten years which they set at nought in regard of their belly?

Besides, these Belly-gods say, that an orderly life is so hard a thing that it cannot be kept. To this I answer, that Galen kept it, and held it for the best Physic; so did Plato also, and Isocrates, and Tully, and many others of the Ancients; and in our age, Paul the Third, and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived so long; and among our Dukes, Laudus and Donatus, and many others of inferior condition, not only in the city, but also in villages and hamlets.

Wherefore, since many have observed a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no such thing which may not be performed; especially since in observing it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man should begin, and by little and little accustom himself unto it.

Neither doth it hinder, that Plato says, That they who are employed in the commonwealth cannot live regularly, because they must often endure heats, and colds, and winds, and showers, and divers labours,

which suit not with an orderly life : For I answer, That those inconveniences are of no great moment (as I showed before) if a man be temperate in meat and drink, which is both easy for commonweal's men, and very convenient, both that they may preserve themselves from diseases, which hinder public employment ; as also that their mind, in all things wherein they deal, may be more lively and vigorous.

But some may say, He which lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in a little quantity, what diet shall he use in diseases, which being in health he hath anticipated ? I answer first, Nature, which endeavours to preserve a man as much as she can, teacheth us how to govern ourselves in sickness : For suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but a very little, wherewith she is very well contented : So that a sick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or disorderly, when he is sick, ought not to eat but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantity than when he was well. For if he should keep his former proportion, Nature, which is already burdened with a disease, would be wholly oppressed. Secondly, I answer better, that he which lives a temperate life, cannot fall into diseases, and but very seldom into indispositions, because Temperance takes away the causes of diseases ; and the cause being taken away, there is no place for the effect.

Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced ; especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of Man. No man that follows it, is bound to eat and drink so little as I : No man is forbidden to eat fruit or fish, which I eat not : For I eat little, because a little sufficeth my weak stomach ; and I abstain from fruit and fish, and the like, because they hurt me. But they who find benefit in these meats

may, yea ought to use them ; yet all must needs take heed lest they take a greater quantity of any meat or drink (though most agreeable to them) than their stomach can easily digest : So that he which is offended with no kind of meat and drink, hath the quantity, and not the quality for his rule, which is very easy to be observed.

Let no man here object unto me, That there are many, who though they live disorderly, yet continue in health to their lives' end : Because since this is at the best but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the presuming upon it ought not to lead us to a disorderly life.

It is not the part of a wise man to expose himself to so many dangers of diseases and death, only upon a hope of a happy issue, which yet befalls very few. An old man of an ill constitution, but living orderly, is more sure of his life than the most strong young man who lives disorderly.

But some, too much given to Appetite, object, That a long life is no such desirable thing, because that after one is once sixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather death than life : But these err greatly, as I will show by myself, recounting the delights and pleasures in this age of eighty-three, which now I take, and which are such as that men generally account me happy.

I am continually in health, and I am so nimble, that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes I go up high stairs and hills on foot. Then, I am ever cheerful, merry, and well-contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts ; in whose place joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I pass with great delight. I confer often with worthy men, excelling in wit, learning, behaviour, and

other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things, how I may help others to the furthest of my power.

All these things I do at my ease, and at fit seasons, and in mine own houses; which, besides that they are in the fairest place of this learned City of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above most in this age, being so built by me according to the rules of Architecture, that they are cool in summer, and warm in winter.

I enjoy also my gardens, and those divers, parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Some times of the year I enjoy the pleasure of the Euganean hills, where also I have fountains and gardens, and a very convenient house. At other times, I repair to a village of mine, seated in the valley; which is therefore very pleasant, because many ways thither are so ordered, that they all meet, and end in a fair plot of ground; in the midst whereof is a Church suitable to the condition of the place. This place is washed with the river of Brenta; on both sides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not so, because the place was moorish and unhealthy, fitter for beasts than men. But I drained the ground, and made the air good: Whereupon men flocked thither, and built houses with happy success. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now see it is; So that I can truly say, That I have both given God a Temple, and men to worship him in it: The memory whereof is exceeding delightful to me.

Sometimes I ride to some of the neighbour cities, that I may enjoy the sight and the communication of my friends, as also of excellent Artificers in architecture, painting, stone-cutting, music, and husbandry,

whereof in this age there is great plenty. I view their pieces, I compare them with those of Antiquity: And ever I learn somewhat which is worthy of my knowledge: I survey palaces, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications; neither omit I any thing that may either teach or delight me. I am much pleased also in my travels, with the beauty of situation. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dulness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigour, but especially my Taste; so that any simple fare is more savoury to me now, than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and all the delights that could be.

To change my bed, troubles me not; I sleep well and quietly any where, and my dreams are fair and pleasant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country, to cultivation and good husbandry. I was one of those that was deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in those fenny places two whole months in the heat of summer, (which in Italy is very great) receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby: So great is the power and efficacy of that Temperance which ever accompanied me.

These are the delights and solaces of my old age, which is altogether to be preferred before other's youth: Because that by temperance and the Grace of God I feel not those perturbations of body and mind, wherewith infinite both young and old are afflicted.

Moreover, by this also, in what estate I am, may be discovered, because at these years (viz. eighty-three) I have made a most pleasant comedy, full of honest wit and merriment: which kind of Poems useth to be the child of Youth, which it most suits withal for variety and pleasantness; as a Tragedy with old Age,

by reason of the sad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praised, that at the age of seventy- three years he writ a Tragedy, why should I be accounted less happy, or less myself, who being ten years older have made a Comedy ?

Now lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession of my posterity. For when I come home, I find eleven grand children of mine, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health ; all as far as I can conjecture, very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their music and fashion, and I myself also sing often ; because I have now a clearer voice, than ever I had in my life.

By which it is evident, that the life which I live at this age, is not a dead, dumpish, and sour life ; but cheerful, lively, and pleasant : Neither if I had my wish, would I change age and constitution with them who follow their youthful appetites, although they be of a most strong temper : Because such are daily exposed to a thousand dangers and deaths, as daily experience sheweth, and I also, when I was a young man, too well found. I know how inconsiderate that age is, and, though subject to death, yet continually afraid of it : for death to all young men is a terrible thing, as also to those that live in sin, and follow their appetites ; whereas I by the experience of so many years have learned to give way to Reason : whence it seems to me, not only a shameful thing to fear that which cannot be avoided ; but also I hope, when I shall come to that point, I shall find no little comfort in the favour of Jesus Christ. Yet I am sure that my end is far from me : for I know that (setting casualties aside) I shall not die but by a pure resolution : because that by the regularity of my life I have shut out death

all other ways ; and that is a fair and desirable death, which Nature brings by way of resolution.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing ; what remains, but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves, to embrace it with open arms ?

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof : but lest in any thing I forsake that Temperance which I have found so good, I here make an end.

LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

PARENTALIA.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

[The following verses were printed at the end of the Sermon which Donne preached at Chelsea in 1627, in memory of Herbert's mother, of whose tender watchfulness his life makes mention: "And this great care of hers," writes Barnabas Oley, "this good son of hers studied to improve and requite, as is seen in those many Latin and Greek verses, the obsequious *Parentalia* he made and printed in her memory; which though they be good, very good, yet (to speak freely even of this man whom I so much honour), they be dull, or dead in comparison of his Temple Poems, and no marvel. To write those, he made his ink with water of *Helicon*; but these Inspirations propheticall were distilled from above: in those are weak motions of Nature, in these raptures of Grace."—B. OLEY, 1652.]

A H Mater, quo te deplem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thamesis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro ficior ipse tuo.

In flumen mœrore nigrum si funderer ardens,
 • Laudibus haud fierem sepia iusta tuis.
 Tantùm istæc scribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
 Mater : et ista Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

CORNELIÆ sanctæ, graves Sempronæ,
 Et quicquid uspiam est severæ fœminæ,
 Conferte lacrymas : Illa, quæ vos miscuit
 Vestraque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
 Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
 Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus ;
 Quandoque vultûs sola majestas, Dolor.

Decus mulierum periit : et metuunt viri
 Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
 Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
 Struices superbas atque turritum caput
 Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
 (Nam post Babelem linguæ adest confusio,)
 Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
 Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
 Animam recentem rite curavit sacris,
 Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.

Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
 Horti, colique distributim pensitat.
 Suum cuique tempus et locus datur.
 Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
 Ratione certâ vita constat et domus,
 Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
 Totâ renident æde decus et suavitas
 Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
 Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
 Surrexit unâ et illa, seseque extulit :
 Occasione certat imò et obtinet.
 Proh ? quantus imber. quanta labri comitas,

Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis ;
 Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia :
 Aut si negotio hora fumenda est, rei
 Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
 Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
 Tum quanta tabulis artifex ? quæ scriptio ?
 Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
 Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
 Volant per orbem literæ notissimæ :
 O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
 Quò nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
 Pæctoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.

Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
 Mulcensque dotes cæteras, visa est quasi
 Cælestis harmoniæ breve præludium.
 Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum ?
 Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
 Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum :
 Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
 Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
 Fatisco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
 Solùm dolores,—et dolores, stellulæ !

At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta censes filio,
 Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
 Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
 Ergo ipse solùm mutus atque excors ero
 Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis ?
 Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
 Herbæ exoletæ, ros-marinus aridus ?
 Matrine linguam refero solum ut mordeam ?
 Abito barde ! Quàm piè istic sum impudens ?
 Tu verò mater perpetim laudabere
 Nato dolenti : literæ hoc debent tibi
 Quêis me educaſti ; sponte chartas illinunt
 Fructum laborum consecutæ maximum
 Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant infcii.

CUR îsplendes, O Phœbe? ecquid demittere matrem
 Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
 At superat caput illa tuum, quantum ipsa cadaver
 Mens superat; corpus solùm Elementa tenent.
 Scilicet id îsplendes: hæc est tibi causa micandi
 Et lucro apponis gaudia sancta tuo.
 Verùm heus si nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
 Sitque omnis motûs nescia, tanta quies,
 Fac radios saltem ingemines, ut dextera tortos
 Implicit, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.

QUID nugor calamo favens?
 Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
 Horto pro tenui colit
 Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
 Quin cœli mihi sunt mei,
 Materni decus, et debita nominis,
 Dumque his invigilo frequens
 Stellarum socius, pellibus exuor.
 Quare Sphæram egomet meam
 Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
 Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
 Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
 Per te nascor in hunc globum,
 Exemploque tuo nascor in alterum:
 Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
 Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marcescite tandem;
 Ornâstis capulum, nec superesse licet.
 Ecce decus vestrum spinis horrescit, acutâ
 Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:

Terram et funus olent flores : Dominæque cadaver
 Contiguas stirpes afflat, æque rosas.
 In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
 Quæque domus Dominæ fit, gravitate docent.
 Quare haud vos hortos, sed cæmeteria dico,
 Dum torus absentem quisque reponit heram.
 Eugè, perite omnes ; nec posthâc exeat ulla
 Quæsitum Dominam gemma vel herba suam.
 Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos ;
 (Nempe sepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
 Occidite ; aut sanè tantispèr vivite, donec
 Vespere ros mæstis funus honestet aquis.

G ALENE frustra es, cur miserum premens
 Tot quæstionum fluctibus obruis,
 Arterias tractans micantes
 Corporeæ fluidæque molis ?
 Aegroto mentis ? quam neque pixides
 Nec tarda possunt pharmaca consequi,
 Utrumque si præderis Indum,
 Ultrà animus spatietur exlex.
 Impos medendi, occidere si potes,
 Nec sic parentem ducar ad optimam :
 Ni sanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
 Morte magis viduabor illâ.
 Quin cerne ut erres inscie, brachium
 Tentando sanum : si calet, æstuans,
 Ardore scribendi calefcit,
 Mater inest saliente venâ.
 Si totus infler, si tumeam crepax,
 Ne membra culpes, causa animo lateat
 Qui parturit laudes parentis :
 Nec gravidis medicina tuta est.

Irregularis nunc habitus mihi est :
 Non exigatur crasis ad alterum.
 Quod tu febrem censes, salubre est
 Atque animo medicatur unum.

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
 In nebulas similesque tui res gaudia numquid
 Mutata? et pro matre mihi phantasma dolosum
 Uberaque aerea hiscentem fallentia natum?
 Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, measque
 Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda est.
 Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
 Tam segnis facies auroræ nescia vernæ,
 Tam languens genitrix cineri supposita fugaci:
 Verum augusta parens, sanctum os cæloque locandum,
 Quale paludosos jamjam lictura recessus
 Prætulit Astræa, aut folio Themis alma vetusto
 Pensilis, atque acri dirimens Examine lites.
 Hunc vultum ostendas, et tecum nobile spectrum
 Quod superest vitæ, infumam; Solisque jugales
 Ipse tuæ solùm adnectam, sine murmure, theniæ.
 Nec querar ingratos, studiis dum tabidus inſto,
 Effluxisse dies, suffocatamve Minervam,
 Aut spes productas, barbataque somnia vertam
 In vicium mundo sterili, cui cedo cometas
 Ipse suos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque astra.

Est mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
 Rure; brevisque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
 Luctatur spacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
 Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
 Stipati, rudibusque volis impervius hortus
 Sit quasi fasciculus crescens, et nidus odorum.
 Hic ego tuque erimus, variæ suffitibus herbæ
 Quotidiè pasti: tantùm verum indue vultum

Affectusque mei similem ; nec languida misce
Ora meæ memori menti : ne dispare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti crescentia fœtus
Nostra etiam paribus marcescant gaudia fatis.

PARVAM piamque dum lubentèr semitam
Grandi reæque præfero,
Carpfit malignum fydus hanc modestiam,
Vinumque felle miscuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari gestio
Ipsis severus orbibus,
Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
Sufurrat aure quispiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Gusto proboque Dolium.

HOC Genitrix, scriptum proles tibi sedula mittit.
Siste parum cantus, dum legis ista, tuos.
Nôsse sui quid agant, quædam est quoque musica sanctis
Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere potest.
Nos miserè flemus, solesque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea classem magnis Rex instruit ausis :
Nos autem flemus : res ea sola tuis.
Ecce solutura est, ventos causata morantes :
Sin pluviam : fletus suppeditâssset aquas.
Tillius incumbit Dano : Gallusque marinis :
Nos flendo : hæc nostrûm tessera sola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi missurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
 Quod nectar, nisi cum te celebrare diem?)
 Sed partem in scriptis etiam dum lacryma poscit,
 Diluit oppositas candidus humor aquas.

NEMPE hujusque notos tenebricosos,
 Et mæstum nimio madore Cœlum,
 Tellurisque Britannicæ salivam
 Injustè satis arguit viator.
 At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
 Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
 Cum probro madidum, reumque diffat.
 Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant :
 Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ
 Quin te Cambria pervetusta deflet,
 Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
 Ne feræ meritis tuis venirent.
 Non est angulus uspiam serenus,
 Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

DUM librata suis hæret radicibus ilex
 Nescia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
 Post ubi crudelem sentit divisa securem,
 Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero :
 Arbor et ipse inversa vocor : dumque infitus almæ
 Affideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
 Nunc forti pateo, expositus sine matre procellis,
 Lubricus, et superans mobilitate salum.
 Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmissima, Mater
 Ceu Polypus, chelis saxa prehendo tenax :

Non tibi nunc soli filum abrupere sorores
 Diffutus videor funere et ipse tuo.
 Unde vagans passim rectè vocer alter Ulysses,
 Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias esto mihi.

FACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
 Exuta strato carnis, ossibus constans,
 Iisque ficcis, adeo ut os Molossorum
 Haud glubat inde tres teruncios escæ.
 Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
 Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduseæ,
 Ad saxa speciem retrahentis humanam,
 Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
 At forte matrem perdere haud soles demens:
 Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
 Proinde parco belluis, nec irascor.

Epitaphium.

HIC sita fœminei laus et victoria sexus:
 Virgo pudens, uxor fida, severa parens:
 Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
 Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
 Sic excelsa humilisque simul loca diffita junxit,
 Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et astra, fruens.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
 Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
 Νοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ τάφος ἐστ' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνου
 Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς εἶκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.

Νῦν ὁράας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγοῦς
 Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
 Ὃς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
 Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖυε σέλας.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
 Ὀδύρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
 Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόου καὶ κινδύνου
 Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίους.
 Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεῶν,
 Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σήνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
 Εχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
 Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίρροον τρόπων,
 Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
 Νῦν δ' ὥχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
 Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κ' ἄγων· ἢ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
 Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
 Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
 Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
 Εἵπου τύχοιμι τῆςδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
 Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
 Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
 Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
 Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
 Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἀνδρῶν
 Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαῦτην
 Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
 Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἶην
 Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
 Ἴνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
 Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
 Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

Αϊάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
 Οὐκ ἔθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἄρωγόν,
 Προυννομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἐλόντες.
 Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ὕδωρ,
 Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθόν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
 Ἥ θέμις, ἢ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
 Δημόσιον τ' ἱνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
 Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
 Αὐτὰρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι· εὖτε γὰρ αὐταὶ
 Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἐοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
 Λήσμονες, ἢ βελόνη σφαλερῶ κῆρ τραύματι νύττει
 Ἔργου ἀμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
 Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν,

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
 Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
 Ἥ βίος ἡέλιοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἰέντος
 Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαρᾷς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
 Αὐτὰρ ὁδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὥς ἥλιος αὖτος
 Σειρίου ἠττηθεὶς βουλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
 Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχὺ τι πνείων, ὥς ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
 Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζῶειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
 Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα θαμήσεος, αἶκε σελήνης
 Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.

Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,

Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμιν ἀνισταμένοις.

Ἄλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,

Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque resump-
tam

Rure, sibi dixit Musa fuisse probro.

Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)

Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra suum.

Non potui non ire acri stimulante flagello :

Quin matris superans carmina poscit honos.

Eja, agedum scribo : vicisti Musa ; sed audi,

Stulta semel scribo, perpetuò ut fileam.

GEORGII HERBERTI ANGLI

MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ,

AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI

Anti-tami-cami-categoriam.

[Andrew Melvin, or Melvill, a noisy and remarkable person in his own day, was born in 1545, and after spending some time in Switzerland, returned to England with a commendatory letter from Beza. The question of episcopal titles in 1578 fanned a flame, which later circumstances made dangerous to himself. Walton says: "he, being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church government, which were by some of that party (the dissenters), so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, when Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel." At an earlier period, Walton had spoken more gently of the polemical Scotchman, as a master of wit, and among his countrymen only exceeded by Buchanan. A more competent critic, Robertson, praises his learning, his pure manners, and his intrepidity of mind. He died in 1621. Herbert's verses were collected and published by Dr. Duport, the Dean of Peterborough. On neither side is the wit or the anger of a very sharp edge; and the epigrams of Herbert are the mere sword-play of an accomplished scholar, more anxious to show his skill, than to wound his opponent.]

Pro Supplici

*Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Anglia, ad Serenissimum
Regem Contra larvatam geminæ
Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;*

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA,

Auctore ANDREA MELVINO.

Responsum, non dictum.

INSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poscit ratio ut decori,
Poscit ex omni officio ut sibi mens
Conscia recti)

Anxiam Christi vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in astra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

De sacri casta ratione cultûs,
De Sacro-sancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et studiis modestis,
Numinis sancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem : Scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum, ovium, fuúmque
Millibus centum, voluisse nudo
Tangere verbo

Præfulum fastus ; monuisse Ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
Lege, ceu labes, maculasque lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júsque-jurandum ingemuisse jura
Exigi contra omnia ; tum misellis
Mentibus tristem laqueum injici per
Fásque, nefásque.

Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro
Signa consignem ? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam ? sacra vox sacratâ im-
Murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem ? Rationis usu ad-
Fabor Infantem vacuum ? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello ?

Parvulo impôstis manibus sacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus ? digitóne Sponsæ
Annulus Sponsi impositus sacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis ? Undâ
Num salutari mulier Sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet
Lustrica mater ?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
 Ritè quadrabit ? Pharium camillo
 Supparum Christi, et decus Antichristi
 Pontificale ?

Pastor examen gregis exigendum
 Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
 Promptus arcanam, memorando Jesu
 Vulnera dira ?

Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra
 Musicum fractis ? reboëntve rauco
 Templamugitu ? Illecebris supremi ah
 Rector Olympi

Captus humanis ? libitumque nobis,
 Scilicet, Regi id Superum allubescet ?
 Somniumque ægri cerebri profanum est
 Dictio sacra ?

Haud fecus lustris Lupa Vaticani
 Romuli faciem bibit, et bibendam
 Porrigit poc'lo, populisque et ipsis
 Regibus aureo.

Non ita æterni Witakerus acer
 Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
 Dixit, aut sensit ; neque celsa summi
 Penna Renoldi.

Certa sublimes aperire calles,
 Sueta cœlestes iterare cursus,
 Læta misceri niveis beatæ
 Civibus aulæ ;

Nec Tami, aut Cami accola faniore
Mente, qui cœlum sapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri Lyceo
Culta juvenus,

Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux,
Cui nitens Sol justitiæ renidet,
Quem jubar Christi radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum
Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati
Aurei fæc'li, duo dura sacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recurfu,
Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ
Audiit, multum stupuítque magno
Ore sonantem.

Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemantum
Prædicem Bezam viridi in senecta?
Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus, reditúsque, et ultra
Quinque percurrentes spatiosa in annos
Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit scatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et superstes
 Millibus mille, et Sadecele, et omnium
 Maximo CALVINO, aliisque veri
 Testibus æquis ;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
 Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
 Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante
 Numinis aurâ,

Sensa de castu sacra puriore,
 Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta,
 Arma quæ in castris jugulent severi
 Tramitis hostes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
 Alpium applaudunt, resonantque valles ;
 Jura concentu nemorum sonoro,
 Et pater Ister

Consonant longè ; pater et bicornis
 Rhenus ascensum ingeminat, Garumna,
 Sequana, atque Arar, Liger : insularum et
 Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
 Voce conspirat liquida : solúmque,
 Et salum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis
 More, modóque

Concinunt Bezæ numeris, modisque
 Et polo plaudunt ; referuntque leges
 Lege quas sanxit pius ardor, et Rex
 Scoto-britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura Regis
Qui mare, et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis :

Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electæ pater, atque custos ;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus ;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus ; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus ; una virtus
Una Majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna ;
Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa ;
Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua,
Semper et alma :

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, fata cœlo, et alti In-
Terpres Olympi :

Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
Pendia Vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, sacra scita Regni
Regis ad natum referens, Domûsque
Ad voluntatem Domini instituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipse -lator,
Cujus exacti officii suprema est
Norma voluntas.

Cœca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi : indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido,

Quisquis hanc furda negat aure, quæ se
Fundit ubertim liquidas sub auras,
Ille ter prudens, sapiénsque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos Cami proceres, Tamique,
Quos viâ flexit malefuadus error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
Sistite callem.

Vos metus tangit si hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem sperate, et amœna solis
Tartara Diris ;

Quæ manent fontes animas, trucésque
Pæfulum fastus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
Stodia pernox.

Veste bis tinctâ Tyrio superbos
 Murice, et pastos dape pinguiore
 Regia quondam aut Saliari inuncta a-
 Bdomine cœna.

Qualis Urfini, Damascique fastus
 Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
 Ambitu pugnax, sacram et ædem, et urbem
 Cæde nefandâ

Civium incestavit, et omniosum
 Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum
 Præfulum quod nobilium indecorus
 Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri sacra? quid cupido
 Ambitu diro fera non propagat
 Posteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
 Plurima fundit?

Pro Disciplina Ecclesiæ Nostræ, Epigrammata Apologetica.

Augustissimo Potentissimoque Monarchæ JACOBO,
 D. G., Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ,
 Regi, Fidei Defensori, etc. Geo. Herbertus.

ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
 Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
 Anté tui, Cæsar, quàm fulserat aura favoris,
 Nostræ etiam Musæ vile fuere lutum:
 Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere possint,
 Síntque ausæ thalamum solis adire tui.

Illustris : Celfissimoque CAROLO, Walliæ,
et Juventutis Principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam [que] aspectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigrasque blattas,
Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet seges, pruinas
Nascentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantum dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, senemve) credat
Mors semper juvenem, senem Britanni

3. Reverendissimo in Christo Patri ac Domino,
Episcopo Vintonienfi, etc.*

SANCTE Pater, cœli custos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo sanctius astra vident;
Cum mea futilibus numeris se verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuas præteriêre fores.
Sed properè, dextrèque reduxit euntia sensus,
Ista docens soli scripta quadrare tibi.

Ad Regem.

Instituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

Epigr. 1.

CUM millena tuam pulsare negotia mentem
Constet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Nè te productis videar lassare Camœnis,

* Launcelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester.

Pro solido, CÆSAR, carmine frustra dabo.
 Cúm tu contundens, Catharos, vultúque librísque,
 Grata mihi mensæ sunt analecta tuæ.

Ad Melvinum.

Epigr. 2.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, laceßam ;
 Non ut te superem : res tamen ipsa feret.
 Ætatis numerum supplebit causa minorem ;
 Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque senex.
 Aspice, dum perstas, ut te tua deferat ætas ;
 Et mea sint canis scripta referta tuis.
 Ecce tamen quàm suavis ero ! cùm, fine duelli,
 Clauserit extremas pugna peracta vices,
 Tum tibi, si placeat, fugientia tempora reddam ;
 Sufficiet votis ista juvenia meis.

In Monstrum vocabuli Anti-tami-Cami-Categoria.

Epigr. 3. Ad eundem.

O QUAM bellus homo es ! lepidò quàm nomine
 fingis
 Istas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias !
 Sic Catharis nova sola placent ; res, verba novantur :
 Quæ sapiunt ævum, ceu cariosa jacent.
 Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces :
 Non tibi fingendi sola taberna patet.
 Cùm sacra perturbet vester furor omnia, scriptum
 Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
 Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
 Est Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

TRES video partes, quò re distinctiùs utar,
 Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britannæ, tuæ:
 Ritibus una Sacris opponitur; altera Sanctos
 Prædicat auctores; tertia plena Deo est.
 Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque;
 Ipse pios laudo; Numen et ipse colo.
 Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
 O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum!

In metri genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poësis,
 Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet?
 Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisère poëtæ
 Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
 Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer Iambus?
 Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
 Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
 Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
 Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
 Feminæum blanda fallitis arte genus:
 Nunc etiam teneras quòd versus gratior aures
 Mulceat, imbelles complacuère modi.

De Larvata Gorgone.

GORGONA cur diram, larvâsque obtrudis inanes,
 Cùm propè sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
 Si, quia felices olim dixère poëtæ
 Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
 Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
 Sumite Gorgoneam, nostrâque Pallas erit.

De præfulum fastu.

PRÆSULIBUS nostris fastus, Melvine, tumentes
 Sæpius aspergis. Siste, pudore vacas.
 An quod semotum populo laquearibus altis
 Eminent, id tumidum protinus esse feres?
 Ergó etiam Solem dicas, ignave, superbum,
 Qui tam sublimi conspicit orbe viam:
 Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
 Affiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
 Sic laudandus erit nactus sublimia Præful,
 Qui dulci miseros irradiabit ope.

De Gemina Academia.

QUIS hîc superbit, oro? tûne, an Præfules?
 Quos dente nigro corripis?
 Tu duplicem solus Camænarum thronum
 Virtute percellis tua;
 Et unus impar æstimatur viribus,
 Utrumque sternis calcitro:
 Omnésque stulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
 Te perspicaci atque integro.
 An rectiùs nos, si vices vertas, probi,
 Te contumaci, et livido?
 Quisquis tuetur perspicillis Belgicis
 Qua parte tractari solent,
 Res ampliantur, sin per adversam videt,
 Minora fiunt omnia:
 Tu qui superbos cæteros existimas
 (Superbius cùm te nihil)
 Vertas specillum: nam, prout se res habent,
 Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

De S. Baptismi ritu.

CUM tener ad sacros infans sistatur aquales,
 Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
 Annon sic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
 Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
 Scilicet emptorem si res aut parciore ætas
 Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
 Forsitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
 Et per se Templi limen adire velis:
 Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos postulet infans,
 Cur sic displiceat vox aliena tibi?
 Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præstes,
 Quæ ratio per se, si sit adulta, facit.
 Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus suppleat alter,
 Cùm nequeat claras ipse litare preces?
 Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
 Et tibi fit nemo præs, ubi poscis opem.

De Signaculo Crucis.

CUR tanta sufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
 Non plùs maligni dæmones Christi cruce
 Unquam fugari, quàm tui socii solent.
 Apostolorum culpa non levis fuit
 Vitasse Christi spiritum efflantem crucem.
 Et Christianus quisque piscis dicitur
 Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
 Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
 Natare sine clarissima potest cruce?
 Sed non moramur: namque vestra crux erit,
 Vobis faventibusve, vel negantibus.

De Juramento Ecclesiæ.

ARTICULIS sacris quidam subscribere jussus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis ofores articulare malum.

De Purificatione post puerperium.

ENIXAS pueros matres se sistere templis
Displicit, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per vestras Ecclesia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos sine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitæque neglectas est fati ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus esse nefas.
Quotidiana suas poscant si fercula grates,
Nostra caro sanctæ nescia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occasio lucro est,
Quæ possint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conscia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, suos,
Appositè quem commotum subfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

De Antichristi decore Pontificali.

NON quia Pontificum sunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia sunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur si cuncta malus quæ polluit usus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

De Superpelliceo.

QUID sacræ tandem meruère vestes ?
 Quas malus livor jaculis laceffit
 Polluens castam chlamydis colorem
 Dentibus atris ?

Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
 Luce prælustri, vel honore pollet,
 Mens sub insigni specie coloris
 Concipit albi.

Scilicet talem liquet esse solem ;
 Angeli vultu radiante candent ;
 Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
 Veste triumphant.

E creaturis sine mentis usu
 Conditis binas homini sequendas
 Spiritus proponit, et est utrique
 Candor amicus.

Ergò ringantur pietatis hostes,
 Filii noctis, populus malignus,
 Dum suum nomen tenet, et triumphat
 Albion albo.

De Pileo quadrato.

QUÆ dictæria fuderat Britannus
 Superpellicei tremendus hostis,
 Isthæc pileus audiit propinquus,
 Et partem capitis petit supremam ;
 Non sic effugit angulus vel unus
 Quo dictis minús acribus notetur.
 Verùm heus ! si reputes, tibi tuisque

Longè pileus anteit galerum,
 Ut fervor cerebri refrigeretur,
 Qui vestras edit intimè medullas.
 Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
 Quos Ecclesia comprobat, verendum
 Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

In Catharum.

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis esse profanam?
 Quam præmissa probant secula, nostra probant?
 Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
 Qua tamen occisi fœdera scripta Dei?
 Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perstrepis unam:
 Hæc facit ad nasum sola loquela tuum.

De Episcopis.

QUOS charos habuit Christus Apostolos,
 Testatósque suo tradiderat gregi;
 Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
 Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
 Mites acciperent Lampada Præsules,
 Servaréntque sacrum clavibus ordinem;
 Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
 Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
 Et quos ipsa nequit scandere vertices
 Hos ad se trahere, et mergere gestiens.
 O cœcum populum! si bona res fiet
 Præsul, cur renuis? sin mala, pauculos
 Quàm cunctos fieri præstat Episcopos.

De Iisdem ad Melvinum.

PRÆSULIBUS dirum te Musa coarguit hostem,
An quia Textores, Artificésque probas ?

De Textore Catharo.

CUM piscatores Textor legit esse vocatos,
Ut sanctum Domini persequerentur opus ;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius esse putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ stamine telas
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

De Magicis rotatibus.

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auscultas
In ritibus nostris ? Ego audio nullum.
Agē, provocemus úsque ad Angelos ipsos,
Aurésque superas : arbitri ipsi sint elitis
Utrum tenore sacra nostra sint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, affluas nobis,
Falsúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero ?] versu ?
Tu perstrepis tamen ; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poëta belle non mystes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus ista Divinis.
O sævus hostis ! quàm ferociter pugnas !
Nihilne respondebimus tibi ? Fatemur.

Ad Fratres.

OSC'LUM lepidum ! circumstant undique Fratres,
 Papicolísque fui sunt, Catharísque fui.
 Sic nunc plena boni sunt omnia Fratris, amore
 Cùm nil fraterno rarius esse queat.

De labe, maculisque.

LABECULAS, maculâsque nobis objicis,
 Quid ? hoccine est mirum ? Viatores sumus.
 Quò sanguis est Christi, nisi ut maculas lavet,
 Quas spargit animæ corporis propius lutum ?
 Vos ergo puri ! O nomen appositissimum
 Quo vulgus ornat vos ! At audias parum ;
 Astronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
 Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
 Totúsque cænum Cynthiæ ignoscit notis.
 Ecclesia est mihi Luna ; perge in Fabulâ.

De Musica Sacra.

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
 Post restitutos fluctibus obices,
 Mutas in humanam figuram
 Saxa supervacuâsque cautes ?
 Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,
 Et nos reducas ad lapides avos :
 Nam saxa mirantur canentes,
 Saxa lyras, citharâsque callent.
 Rupes tenaces, et filices ferunt
 Potentiori carmine percitas
 Saltus per incultos, lacúsque
 Orphea mellifluum secutas.

Et faxa diris hispida montibus
 Amphionis testitudine nobili
 Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,
 Mænia contribuere Thebis.
 Tantum repertum est trux hominum genus,
 Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,
 Non erubescences vel ipsas
 Duritiâ superare cautes.
 O plena centum Musica Gratiis,
 Præclariorum spirituum cibus,
 Quò me vocas tandem, tuumque
 Ut celebrem decus infufurras?
 Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum
 Cæno profani corporis exuens
 Ter millies cælo reponis:
 Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes.
 Ardore Moses concitus entheo,
 Mersis revertens lætus ab hostibus
 Exuscitat plebem sacratos
 Ad Dominum properare cantus.
 Quid hocce? Psalmos audion'? O dapes!
 O succulenti balsama spiritus!
 Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
 Deciduæ melioris orbis
 Quos David, ipsæ deliciæ Dei,
 Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
 Sionis excelsas ad arces
 Cum citharis, lituisque miscet.
 Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,
 Et ipse Jordan sistit aquas stupens;
 Præ quo Tiberis vultum recondit,
 Eridanúsque pudore fusus.
 Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
 Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens,
 Ut, quò fatiges verberésque
 Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?

At cui videri prodigium potest
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Discordiis plenas sonoris
Harmonium tolerare nullam !

De eadem.

CANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas ?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

De rituum usu.

CUM primùm ratibus suis
Nostram Cæsar ad insulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes sine vestibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi !

Non alio Cathari modo
Dum sponsam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis insciam
Prorsus Dæmoni, et hostibus
Exponunt superabilem.

Atqui vos fecus, O boni,
Sentire sapere addecet,
Si vestros animos regant
Scripturæ canones sacræ :

Nàmque hæc, jure, cuipiam
 Vestem non adimi suam,
 Sed nudis et egentibus
 Non suam tribui jubet.

De annulo conjugali.

SED nec conjugii signum, Melvine, probabis?
 Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
 Nulla tibi si signa placent, è nubibus arcum
 Eripe cælesti qui moderatur aquæ.
 Illa quidem à nostro non multùm abludit imago,
 Annulus et plenus tempore forsan erit.
 Sin nebulis parcas, et nostro parcito signo,
 Cui non absimilis sensus inesse solet.
 Scilicet, ut quos ante suas cum conjuge tedas
 Merferat in lustris perniciofa Venus,
 Annulus hos revocet, sistátque libidinis undas
 Legitimi signum connubiale tori.

De mundis et mundanis.

EX prælio undæ ignisque (si Phycis fides)
 tranquilluss aer nascitur:
 Sic ex profano Cosmico et Catharo potest
 Christianus extundi bonus.

De oratione Dominica.

QUAM Christus immortalis innocuo gregi
 Voce suâ dederat,
 Quis crederet mortalibus
 Orationem rejici septemplicem,

Quæ miseris clypeo
 Ajacis est præstantior ?
 Hæc verba, superos advolaturus thronos
 Christus, ut auxilii
 Nos haud inanes linqueret,
 (Cùm dignius nil posset aut melius dare)
 Pignora chara fui
 Fruenda nobis tradidit.
 Quis sic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
 Qui renovare sacri
 Audent amoris Symbolum ?
 Tu verò quisquis es, cave, nè dum neges
 Improbe verba Dei,
 Te deneget VERBUM Deus.

In Catharum quendam.

CUM templis effare, madent sudaria, mappæ,
 Trux caper alarum, suppara, læna, sagum.
 Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris :
 Nunc fudas solus ; cætera turba riget.

De lupa luftri VATICANI.

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus.
 Nec Vaticanæ defines unquam Lupæ ?
 Metus inanes ! Nos pari prætervehi
 Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
 Vestramque Scyllam, æquis parati spiculis
 Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
 Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora,
et Amor.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertransiit Oram,
Cùm Latium ferrent sæcula prisca jugum?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
Unde Maro laudes duxit ad Astra tuas.
At nunc exsucco similis tua gloria Ramo
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa suo.
Quin tibi jam desperatæ Mora nulla medetur;
Qua Fabio quondam sub duce nata salus.
Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre vicissim;
Et cum sublatâ laude recedit Amor.

De Impositione manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi Amoris emblemata?
Atqui manus imponere integras præstat,
Quâm (more vestro) imponere incio vulgo.
Quanto Impositio melior est Impositurâ!

Supplicum Ministrorum Raptus.

Κωμωδούμενος.

- A**MBITIO Cathari quínque constat Actibus.
- I. Primâ, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
 - II. Mox displicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanferit
 - III. Paulò, secretis mufsitans in angulis
Quærit recessus. Incalescit fabula,

- IV. Erumpit inde, et continere nescius
 V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
 Præ spiritu ruptis, quò eas refarciat
 Amstello-damum corripit se. Plaudite.

De Auctorum enumeratione.

QUO magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
 Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
 Martyra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
 Qui tamen in nostros fortiter ire negant.
 Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
 Affiduus nostræ papilionis erat.
 Nos quòque possemus longas conscribere turmas,
 Si numero starent prælia, non animis.
 Primus adest nobis, Pharisæis omnibus hostis,
 Christus Apostolici cinctus amore gregis.
 Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis,
 Dum gladium stringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
 Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetustas.
 Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat?
 Jam Constantinus multo se milite miscet;
 Invisámque tuis erigit hasta Crucem.
 Hipponensis adest properans, et torquet in hostes
 Lampada, quâ studiis invigilare solet.
 Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambrosius iram,
 Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
 Hæc etiam ad pugnam præsens, quâ vivimus, ætas
 Innumeram nostris partibus addit opem.
 Quos inter plenusque Deo, genióque Jacobus
 Defendit veram mente manúque fidem.
 Interea ad sacrum stimulat sacra Musica bellum,
 Qua sine vos miseri lentiùs itis ope.
 Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
 Ordine discerni maxima bella solent.

O vos invalidos ! Audi quem talibus armis
 Eventum Naso vidit et admonuit ;
 Una dies Catharos ad bellum miserat omnes :
 Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

De auri sacra fame.

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram ; statuîsque sacrorum
 Esse recidendas, Æace noster, opes,
 Cætera condonabo tibi, scombrîsque remittam :
 Sacrilegum carmen, cenfeo, flamma voret.

Ad Scotiam protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta sub Arcto,
 Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales ?
 Anne tuas flammâ ipsa Antiperistasis auget,
 Ut nive torpentes incaluere manus ?
 Aut ut pruna gelu summo mordaciùs urit,
 Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum ?
 Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor : unda propinqua
 est,
 Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas ;
 Aut potiùs Christi sanguis demissus ab alto,
 Vicinûsque magis nobiliôrque fluit :
 Nè, si flamma novis adolescat mota flabellis,
 Ante diem vestro mundus ab igne ruat.

Ad seductos innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
 Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
 Absit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem ;

Perstringunt vestros carmine sola duces.
 Outinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
 Vobis, aut illis pectora vestra forent.

Ad Melvinum.

ATQUI te precor unicè per ipsam,
 Quæ scripsit numeros, manum ; per omnes
 Musarum calices, per et beatos
 Sarcasmos quibus artifex triumphas ;
 Quin per Presbyteros tuos ; per urbem
 Quam curto nequeo referre versu ;
 Per charas tibi, nobilèsq̃ue dextras,
 Quas subscriptio neutiquam inquinavit ;
 Per quicquid tibi suaviter probatur ;
 Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
 Aut sævum reputes. Amica nostra est
 Atque edentula Musa, nec veneno
 Splenis perlita contumeliosi.

Nam si te cuperem secare versu,
 Totàmque evomerem potenter iram
 Quam aut Ecclesia despiciata vobis,
 Aut læsæ mihi suggerunt Athenæ,
 (Et quem non stimulare hæc simultas)
 Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
 Et Musa crepitante subruissem :
 Omnis linea sepiam recusans
 Plumbo ducta fuisset æstuantem,
 Centum stigmatibus tuos inurens
 Profanos fremitus bonasque fannas :
 Plus charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
 Hæsisset tibi, quàm suprema vestis
 Olim accreverit Herculi furenti :
 Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum

Extruxissem, ubi, cum moneret usus,
Haurirent tibi tota plaustra Musæ.

Nunc hæc omnia sustuli, tonantes
Affectus sociis tuis remittens.

Non te carmine turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, five ineptum,
Non striges, magiâmvē, vel rotatus,
Non fastus tibi turgidos repono ;
Errores, maculas, superbiâmq̃ue,
Labes, somniâque, ambitûsq̃ue diros,
Tinnitus Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.

Quin te laudibus orno : quippe dico,
Cæsar sobrius ad rei Latinæ
Unus dicitur advenire cladem :
Et tu solus ad Angliæ procellas
(Cum plerûmq̃ue tuâ sodalitate
Nil sit crassius, impolitiûsve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

Ad eundem.

INCIPIS irridens ; stomachans in carmine pergis ;
Definis exclamans : Tota figura, vale.

Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, regum doctissime, nugas,
Quas gens inconsulta, suis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, absorbendâsq̃ue propinat !
O cæcos animi fratres ! quis vestra fatigat
Corda furor, spissâque afflat caligine sensus ?

Cernite, quàm formosa suas Ecclesia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipsum pertingit Olympum !
Vicini populi passim mirantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiscere ritus :
Angelicæ turmæ nostris se cætibus addunt :
Ipse etiam Christus cœlo speculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno stringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim divisas æquore terras
Seposuit Divina sibi, cum conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque suà quasi pyxide clausit.

O qui Defensor Fidei meritissimus audis,
Responde æternúm titulo ; quòque ordine felix
Cœpisti, pergas simili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hostes :
Quásque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hærefis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere possit ?
Tu venas, laticésque omnes quos sacra recludit
Pagina, gustâsti, multóque interprete gaudes :
Tu Synodósque, Patresque, et quod dedit alta vetustas
Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introspicis omnem.
Nec transire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viscera naturæ, commistúsque omnibus astris
Ante tuum tempus cœlum gratissimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus securior excipis undas,
Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utrasque
Pastor agis proprios, medio tutissimus, agnos.

Perge, decus Regum ; sic, Augustissime, plures
Sint tibi vel stellis laudes, et laudibus anni :
Sic pulsare tuas, exclusis luctibus, ausint
Gaudia sola fores : sic quicquid somnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem ;
Sic positis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, summe Deus, semel
 Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
 Illum non labor irritus
 Exercet miserum ; non dolor unguium
 Morsus increpat anxios ;
 Non mæret calamus ; non queritur caput :
 Sed fœcunda poësewç
 Vis, et vena sacris regnat in artibus
 Qualis nescius aggerum
 Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
 O dulcissime spiritus,
 Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inferis
 A Te Turture defluos,
 Quòd scribo, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO. AUTOG.

OH Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis !
 Quem non Emathius torrens, non sanguine pin-
 guis
 Daunia, non fatiat bis ter millesima cædis
 Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
 Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
 Prisci, crescentesque una cum prole cavernas ;
 Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipsaque vitam
 Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
 Confluere interea passim ad Floralia pubes
 Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra solutis.
 Compita fervere pedibus, clamoribus æther.
 Hîc ubi discumbunt per gramina, falsior unus

Omnia suspendit naso, sociosque laceffit :
 Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
 Dicta ferox, hærent lateri convitia fixo.
 Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
 Ira facit, mundusque ipse est apotheca furoris,
 Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
 Sunt præter vitam : saxis hic sternitur, alter
 Ambustis sudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
 Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconstantia vini,
 Sanguine quem dederat spolians : primordia belli
 Hæc fuerant, sic Tisiphone virguncula ludit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occisio, morti
 Quæritur ingenium, doctusque homicida probatur.
 Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque assueta Juventus,
 Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,
 Instructæque acies, hyemesque in pellibus actæ.
 Omniaque hæc ut transadigant sine crimine costas
 Artificesque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
 Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hostes
 Assiduus tyro, si sit spectanda voluntas.
 O superi ! quis tantum ipsis virtutibus instat,
 Quantum cædi ? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
 Perdere sexcentas ? crescet tamen hydra nocendi
 Tristis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
 Fœcundusque chalybs sceleris, jam sanguine tinctus,
 Expleri nequit, at totum depascitur orbem.
 Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
 Balistasque, Onagrosque, et quicquid Scorpio sævus
 Vel Catapulta potest, Siculique inventa magistri,
 Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes sanguine Galli
 Fustibales, fundasque quibus cum numine fretus
 Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hostem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
 Arviragum, falcesque obstantia quæque metentes.
 Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius arte,

Sic olim cecidere.

Deerat adhuc vitiis nostris dignissima mundo
Machina, quam nullum fatis execrabitur ævum ;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
Fusaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea fulcis :
Exoritur tubus, atque instar Cyclopiæ Homeri,
Luscum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens !
Inde rotæ atque axis subeunt, quasi sella curulis,
Qua mors ipsa sedens hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
Exulis, Infernæ pretiosa tragemata mensæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetustas
Creditur, ante fatas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livenisque suæ quasi conscia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epistola fati.
Plumbis obsignata, colosque et stamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, subit vivo cum fune minister,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua stupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam se continet antro
Tisiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta ;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It stridor, cælosque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel musica sphæræ
Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo se turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragilibusque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu ; non sic pestis, non stella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
Ingemit, et defessus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans sola nocet, mortem quandoque susurrat

Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
 Dicite vos, Furiae ! qua gaudet origine monstrum ?
 Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
 Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
 Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
 Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
 Triste colens fellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
 Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monstrum.
 Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere tristi
 Versatos neget : atque humiles queis talia cordi
 Tam demissa, ipsamque adeo subeuntia terram ?
 Nec tamen hic mortis rabies stetit ; exilit omni
 Tormento peior Jesuita, et fulminat orbem,
 Ridens bombardas miseras, quæ corpora perdunt
 Non animas ; raroque ornantur sanguine regum
 Obstreperæ stulto sonito, crimenque fatentes.
 Sistimus hic, inquit fatum, fat prata biberunt
 Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.
 G. HERBERTE

ALIA POEMATATA LATINA.

Ad auctorem Instaurationis magnæ.

[FRANCISCUM BACON.]

PER strages licet auctorum veterumque ruinam
 Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
 Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam suaviter hostes,
 Se quasi donatum funere quisque putat.
 Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
 Vulneréque emanat sanguis, ut intret honos.
 O quàm felices sunt, qui tua castra sequuntur,
 Cum per te sit res ambitiosa mori.

In honorem illustrissimi Domini Francisci de Verulamio Vice-Comitis Sti. Albani.

POST EDITAM AB EO INSTAUR. MAGNUM.

QUIS iste tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
 Quotidiano. Nescis, ignare? audies.
 Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
 Inductionis Dominus; Et Verulamii;
 Rerum Magister Unicus, at non Artium:
 Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;
 Naturæ Aruspex intimus; Philosophiæ
 Ærarium, Sequester Experientiæ,
 Speculationisque; Æquitatis Signifer;
 Scientiarum sub pupillari statu
 Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
 Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium:
 Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis:
 Sophismatum Mastix; Brutus Literarius,
 Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
 Rationis et Sensus Stupendus Arbiter?
 Repumicator mentis: Atlas Phycus,
 Alcide succumbente Stagiritico;
 Columba Noæ, quæ in vetustate Artibus
 Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præstitit
 Ad se suumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
 Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
 Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus;
 Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos Unicus;
 Securis Errorum; inque Natalibus
 Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi;
 O me prope Lassum! Juvate Poster.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN
 ACADEM. CANTAB.

In obitum incomparabilis Francisci Vice-Comitis
Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii.

DUM longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

Comparatio inter munus summi Cancellariatûs
et Librum.

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, Libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt sæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi sunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

Æthiopissa ambit Cestum diversi coloris virum.

QUID mihi si facies nigra est? hoc, Ceste, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exustâ semper sit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro sit terra solo, quis despicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc faltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi sit facies fumus, quas pectore flammæ
Jamdudum tacitè delituisse putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præfaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuere genas!

In Natales et Pascha concurrentes.

CUM tu, Chrifte, cadis, nascor ; mentémque ligavit
 Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
 O me disparibus natum cum numine fatis !
 Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Chrifte, negas ?
 Quin moriar tecum : vitam, quam negligis ipse,
 Accipe ; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
 Hoc mihi legatum tristi si funere præstes,
 Chrifte, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi :
 Atque ibi per te sanctificer natalibus ipsis,
 In vitam, et nervos Pascha coæva fluat.

Ad Johannem Donne, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EJUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO.

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, claviq; additi
 (Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
 Tuive Christum devocans facundia
 Ultra loquendi tempus ; addit Anchora :
 Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
 Addas Sigillum : nempè symbolum suæ
 Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
 Quondam fessus amor loquens amato,
 Tot et tanta loquens amica ; scripsit
 Tandem et fessa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
 Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
 (In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum.
 Munde, fluas fugiásque licet, nos nostráque fixi :
 Deridet motus sancta Catena tuos.

In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginae Annæ.

(E LACHRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

QUO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit?
 Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
 Ecce meus torpens animus succumbit utrique,
 Cui tenuis fama est, ingeniumque minus.
 Quis, nisi qui manibus Briareus, oculisque sit Argus,
 Scribere te dignum vel lacrymare queat?
 Frustra igitur fudo; superest mihi sola voluptas,
 Quod calamum excusent Pontus et Astra meum:
 Namque Annæ laudes cœlo scribuntur aperto,
 Sed luctus noster scribitur Oceano.

In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ.

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

ITE leves (inquam), Parnassia numina, musæ!
 Non ego vos posthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
 Somnis nescio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
 Sed nec Cirrhæi saltus, Libethriave arva
 In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens est,
 Sic quasi Diis certem, magnos accersere montes;
 Nec vaga de summo deducam flumina monte,
 Qualia parturiente colunt sub rupe sorores:
 Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora sævo
 Tota stupent luctu) lacrymisque exæstuet æquis
 Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina funto:
 Musa, vale! et tu, Phœbe! dolor mea carmina dictet;
 Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
 Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires,
 Vivite, dum mortem ostendam: sic tempora vestram
 Non comedant famam, sic nulla oblivio potent.

Quare age, mens ! effare, precor, quo numine læso ?
Quæ suberant causæ ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina lustrent ?
Annon longa fames, miseræque injuria pestis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum ?
Jam felix Philomela, et menti conscia Dido !
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus ensis !
Non metuunt ultra ; nostra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunasque et spem læsere futuram.
Quod si fata illi longam invidere salutem
Et patrio regno (sub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid sperare, immo quid non sperare licebat ?)
Debuit ista pati prima et non nobilis ætas :
Aut cita mors est danda bonis aut longa senectus.
Sic lætare animos et sic ostendere gemmam
Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam servâstis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere proftet.
Phœbe, tui puduit, quum summo mane redires,
Sol sine sole tuo ! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuscari peteres, ut nocte silenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia questus
Tantum etenim vestras, Parcæ, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba sola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annosa vetustas !
Quid non mutatum est ? requiêrunt flumina cursus :
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum :
Cur ideo verbis tristes effundere curas
Expeto, tanquam hæc sic nostri midicina doloris ?
Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
Ut fluvio currente, vadum sonat, alta quiescunt.

INNUPTA Pallas, nata Diespatre !
Æterna summæ gloria regiæ !
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latîæque Mûlæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent ?
Tantaque propendet statera
Regula sanguinolenta fati ?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua est
Mors tot virorum sordida sanguine,
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
Utque minax superetur Ægis ?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cœrulum
Ufisse pronò fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exesas triemes
Præcipitans graviore casu.

Tu discidisti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus oblitos,
Furvosque vicisti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, musis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæsia vocibus
Respondit ; Eia ! ne metuas, precor,
Nam fata non justis repugnant
Principibus, sed amica fiunt.

Ut si recidis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic locus amabilis,
Fructusque post mortem recusent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœlesti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter astra.

E. Mss. Autog.

CUM petit Infansem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more suo Noster: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

E. Mss. Autog.

VERO verius ergo quid sit, audi
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.



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PROSPECTUS.

THE Publishers have requested me to edit the remaining volumes of their Series of ENGLISH POETS, and to state the manner in which I propose to treat them. The greatest names are not upon my list. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, and Beattie, have already appeared. But into those early fields of Fancy I intend to go back and glean. The seventeenth century was especially rich in the shorter poems of grace and feeling, to which we give the title of Lyrics,—little sheaves, we might call them, from the abundant harvest, possessing the true colour and the choice flavour of the ripest sun and the most genial soil. A volume may be pleasantly gathered from these writers, to which some remarks on their histories and minds should be added. "I once thought," Mr. Coleridge said, "of making a collection to be called The Poetical Filter." His plan was to omit those parts of a composition in which the bad taste of the author, or the fashion of the age, prevailed over his genius; and by this simple operation he expected to make "a great number of exquisite wholes." I shall endeavour to use the Filter with more reserve. A poem stained by the vices of its age will be erased altogether. We have no right to paint out the accessories of Titian: though we may remove his picture from the gallery. Shall we strip Bacon's statue of its flashed hose? The quaintness of an author is the dress of his mind.

The principle of selecting Poems will be carried into later years. The time is come for clearing the threshing-floor. Every day the line of the moralist is truer:—

"Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take."

Productions of real beauty are buried among others of no interest or value. The rubbish should be carted away and sifted, that these fragments of fine pottery may be rescued and preserved. It

was the choosing and the polishing hand of Pope that placed on every book-shelf the verses of PARNELL. Cowley may have been over-bold in wishing to prune and lop off the luxuriance of SHAKESPERE and his contemporaries; but we shall surely agree with him in considering a little tomb of marble to be a better monument, than a great heap of stones.

The works of the Poets whom time has rendered classical will be printed without abridgment, and from the purest text. We should mutilate a Cathedral as soon as the 'Night Thoughts.' Of the gold of GRAY not a grain must be dropped; and who would lose one note from the harp of COLLINS? It is hoped that the illustration of each author will present some features of novelty and instruction. A Biographical Preface will relate the circumstances of a life, and give a general view of the character and the genius. The Critical Notices will be scattered through the volume; each poem of particular excellence being regarded as a master-piece in a picture-gallery, and having its description appended to it. GRAY's 'Ode on Eton' gains a deeper pathos when read by the light of the affecting incident that occasioned it. Some exquisite works of Imagination await this treatment, and promise to reward it.

ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT.

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